

OUT OF THE DESERT
THE
HISTORICAL ROMANCE
OF EL PASO

LIBRARY

Brigham Young University

AMERICAN ~~W~~ Rare

F
394
.E4
W5
1923



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



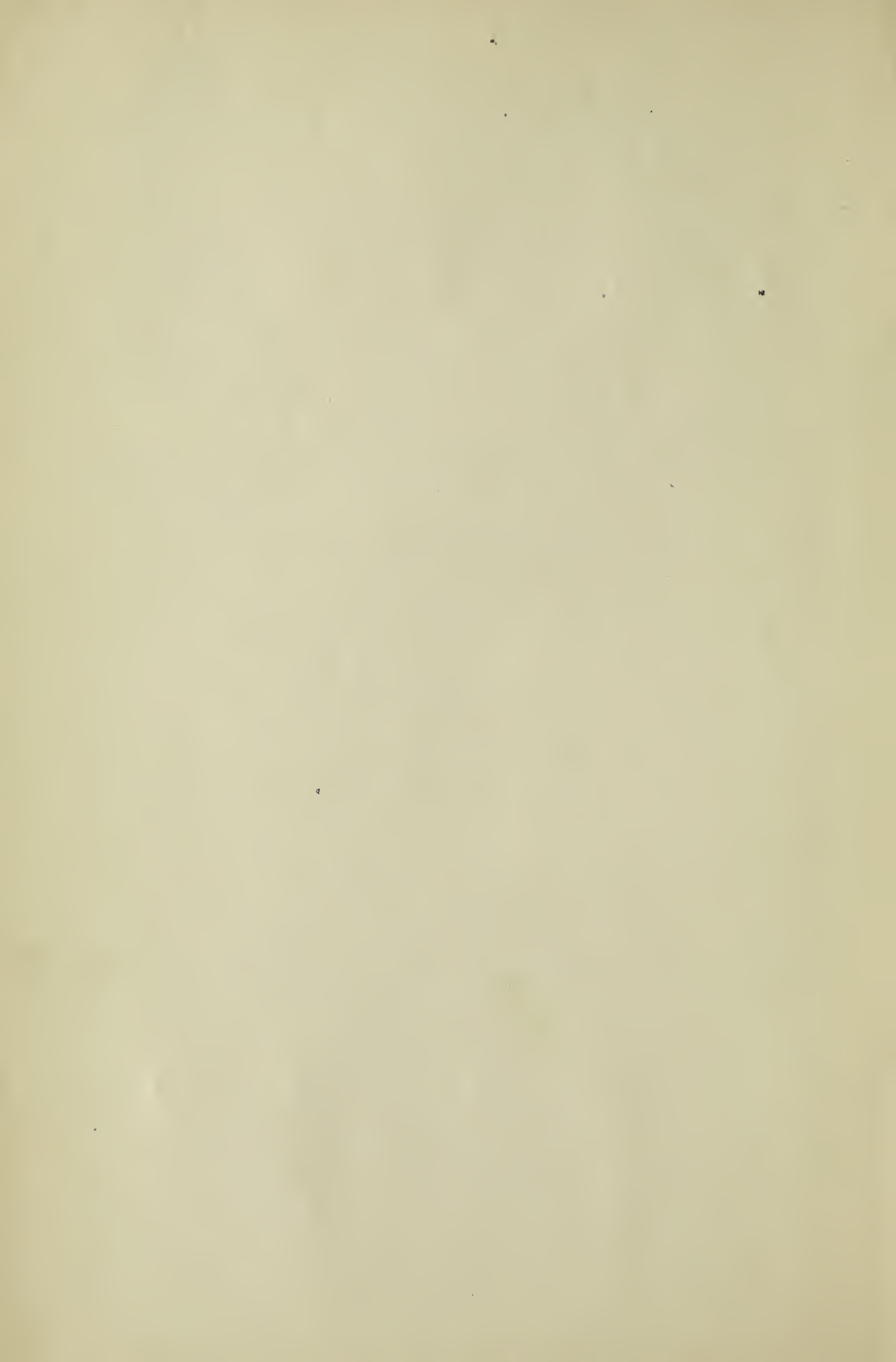
3 1197 23305 1090

Autographed for
Mrs Sallie Carter with the
love of the author, her
mrs. Lued.

Owen P. White

March 14-1924.

This book is a gift to
Auntie from her other
mrs. Lued, Emmet.



OUT OF THE DESERT

*The Historical Romance
of El Paso*



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Brigham Young University

OUT OF THE DESERT



The Historical Romance of El Paso

BY
OWEN WHITE

EL PASO, TEXAS:
THE McMATH COMPANY, *Publishers*
1923

COPYRIGHT, 1923
BY
OWEN WHITE AND W. S. McMATH

UPB

Introduction

NO SECTION of any country can come into its own, historically, until it has grown old enough to be able to look back at itself through the mellowing influences of the years and wonder at its own accomplishments and achievements.

Here in El Paso we can do that today; today we can begin to examine our past, and as we do we are bound to be proud of the record that we have made.

Fifty years is not a long time. There are *young* men walking our streets today who are older than that, and yet, although our city charter is dated fifty years ago, our real period of adolescence, our civic childhood, so to speak, has been even less.

In a comparatively few years, in four decades, we have accomplished in this part of the United States what it took the rest of the country a century and a half to accomplish, and we have done this in spite of the fact that the pioneers who trailed their way across sand and sage-brush into these mountains of ours had just as many hardships to endure and just as many difficulties to overcome as did those men who first settled along the Atlantic coast.

As a result of this, an enormous amount of activity has been crowded into a short period of time and an empire within an empire has suddenly sprung up "out of the desert." As the center of this empire, El Paso stands a magnificent monument to those few men who took the pioneer's chance and who laid the foundations for all of the development which we see around us and of which we are so proud.

But while these pioneers, and those who came after them, were creating their empire they were also creating something else; they were building up, along with their material structures, a structure that is spiritual. They created a rugged and individual kind of Americanism which is far-seeing, optimistic and determined. It is an Americanism that is characteristic of the ideals and the achievements of the men who fostered it, and as long as it is kept alive and its optimistic tendencies adhered to the Southwest will continue to grow and to prosper.

This spiritual legacy which has come down to us from our fathers is the richest part of our inheritance. Without it the Southwest would still be a wilderness. El Paso would be non-existent and the fund of pure patriotism that there is in America would be lessened to a remarkable degree.

It is not the purpose of this book to eulogize or to praise. Fulsome flattery would be distasteful to those hardy old men of whom it is my intention to write, but if I can accord them the honest credit which is due them for their real achievements I will feel that I have helped El Paso discharge an obligation which it owes to its Pioneer Citizens.

OWEN P. WHITE.

Publisher's Note

FOR years one of my dreams has contained the hope that some day I might be permitted the careful performance of what I felt would be an agreeable task—the publishing of a book which would preserve the history of this section of our country, where the tinge of romance is interwoven in all our traditions. The history of no other section could possibly have a more romantic or picturesque setting. With such a background to work from, the wonder is that some one has not long ago completed this alluring undertaking.

The more I pondered what seemed to me the manifest necessity of preserving in imperishable form a record of this section, the more settled became the conviction that a permanent record *must* be made of the achievements of those sturdy pioneers, whose bravery and whose struggles against privations and hardships made it possible for a wonder city to spring up “out of the desert.”

How to bring my dream to a fruitful fruition became almost an obsession, until by chance I happened to mention it to Owen White, who by a strange coincidence, had long cherished the same desire. In fact he had already gathered material and formulated plans that dovetailed exactly with the hope I had cherished.

In preparing this record both the author and publisher feel that they are performing a service which will prove of lasting benefit to future generations, and will be a monument to their devotion to El Paso and its traditions and destiny.

Could one be blamed for feeling a reverent responsibility in making a permanent record of this most interesting epoch?

WM. S. McMATH.

Illustrations

IN 1879—SITE OF PRESENT MILLS BUILDING AND

WHITE HOUSE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE OLD CHURCH IN JUAREZ	7
EL PASO STREET IN 1880	120
EL PASO'S FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING	171
EL PASO COUNTY COURT HOUSE	187
OLD TIMERS AT HART'S MILL	191
ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM	227
VIEW OF JUAREZ, MEXICO	253
SECTION OF EL PASO'S BUSINESS DISTRICT	285

Contents

EARLY PERIOD—1520-1695	1
SPANISH AND MEXICAN RULE	11
AMERICAN BEGINNINGS	24
FIRST INDUSTRIAL GROWTH	39
CIVIL WAR PERIOD	54
EL PASO AFTER THE CIVIL WAR	66
FIRST CIVIC DEVELOPMENT	77
THE SALT WAR	93
AMERICAN INFLUENCES	117
LAWLESSNESS AND PROGRESS	132
EL PASO IN 1881 AND 1882	155
THE PASSING OF SToudenMIRE	173
EL PASO BECOMES THE COUNTY SEAT	182
SOCIAL ACTIVITY	188
THE END OF OPEN GAMBLING	202
THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY IRRIGATION SYSTEM	220
COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT—1900-1910	233
EL PASO AND MEXICO	245
EL PASO DURING THE WORLD WAR	269
EL PASO SINCE THE WORLD WAR	275
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE	289
EL PASO'S NEWSPAPERS	302
ANECDOTES	312
CHRONOLOGICAL	322
PART TWO—BIOGRAPHICAL	327

Acknowledgment

The author and the publisher desire to express their sincere appreciation of the help that they have received from a large number of El Paso's citizens. Without their co-operation and assistance the publication of this book would have been impossible, and therefore the credit for this work, if credit there is, belongs as much to them as to us.

OWEN WHITE.

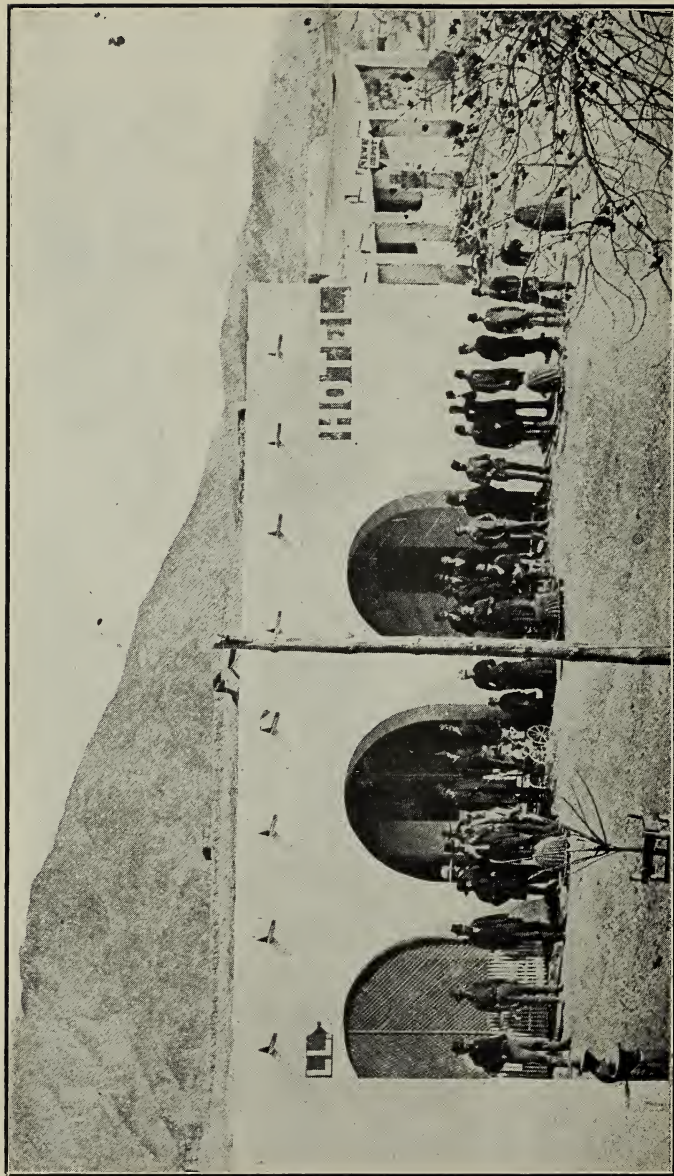
WM. S. McMATH.

To the Pioneers

They traveled slow but they traveled far,
They marked the spots where our cities are;
With the onward turn of their wagon wheel
They marked the trail for our roads of steel!

*But, they marked their own trail with their bones,
They gave their lives, and no pointed stones
Rise up in the desert to say that here
Is the resting place of a Pioneer.*

OWEN WHITE.



IN 1879.—SITE OF THE PRESENT WHITE HOUSE AND MILLS BUILDING

Out of the Desert, *the* Historical Romance of El Paso

CHAPTER I.

EARLY PERIOD, 1520-1695.

THE history of El Paso as a city very logically divides itself into two periods. The first period dates from the subsidence of the Flood of Holy Writ down to the time when the first railroad was completed; the second from the advent of the railroad to the present day.

If it were the purpose of this history to do so we could of course divide our story into more numerous, more interesting and more characteristic periods. For instance, we could begin with the time when the Indian aborigines were living, in pagan darkness, in small settlements on both banks of the Rio Grande; through the medium of Spanish missionaries we could introduce the Gospel to these natives and could note the civilizing and humanizing influence that it had upon them. Then, some years after the arrival of these missionaries, who had come from the South, we could tell of the arrival of another class of Spaniards, the explorers, and could remark upon the things which they did and upon the trails which they left behind them.

Following the exploration period came that of the Spanish settler. This period embraced two centuries or more and during all of that time the residents of what is now El Paso were true and loyal vassals and subjects of His Majesty, the

King of Spain. Next we could tell of the part which El Paso took in the struggle for Mexican liberty and, with this much done, we would have brought our tale up to the year 1820.

We might then recount the difficulties which beset us from 1820 to 1836, during which troublous years we were a part and parcel of the Republic of Mexico, and following this we might, with pardonable pride, speak of the emphatic and determined manner in which we divorced ourselves from this last named allegiance.

All of these things we might do, and all of them would be highly interesting, but as this book has a purpose which is local and which has to do only with the influences which have built up an American metropolis we will not do more than pass hurriedly over these Spanish and Mexican periods which have been referred to as ending with the year 1836, and will take up our narrative at that point and divide it, as we have indicated, into two periods of before and after the advent of the railroad.

Unfortunately for our history the first European traveler who is supposed to have come into this portion of the Southwest made his visit under conditions which rendered it impossible for him to leave behind him accurate data from which to determine exactly where he went. But by following the topography of the country over which he tramped and by laying out on the map the leagues which he left behind him we feel that we are justified in making the claim that Cabeza de Vaca, in his wanderings, passed through what is now El Paso some time about the year 1536.

Major Richard F. Burges, who has devoted considerable time and thought to the subject, says that although he is unable to prove definitely that de Vaca made his way up what is now North Oregon street, he is nevertheless certain

that El Paso was included in the unmapped itinerary of this courageous Spaniard. This view of Major Burges is borne out by an exhaustive and complete article on the subject, written by Herbert Davenport and Joseph K. Webb, which appeared in two numbers of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in 1918 and, as these two investigators seem to have done their work with great care, we feel that we are justified in accepting their conclusions.

In agreeing with Major Burges in his assertion that he is reasonably certain that de Vaca came through El Paso, we find it necessary to make a concession in favor of the wandering habits of the buffalo, and have had to allow this animal the freedom of a range from which heretofore he has been barred. All modern writers on the habits of the buffaloes say that they never came into the Big Bend country of Texas, west of the Pecos river. For the last few years of the bison reign in Texas this was undoubtedly true—the great herds never crossed the Pecos river—but in de Vaca's time they either did come into the Big Bend or else de Vaca himself never came through El Paso.

Here are the facts as they appear. The historians have followed de Vaca's erratic footsteps with scrupulous care until they have trailed him into a settlement of "permanent houses," built on the banks of a big river, where the people live on squash, beans and *maize*, and raise crops by *sementeras*. Practically all the authorities who have investigated the subject agree that these "permanent houses" were located where the town of Presidio, in the Big Bend, now stands, but there has been quite a discussion as to just where Cabeza de Vaca went from that point.

To some readers it may seem that it is a matter of small importance as to what route was taken by a man who, more than three hundred years ago, was wandering around on

foot looking for a way to get out of the country; but to such readers as are not lacking in the spirit of local patriotism it seems desirable to bring into the history of our town all of the historic characters that we possibly can. We are not going to claim anything for El Paso to which El Paso is not justly entitled, but, after having carefully considered de Vaca's history, we feel that we are justified in routing him through the Rio Grande valley and across the river at this point.

When he arrived at Presidio—beyond which point historians have been wont to argue—de Vaca was confronted by what was, in those days, a very pressing alternative. It was a matter of food, and he was forced to decide whether he wanted to pursue a carnivorous course to the northeast, where the Indians had nothing but meat to eat, or follow a vegetarian path to the northwest. In his own story de Vaca says that the people who dwelt in the settlement of "permanent houses" had plenty of "cow skins," because "the cows die near here," and in speaking of his journey up the river he again says that the natives were well supplied with hides. This would indicate that at that time the buffaloes were in the habit of coming into the Big Bend country, and de Vaca's statements have been verified in recent years by the finding of buffalo remains in regions where modern writers have said that they did not penetrate.

The natives at the "permanent houses," in addition to telling de Vaca that the cows died near their settlement, also told him that the country of the *maize* lay to the west, but they advised him against going there as the people who lived there were savages who would not feed and shelter him. De Vaca, however, determined on the western route. *Maize* attracted him more than meat, and as he was already traveling directly away from his original objective—which had

1

been Panuco, on the east coast of Mexico—he must have felt that he was perfectly justified in allowing his appetite to decide the trend of his footsteps.

He left the “permanent houses” and tramped for seventeen days along the course of a river, which he crossed at the end of that time. After crossing the river, he went one day further and came into a great plain between very high mountains, where he encountered people who ate nothing but powdered straw for one third of the year.

El Paso is just about seventeen days’ foot-journey from Presidio; the bend in the river would naturally force a man traveling west to cross the stream here, and a journey of one day more would undoubtedly bring him out into a plain between very high mountains. The topography of the El Paso district agrees in all respects with de Vaca’s own narrative, and hence we are disposed to accord to him the honor of having been the first foreigner to visit this section of the Southwest.

The original inhabitants of this district treated Cabeza de Vaca kindly but in later years made themselves so disagreeable to the Spanish explorers that for a long time either an eastern or a western route was chosen for the expeditions which went from Old to New Mexico.

Within ten years after the Conquest of Mexico word had filtered its way to the ears of the Spanish Viceroy that far to the north lay a very rich and fertile country. Coupled with this piece of information was another to the effect that the gateway to this desirable territory was occupied by tribes of very warlike and savage natives, and the result of this was that the routes of travel which were adopted by the explorers lay either along the Pacific slope of the Sierra Madres or along the course of the Conchos river.

Various expeditions of minor importance were made into what is now New Mexico prior to 1540 and the reports brought back were of such nature that the Spanish Government was finally induced to equip and send out the intrepid Coronado on his mission of conquest. This leader chose the western route, crossed into what is now the United States somewhere on the Arizona border, marched across that state into New Mexico, made a rapid conquest of the Pueblo tribes and is said to have penetrated into the Indian Territory and even as far as Leavenworth, Kansas.

Coronado's expedition, however, had only one real, lasting and noteworthy effect. He was highly successful in implanting in the hearts of the Indians a deep-seated and undying hatred of the Spaniards which bore its bitter fruit more than a hundred years later.

From Coronado's time (1541) until 1595 there was very little Spanish activity in New Mexico, but in that year, after overcoming many difficulties and doing a good deal of political intriguing in the Royal Council, Juan de Oñate succeeded in securing a contract from the Spanish Crown for the settlement of New Mexico.

In the meantime, in the year 1561, Nueva Viscaya, which included the present states of Chihuahua, Sonora, Sinaloa and Coahuila, had been cut out of Mexico and by 1580 a settlement had been established at the headwaters of the Conchos river.

In 1597 Oñate set out on his colonizing expedition and, following the Conchos route from the settlement mentioned, he finally arrived at the Rio Grande, presumably at the point where the two streams unite. From here Oñate turned west and on April 20, 1598, reached a point eight and one half leagues (twenty-five and one-half miles) from where El Paso now stands. Ten days later, and only five and a



NUESTRA SENORA DE GUADALUPE
MISSION CHURCH IN JUAREZ
ERECTED 1659

half leagues from El Paso, he formally took possession of Nueva Mexico, in the name of the Spanish Crown and then, on May 4, 1598, he reached the Pass to the North and began his march northward along the Rio Grande.

Except for the mention of the fact that from 1656 to 1660 Andres Lopez de Gracia was *Alcalde Mayor* of a large district which included the present El Paso within its boundaries, we hear nothing of importance about this place from the time that Oñate passed through until the arrival of Father Garcia de San Francisco de Zuniga in 1659. This holy man, accompanied by two other priests of his faith, came into the Rio Grande valley in the year mentioned to begin the difficult work of converting the numerous Indians of different tribes who were living in a number of settlements along the banks of the river.

The largest of these tribes was that of the Mansos and the members of it were also the most intractable and the hardest to handle. The two priests with Father Garcia soon became discouraged and, in fear of their lives, entreated Garcia to leave El Paso and abandon his idea of establishing a mission at this point. The Superior, however, was obdurate; "the Word of God," he said, "must be preached," and pointing out to his fellow workers that "the time has not yet come for the conversion of these souls, but will soon be here," he induced them to remain and continue their efforts.

In this same year, 1659, these men laid the foundations for the Mission, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, now standing in Juarez, but it was not until after nine years, filled with trials and hardships, that the church building, with its dwellings, cells and walled enclosures, was finally completed. During this period quite a large number of the natives had professed Christianity. Although later events justify us in doubting their sincerity, nevertheless they worked

with more or less diligence in assisting the priests in their work of erecting the Mission.

As these natives, according to Father Garcia, "lived out of doors and subsisted principally on meat," it was necessary to maintain large herds for their support, and in 1680 we find that the Mission was the owner of nine thousand head of cattle and thirteen or fourteen thousand head of sheep and goats. We mention this fact because it was largely on account of it that the first real Spanish settlement was made at El Paso.

During all of the time that had intervened between Oñate's first expedition in 1598 and the year 1680 gradual increases had been made to his colonies in New Mexico, but also during all of that period the hatred of the Indians for the colonists had been growing. This hatred culminated in an uprising of the entire native population in 1680 and all of the Spaniards who were able to escape with their lives fled for refuge to the settlement at Santa Fe. They withstood siege there for a short while and then, being forced to retreat, made their way down the Rio Grande to Isleta, not far from where Albuquerque now stands. Finding no provisions or supplies available at Isleta, they made only a brief stop there and then pushed their way on down the river until they reached El Paso. Crossing the river at this point and thus putting a natural barrier between them and their pursuers, they found themselves under the sheltering wing of a religious establishment whose flocks and herds were large enough to furnish them with food for a considerable time. This fact, taken in connection with the geographical location, made this an ideal place for the establishment of a settlement, and at a council which was held it was decided not only to make the colony a permanent one but also to make it the base of operations for the reconquest of New Mexico.

The refugees, about two thousand in number, were divided into three settlements located at as many points along the river. The principal one of these was where Juarez now is, but the location of the other two is uncertain, although one was probably at or near Cinecu and the other between Ysleta and Socorro.

Within the following year a *presidio*, where a small garrison was maintained, was also built some leagues below El Paso, but this *presidio*, as well as the two smaller settlements, was later abandoned and all were consolidated, for purposes of protection, around the walls of the Mission Church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.

The life of this colony consisted of a series of trials and tribulations which not only sorely taxed the patience and Christian fortitude of the settlers, but which in the end seems to have almost worn out their courage.

The Apaches, whose hatred of the Spaniards will only die out with the last of the tribe, came down from New Mexico, mingled with the Mansos and preached to them a doctrine of retribution and revenge which for a time was triumphant over the teachings of the Gospel. In these days we find that even the Christianized Indians were plotting and scheming against the Spaniards and although quite a number of these *traidores* were garroted and then hung up as a warning to their fellows, the conditions became so intolerable that in 1685 insistent requests were sent to Mexico City that the settlements be abandoned and that the colonists be allowed to move south toward Casas Grandes. In the capital there was much argument and debate over these requests, but they were finally refused and El Paso became, originally against her will, what she still is, the centre of activity of a vast territory.

These first activities, however, were warlike and not commercial. Under Oñate's original contract with the Spanish

Government he had undertaken to pacify and settle New Mexico in a period of five years, but we find by looking at the history that nearly a century had elapsed and the real pacification of the Indians was just beginning.

In this reconquest, which was begun in 1681, El Paso was designated as the base of operations. At this point the various expeditions which were sent out were mustered and equipped and it was undoubtedly during this period that the central route of travel, following the eastern slope of the Sierra Madres between Chihuahua City and El Paso, was adopted.¹

All these expeditions were more or less successful. None of them met with complete disaster, and by 1695 the work of subjugating the Indians was practically completed and the authority of Spain, both civil and ecclesiastical, was recognized throughout New Mexico.

El Paso now begins to assume a new importance. Up to this time she had only been prominent as a military and missionary centre, but from now on we find her occupying an important place on the trade route between Old and New Mexico and we see her gradually begin to acquire a prestige which she was destined never to lose.²

1. Oñate may possibly have made use of this route in his expedition, but the writer is of the opinion that he followed the course of the Conchos river as stated in the text.

2. In order to avoid confusing the reader it should be explained that the original settlement of "El Paso" was located on the southern bank of the Rio Grande. Both sides of the river were, however, under the same jurisdiction until Texas acquired her independence. The use of the term "El Paso" in this and the succeeding chapter is, therefore, merely for the purpose of designating the location and it is not to be implied that there was a town by that name on the American side of the Rio Grande. Likewise the use of the names New Mexico, Arizona, etc., are merely for the purpose of designating location.

CHAPTER 2.

SPANISH AND MEXICAN RULE.

AT THE close of the preceding chapter we had brought our history to the year 1695, but we are now going to drop back to 1692 because it was then that El Paso received its first cosmopolitan touch, and that we find a record of the arrival in this district of a European other than a Spaniard.

Around the identity and the history of the Frenchman, L'Archeveque, there hangs a cloud of romance and mystery, but if such an eminent authority as Bandelier is to be believed, his life story is somewhat as follows:

As a mere boy L'Archeveque left France in the company of the great explorer La Salle and under that adventurous leader he endured many hardships and privations. He became inured to the rough life and the yet rougher manners of his companions, and, at the tender age of sixteen, we find him deeply implicated in the plot which culminated in the cowardly murder of his leader.

It is no part of the purpose of the present book to deal with the details of this crime, but it is interesting to note that the man who is said to have decoyed La Salle to his death was the first man speaking a European tongue, other than Spanish, to appear in this district.

As we have said, L'Archeveque came here in 1692. He joined the expedition of Diego de Vargas, which was equipped at El Paso, and under that leader he fought valiantly until the subjugation of the Indians was completed and the resettlement of New Mexico made possible.

In later years L'Archeveque, owing to his determined character and strong personality, became a very prominent citizen of New Mexico and was high in the councils at Santa Fe; but there is no authentic record of his ever having revisited El Paso. The probabilities are, however, that he did do so, and possibly on more than one occasion. After the pacification of New Mexico, he became a trader and it is not probable that a man of his adventurous spirit would have resisted the temptation to make one or more of the exciting caravan trips which now became the order of the day between Santa Fe and the city of Chihuahua by way of El Paso.

These trading expeditions were difficult and dangerous. New Mexico, although by this time nominally under the control and authority of the Spaniards, was so in name only. It is true that as a whole, and especially in the regions immediately surrounding the settlements, the natives were much more tractable and peaceably inclined than they had been in preceding years, but there still remained the Apaches and numerous renegade Indians from other tribes who had to be taken into account.

The Apaches, and the others who had joined them, were amenable neither to the teaching of the Gospel nor to the weight of Spanish steel, and they made themselves a constant menace to the life and property of all who traveled over the long route of the old Spanish trail.

Fortunately the war which France and Spain waged against each other in 1721-1722, over questions of boundaries and territorial possessions, had little if any effect upon the El Paso settlements. The territory involved in this dispute lay far to the east and north of the Mission settlement on the banks of the Rio Grande, and although El Paso may have become once more the outfitting base for north-bound expeditions, no actual hostilities occurred in this district.

From this time on for the next forty or fifty years this colony must have enjoyed some measure of peace and quiet. We read of no real disturbances, or serious Indian outbreaks that occurred, and in 1767 we get our first authentic idea of the size of the settlement at El Paso. As we look at the figures we are surprised to note that in the first eighty-seven years of its life the colony had made no increase whatever in its Spanish population.

In 1680, when El Paso became a haven of refuge for New Mexico's fleeing population and was made a permanent settlement, the number of its inhabitants of Spanish blood increased, over night, from practically none to two thousand. Eighty-seven years later, in 1767, when we get our first official statement on the subject, we find that we still have a population of only two thousand, but these inhabitants are not refugees.

Immense trading caravans "carrying products from the North which were exchanged for merchandise from Europe in Chihuahua," passed through frequently and El Paso, even at that early period, had developed into an important and prosperous business community.

The church also seems to have been enjoying an era of peace. Throughout nearly all of the rest of northern Mexico the missions had been having a hard struggle. Not only had their difficulties with the Indians never ceased, but to these had been added ecclesiastical quarrels which caused the utter abandonment of many missions and a very lax attention to religious matters in many others. At El Paso, however, the conditions were good and in 1767 the church in Juarez, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, was not only prosperous herself but was the Mother Mission in control of four others. These four were the Missions of Cinecu, San Lorenzo, Ysleta and Socorro, all of which, with the excep-

tion of Cinecu, which was destroyed by the flood waters of the Rio Grande in 1897, are still in existence.

The year 1776, which we are now approaching in this rapid narrative, and which marks the most important single event in the history of the United States, also marks a new epoch in the local history of El Paso, and we welcome the opportunity which this coincidence affords us of coupling up, for the first time, this history with that of the Nation.

In 1776, while the colonies along the Atlantic coast were preparing to secure for themselves a change in the administration of their government by throwing off the yoke of Great Britain, a change in the administration of El Paso's affairs was being arranged for her without her knowledge or consent.

These two events bear only one historical resemblance to each other; they both resulted in transferring the governing power from one authority to another, and in both cases the results were beneficial.

The reader will recall that on a preceding page we called attention to the fact that in 1561 the Province of Nueva Viscaya, including the four northern states of Mexico, was set apart and placed under the special jurisdiction of a governor appointed by the Spanish Viceroy in Mexico City or by the Crown. Until 1776 Nueva Viscaya was ruled over by this governor, who was responsible to the Viceroy, but in this year a change took place which resulted in the Caballero de Croix being sent over from Spain as an independent Viceroy in charge of the Province. This change was one which was made originally for military purposes only, but as the new ruler had complete authority to make appointments, administer the laws, etc., it practically amounted to taking the control of the district entirely away from Mexico City.

The first Viceroy of Nueva Viscaya, the Caballero de Croix, made very little impression upon the pages of history. All that we can find in regard to him is that he came and saw and went back to Spain. His successor, however, was a man of very different character. He was the celebrated Galvez, who gave his name to the city of Galveston, and, as we view him today, was an individual who was much more forceful and determined than the average Spanish Governor of the period. Galvez succeeded de Croix in 1784, and in 1786 we find him making a very interesting comment on the conditions existing at that time in the El Paso district, which comment throws some light on the state of Indian affairs.

In the twenty years preceding his report, Galvez estimated that the property losses sustained by traders and colonists due to raids by the Apaches and other Indians had amounted to the very considerable sum of sixteen million *pesos*. That he was not disposed to deal leniently with the natives is evident. He says: "After a long time God may miraculously show us the way to the conversion and civilization of these savages, but at present it is absurd for us to think that this will happen." He then advocated a policy of warfare against the Indians in which he suggested that any means necessary to their complete subjugation be used; that separate treaties of peace be made with the different tribes; and that thereafter, although "slight faults" might be overlooked, the strictest kind of Spanish authority be made to prevail.

Just how much effect the suggestion that the people depend more on themselves and less on the Lord had on the situation is conjectural, but we do know that the settlements around El Paso, which had not made any appreciable growth in the first eighty years of their life, almost quadrupled themselves in their next eighty, as we will see in a succeeding chapter.

It is also interesting to note, while we are discussing the government of the Province of Nueva Viscaya, that it was in connection with the location of El Paso that the first boundary dispute arose, and that the Rio Grande began to establish the unsavory reputation, which it still enjoys, of being a stream whose record for truth and veracity is of a most questionable character. This dispute, which was undoubtedly the original of all of the boundary disputes of this section, grew out of New Mexico's very natural disinclination to lose all of her population at one time. In 1680, when all of the settlers of New Mexico crossed the Rio Grande in a body and took shelter under the walls of the Mission church, the New Mexico Governor suddenly found himself occupying a most unenviable position. He could see that he was about to become overnight a ruler without subjects, and not relishing the idea of such an empty honor, he hit upon the then very original plan of starting a boundary dispute. In order to keep his people within his jurisdiction he advanced the claim that the southern boundary of New Mexico was not the Rio Grande. The whereabouts of El Paso, which up to that time had been a matter of no moment to anyone, became the basis of a discussion which has, through many twists and turns, lasted up to the present day.

The Governor of New Mexico was, for a time, successful in his contention and El Paso came, during the period of the reconquest of the province, under his jurisdiction.

But to return to our narrative. In a preceding paragraph we have referred to a report on the conditions in the El Paso district made in the year 1786 by the Viceroy Galvez, but now we are to make note of one made in 1807 which, owing to the fact that it comes from an American source and was written by a man who occupies a distinguished place in the pioneer history of the United States, is of great interest to us.

On July 16, 1806, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike of the United States army, accompanied by one other officer, one surgeon, one sergeant, two corporals and sixteen privates, started out from the landing at Belle Fontaine, near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, on an expedition which had three distinct objectives.

First, Lieutenant Pike was to conduct some Osage Indian captives up the Missouri and Osage rivers and deliver them at their town of Grand Osage; second, he was to endeavor to bring about a permanent peace between the Osage and Kansas tribes; third, he was to determine the extent, direction and navigation possibilities of the Arkansas and Red rivers.

Pike carried out the first and second parts of his mission with scrupulous fidelity. He delivered his captives safely at Grand Osage and remained there eleven days feasting and holding counsel with the chiefs of the tribe. Leaving Grand Osage, he then went to the principal village of the Pawnees and, on September 29, 1806, he reports that he held a council with those Indians at which more than four hundred warriors were present.

Leaving the Pawnee capital, the Lieutenant then proceeded to carry out the remainder of his instructions in regard to the Arkansas and Red rivers and on October 8th, in compliance with his orders, he divided his party. His brother officer, Lieutenant Wilkinson, with five men, started down the Arkansas in canoes for the purpose of exploring it to its mouth, while Pike, with the remainder of the expedition, continued his journey to the north and west.

On December 3rd, the record shows that he reached the neighborhood and very much miscalculated the height of the celebrated mountain which bears his name, "Pike's

Peak," and in his report he says that "the mountain is known to all of the savage nations for hundreds of miles around and is spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards as marking the northern limit of their travels." In his measurements Pike stretched the height of his mountain considerably. In reality its altitude is 14,187 feet, whereas he states it to be 18,581 feet and declares that in all of the wanderings of his party, for over two months, from November 14th to January 27th, it was never out of sight.

Leaving the vicinity of Pike's Peak and enduring almost unheard of hardships, the Lieutenant and his party now managed to get themselves hopelessly lost, wandering around, at one time, in an enormous circle and coming back to an old camping ground that they had occupied a month before. They finally grew desperate and turning south, in the hope of reaching Red river, they at last found themselves on the banks of what they thought was that stream. They followed the course of this river for eighteen miles to a point where it was joined by a western tributary and then followed up the banks of this tributary for a distance of five miles.

At this place Lieutenant Pike decided to stop and build a fort and wait for several of his men, who had been left behind with frozen feet, to rejoin him and recuperate.

This fort, which was erected in a few days and over which Pike hoisted the American flag, was on Spanish soil. He and his men had mistaken the Rio Grande for the Red river, had wandered to within a few days journey of Santa Fe, and on February 26th, his presence in the country having been reported to the Spanish Governor by some travelers who had seen his flag, Pike was visited by an armed force from Santa Fe and very courteously but very firmly invited to go to the capital. When he reached Santa Fe Pike was treated with all deference and respect. He was

banqueted by the Governor but, at the conclusion of the feast, which Pike describes as "rather splendid," he was driven by "His Excellency" himself to a point three miles below Santa Fe where he was turned over to a guard to be conducted to Chihuahua.

Owing to this circumstance El Paso had its first opportunity to entertain a distinguished American visitor and, so far as the writer can learn, Zebulon Pike was the first man speaking English ever to set his foot within the present city limits.

Pike arrived in El Paso on March 21st, 1807, and while here the young American officer was extended every possible courtesy. He was, although officially a prisoner, entertained as a guest at the home of Don Francisco Garcia, a wealthy merchant and planter who possessed twenty thousand sheep and one thousand cows and whose hospitality and wealth both made a marked impression on Pike.

From El Paso, Pike was sent to Chihuahua where he was detained for some time while his actions were under investigation, and from there he was returned to the United States and at last, on July 1st, 1807, just three weeks short of a year from the time he left St. Louis, he entered the town of Nachitoches, La., on foot and shouting for joy at the sight of an American flag.

Lieutenant Pike's "Observations" are interesting to us because they give us a very good idea of what El Paso must have been like in the year 1807. At that time there was probably no settlement at all on the north bank of the Rio Grande at this point. The town was situated where Juarez stands today, and a well traveled road leading down to the river, through mesquite brush and sand hills, was all that there was on the site of El Paso. The river was crossed, according to the height of the water, either by fording or

on a ferry and one can readily imagine that the periodical arrival of the caravans, both north and south bound, must have been occasions which all of the inhabitants of Paso del Norte, as it was now commonly called, looked forward to with varying degrees of anticipation. The *señorita* whose lover had been away for three months or more on one of these perilous caravan trips had her personal reasons for feeling overjoyed at the sight of the slow-moving wagons; the merchant and trader whose uninsured stock of merchandise or whose herd of cattle or sheep had been risked on the venture of the trip had his reasons, and the rest of the population had theirs. We can picture Paso del Norte, from what we know of the characteristics of the people, as a very busy town on the day of the arrival of one of these caravans and as a very gala one on that night. These caravans generally consisted of an immense wagon train manned by about three hundred men, with an escort of from fifty to a hundred "dragoons," while herds of cattle or sheep, running high into the thousands, were frequently driven with them on their southward journey.

From where El Paso is now located, to La Junta in Colorado, it is stated that there were, in 1800, one hundred thousand civilized Indians living along the Rio Grande who were all engaged in farming or stock raising, and as all of that territory to the north, and a territory almost equally as large to the south, was tributary to El Paso as an exchange or trading center the amount of business transacted here must have been very large.

In his "observations" on the subject, Lieutenant Pike says: "New Mexico carries on a trade with Mexico through Biscay (Chihuahua), also with Sonora and Sinaloa. It sends out about 30,000 sheep annually, tobacco, dressed deer and cabrie skins, some fur, buffalo robes, salt and wrought

copper vessels of a superior quality. In return it receives from Biscay (Chihuahua) and Mexico dry-goods, confectionery, arms, iron, steel, ammunition and some choice European wines and liquors, and from Sonora and Sinaloa gold, silver and cheese. The following articles sell as stated at prices which will indicate the cheapness of provisions and the extreme dearness of imported goods.

Flour, per cwt	\$2.00
Salt, per mule load	5.00
Sheep, each	1.00
Beeves, each	5.00
Wine del Paso, per bbl.	15.00
Horses, each	11.00
Mules, each	30.00
Superfine cloths, per yard ..	25.00
Fine cloths, per yard	20.00
Linen, per yard	4.00

and all other dry-goods in proportion."

In another portion of his "Observations" Pike tells us that the journey from Santa Fe to Chihuahua and returning to Santa Fe took five months but that the caravans were absent from Santa Fe for only two months, thus indicating that a transfer of everything was made at El Paso, also in speaking of the industries of New Mexico he says: "They manufacture rough leathers, segars, a vast quantity of potters' ware, cotton, some coarse woolen cloths and blankets of a superior quality. All these manufactures are carried on by the civilized Indians, as the Spaniards think it more honorable to be agriculturists than mechanics. The Indians likewise far excel their conquerors in their genius for all mechanical operations. New Mexico has the exclusive right to cultivate tobacco."

Regarding the condition of the mining industry Lieutenant Pike writes: "There are no mines in the province except one of copper situated in the mountains on the west side of the Rio del Norte in latitude 34 degrees north. This is worked

and produces twenty thousand mule loads of copper annually. It also furnishes that article for the manufacturers of nearly all the internal provinces. It contains gold but not sufficient to pay for its extraction and consequently it has not been pursued."

At the present time it is not easy for us to determine the exact location of the copper mine to which Pike refers. Latitude 34 degrees north runs just south of Socorro but, as we have seen that the Lieutenant was not always correct in his reckonings, we will credit him with another error here. The mine to which he refers was probably at Santa Rita, as the copper deposits there were discovered in 1800 and in Pike's time were being worked and the manufacture of copper utensils was carried on quite extensively.

From 1807 to 1821 there is very little that we can record that is of interest or importance. In 1821, 1822 and 1823, however, changes were taking place which, although they directly affected the government of the El Paso district, made no material difference to the settlers therein. We refer to the struggle for Mexican Independence, which resulted first in the establishment of the Mexican Republic, then in its downfall and the crowning of Inturbide as Emperor, and finally in the overthrow of that short-lived monarchy and the re-establishment of the Republic. These were matters which were only of relative importance to El Paso. The settlement at this point and those in New Mexico were separated by too great a distance from the centres of disturbance to become involved in any of the bloodshed and conflicts of the period and simply accepted the new conditions as they were imposed upon them.

The year 1836, so momentous in our State history, also passed without any disturbances occurring at or near El Paso. At that time there were no English speaking set-

tlers at this point, there was no town on the American side of the Rio Grande and the fact that that river, in the year mentioned, became the dividing line between Mexico and the independent and sovereign Republic of Texas was one which in all probability worried the inhabitants of Paso del Norte as little as had the changes of 1821-23.

The change, however, was soon to come. Texas claimed as her own all of the territory lying north and east of the Rio Grande river and gradually the intrepid sons of the Lone Star began to work their way to the extreme western edge of their domain.

CHAPTER 3.

AMERICAN BEGINNINGS

IT WAS not until some years after Texas had acquired her independence, in fact not until after her annexation by the United States that the territory in which El Paso is situated began to be looked upon by Texans and Americans in general as a desirable locality.

Although Baron von Humboldt is said to have prophesied that the Rio del Norte would eventually mark the boundary between Anglo-Saxon and Spanish activities in North America and that at *el Paso del Norte* a great metropolis would be built, Americans were rather slow in taking the hint, and for several reasons, and quite a number of years after 1836 there was no settlement on the northern bank of the Rio Grande.

The principal one of these reasons probably was that the Republic of Texas never extended its executive functions this far west. Under the treaty which established the boundary between Texas and Mexico, everything east and north of the Rio Grande was recognized as belonging to the Republic of Texas. This immense domain, which included the eastern half of the present state of New Mexico, in which nearly all of the Mexican or Spanish settlements were located, was too large for Texas, in her then embryonic condition, to administer properly. Legislatively Texas undoubtedly claimed that she owned all of the territory alluded to—in fact she kept on legislatively claiming it long after she had ceased to own it—but judicially and executively she may be said to have failed utterly to bring it under her sovereignty.

The result was that, although it was legally a part of Texas, the territory to the north and for many miles to the east of El Paso was, during the entire period of Texas Independence, without any government whatever except such as Mexico still continued to exercise.

In fact Mexico, enjoying her right of adverse possession, seems to have considered the treaty with Texas as a mere "scrap of paper," and in 1841, when we find Texas making her only effort to assert her sovereignty, we see the Mexican authorities preparing to resist what they considered an unlawful invasion of their territory, and we hear that they circulated terrible stories in regard to the cruelty of the Texans who, it was said, would burn, slay and destroy wherever they went.

This attempt on the part of the Republic of Texas was in the form of an armed expedition under the command of General McLeod, which set out from Austin on the 18th of June, 1841, and which resulted in a complete failure. The hardships of the long overland journey and the fact that the leaders were unacquainted with the country contributed more than anything else to the disasters which befell. Inability of the party to find water caused it to be divided and this led, after a few days, to the capture, piece-meal, of the entire expedition.

Several members of the expedition were shot, presumably for having attempted to escape, and the rest were all subjected to the most heartless and cruel persecutions while they were being conducted from San Miguel to El Paso under the guard of a man named Damacio Salazar. At El Paso they were transferred to the custody of General J. M. Elias Gonzales, who put Salazar under arrest and who thereafter treated the Texans with kindness and respect.

The story of this expedition is very graphically told by

Mr. George M. Kendall, who was at the time the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* and who had accompanied the Texans simply as a tourist. The principal interest that the tale holds for us, however, comes from the fact that it tells of the only attempt made by Texas to claim this territory as her own and presents to our eyes the picture of a large number of Americans being held as prisoners of war by an alien race on American soil.

From 1841 to 1846 we read of little that is of interest or importance to us in our present investigations. In 1846, however, at the time of the annexation of Texas and the carrying on of the Mexican war, El Paso and the territory surrounding it come strongly into prominence.

The United States in its recognition of the boundaries of the newly acquired State of Texas declared them to include, as called for in the Texas and Mexico treaty, all of the territory east and north of the Rio Grande from its source to its mouth and for the enforcement of the terms of that treaty instructed its army to exercise the right of sovereignty which had existed in the Republic of Texas over all of the eastern half of what is now New Mexico.

The carrying out of these instructions led to the celebrated Doniphan Expedition, which made its march down the Rio Grande from the northern border of New Mexico to Saltillo and Monterey in Old Mexico and thence to the Gulf, where water transportation was secured to New Orleans.

The story of this expedition is one of surpassing interest but, in its detail, it has no place in our narrative. On his march to the south Doniphan followed the caravan route which led through El Paso and it is only with such portions of his history as deal with what transpired and what he observed at this point that we are concerned.

In a report sent to the War Department from the City of

Chihuahua and dated March 4th, 1847, more than two months after the happening of the recounted events, Colonel Doniphan graphically described the entry of his column into El Paso.

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

CITY OF CHIHUAHUA, MARCH 4, 1847.

Sir:

I have the honor to report that in obedience to the order of Brigadier General Kearny, requiring me to report my command to Gen. Wood for duty, the advance of my command consisting of 300 men under command of Major Gilpin took up the line of march from Valverde on the 14th of December, 1846, across the Jornada del Muerte, a plain of ninety miles destitute of wood and water, and were directed to await the arrival of the main body at the village of Doña Ana. These were followed on the 16th by 200 men under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Jackson and on the 18th by the remainder of my forces under my personal command with an escort of 90 men accompanying Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell of the Second Regiment Missouri Mounted Volunteers. This escort had been sent by Colonel Price from Santa Fe during our campaign into the Navajo country to open communication between this city and Santa Fe, under the impression that General Wood had already marched upon this capital. Our whole force was 856 effective men, armed with rifles, no artillery. Before leaving Valverde I had some information of a force having been sent to El Paso from this city (Chihuahua) to prevent its conquest by our forces. I sent an order to Major Clarke, of the artillery, at Santa Fe to join my forces at the earliest possible moment with 100 men and a battery of four 6 and two 12 pound howitzers. On arriving at Doña Ana our whole force was consolidated and we there received certain information that 700 men and 6 pieces of cannon had arrived at El Paso. Doña Ana is sixty miles from El Paso. On the 23rd of December we commenced our march and on the 25th (Christmas day, 1846) our advance of 500 men had halted for the purpose of camping about three o'clock. Our men were engaged in getting wood and water when our advanced guard informed us that the enemy was rapidly advancing at a short distance. The rear, under Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, was several miles in the rear. The rally was immediately sounded and our forces formed in open order on foot as skirmishers. The right wing was composed of companies B, C and E; the center of D, H and G; the left of F, A and Lieutenant Colonel Miller's escort. The extreme points of the two wings were thrown towards the Del Norte (Rio Grande) so as to protect the flanks and baggage. The enemy halted at a half mile and formed line of battle—the Vera Cruz Dragoons on the left, the Actevo battalions from Chihuahua on the right and their infantry, with the militia from El Paso, in the center. Before we had fully formed they sent a lieutenant near our lines with a **black** flag with the demand that the commander of our forces should go near their lines and confer with

their commander; declaring at the same time, unless it was complied with they would charge and take him and neither ask nor give quarter. The reply was more prompt than decorous, to charge and be d----d. With my permission a hundred balls would have pierced the pirate flag, but I deemed it most proper for the honor of our country to restrain them. At the return of the black flag the enemy commenced its charge and opened fire on us from right to left at about 400 yards. Our forces were ordered to receive their fire without returning it until it would prove effective. Three rounds were fired by their whole line as well as from their two pound howitzer, before they had advanced within rifle shot. Perceiving that they were attempting to file to the right and left and pass our wings, I ordered their fire to be returned, which was done from right to left along the whole line simultaneously, which completely checked their advance and threw them into great disorder. We had succeeded in mounting twenty men under the intrepid Captain Reed and at this point he was ordered to charge the Vera Cruz dragoons who seemed to be again rallying to charge on our left wing. The charge was gallantly made against a force thrice their own and the fight was warmly contested for about twenty minutes on that wing. The enemy then fled to the nearby mountains—one column having advanced about one mile during the battle. The force of the enemy was 1220. Of this number 537 were cavalry, the remainder infantry. Half the force was from Chihuahua, the remainder militia from El Paso with one two pound howitzer which was twice discharged and then charged and taken by Company G on foot. Our force was near 500, the rear guard under Lieutenant Colonel Jackson not arriving until the battle was entirely ended. The loss of the enemy was 43 ascertained to be killed, about 150 reported at El Paso to have been wounded, of which a large number died; one howitzer, a number of carbines and some provisions. Our loss was none killed; 7 wounded all since recovered. Thus ended the battle of Brazito.

I cannot speak too highly of the coolness and intrepid bravery of the officers and men under my command during this whole engagement, few of whom had ever been in battle before. Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell commanded the left wing and Major Gilpin the right wing. Captain Thompson of the First Dragoons acted as my aide and adviser and was of the most essential service in forming the line and during the engagement.

On the 27th we entered El Paso without opposition and there learned that General Wood had not advanced upon the capital. We were therefore compelled to wait the arrival of our artillery at that point until the first day of February, 1847 and their baggage and provision train until the 5th. On the 8th we commenced our march to Chihuahua.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant

A. W. DONIPHAN.

Commanding 1st. Regiment Missouri Mounted Volunteers.
To Brig. Gen. R. Jones,
Adjutant General U. S. A.

This Battle of Brazito, which took place on Christmas day, 1846, opened the way for the entry into El Paso of the first United States troops that had ever come into this part of the country and, as has been its custom ever since, El Paso received them with a friendliness and cordiality which made a lasting impression.

When Colonel Doniphan arrived at the "gorge in the mountains through which the river appears to have forced its way" he was met by a deputation of citizens bearing a white flag and requesting that life and property be protected. This was agreed to and the Doniphan Expedition marched into El Paso "rejoicing at the prospect of rest and something to appease the appetite."

At El Paso Colonel Doniphan found three American citizens, all of whom were in jail. These men, who were liberated at once, were named Hudson, Pollard and Hutchinson and formed a trio which some months before had started out from Van Buren, Arkansas, to go to Upper California. At Santa Fe they hired a Scotchman named Graham to guide them to San Diego. Graham led them as far as El Paso but at this point he became intoxicated and informed against them, stating to the prefect of the town that the three were Texas spies, whereupon they were arrested and lay in prison until they were liberated by the American army.

At the south end of the Jornada del Muerte, above Brazito, Colonel Doniphan had also encountered another American. This man was a very interesting character by the name of James Kirker—called by the Mexicans Santiago Querque—and in Kendall's account of the Santa Fe expedition of 1841 as well as in Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* we find him spoken of as a very daring and adventurous individual.

Just where Kirker came from is doubtful but some time prior to 1841 he appeared in the State of Chihuahua with a

band of Delaware Indians and, operating under a contract with the State Government, he and his followers engaged themselves in the very exhilarating occupation of scalp hunting. Under his agreement with the State of Chihuahua he was to receive fifty dollars each for Apache scalps and for some years his business was thriving and prosperous. At the time of the arrival of the Doniphan Expedition, however, Kirker was in disgrace with his employers and had not been down in the city of Chihuahua for some time. The reason for this seems to have been that Kirker's cupidity was attracted by the similarity of the Mexican scalp to the Apache scalp and it began to be noted in Chihuahua that the sudden disappearance of a few Mexican settlers would almost invariably be followed by the appearance of a claim from Kirker, backed by the evidence, for a payment of bounty.

Captain Kirker, as he was called, after joining Doniphan's command, remained with it during the entire time of its campaign in Mexico and is said to have rendered very valuable service on account of his knowledge of the country and his ability to speak Spanish and several Indian languages. He came back to the United States with the army and is said to have then re-emigrated to California where he died about 1853.

It is worth our while to make note of Kirker's activities because, as we will see later, the scalp hunting practice of such men as he had a direct influence on the life of the American traders and settlers who began to come into the district at this time.

The American troops remained in El Paso, or Paso del Norte, from December 27th, 1846, until February 8th, 1847, and during that period they seem to have become well liked by the Spanish and Mexican residents of the town.

The merchants and sutlers who were with the expedition

rented store rooms and sold largely to the inhabitants and, on January 5th, a lieutenant and several mechanics were sent up to the falls to repair the grist-mill at this place.

A quotation from the Hughes Reprint of the Doniphan Expedition gives us a picture of the life in Paso del Norte which is not unlike the life that we find in Juarez today.

"The soldiers now engaged in various pastimes and amusements with the Paseños; sometimes visiting and conversing with the fair *señoritas* of the place—whose charms and unpurchased kindness almost induced some of the men to wish not to return home—and at other times gleefully dancing at the fandango. When the weather was pleasant the streets about the plaza were crowded with Mexicans and American soldiers engaged in betting at monte, chuck-a-luck, twenty-one, faro or some other game of cards. This vice was carried to such an extent at one time that Colonel Doniphan was compelled to forbid *gambling on the streets* in order to clear them of obstruction."

Extracts from the report made by John T. Hughes to the Secretary of War give us the best idea we have yet had of the conditions then existing in El Paso.

FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON CITY:

"My object in this report is to give the War Department and the country at large some idea of the resources of the fruitful valley of El Paso and of its importance to the United States. The settlement of the El Paso extends from the falls of the Rio Grande on the north to the Presidio on the south, a distance of twenty-two miles, and is one continuous orchard and vineyard, embracing in its ample area an industrious and peaceful population of at least eight thousand. This spacious valley is about midway between Santa Fe and Chihuahua and is isolated from all other Mexican settlements by the mountains that rise up on the east and west and close in to the river on the north and south. The breadth of the valley is about ten miles. The falls of the river are about two miles north of the **Plaza Publica**, or public square and afford sufficient power for grist and saw mills enough to supply the entire settlement with flour and lumber.

"The most important production of the valley is the grape, from which are annually manufactured not less than two hundred thousand gallons of perhaps the richest and best wine in the world. This wine is worth two dollars per gallon and constitutes the principal revenue of the city. Thus the wines of El Paso alone yield \$400,000.00 per annum.

"If this valley were cultivated by an energetic American population it would yield perhaps ten times the quantity of wine and fruits at present produced.

"To facilitate the peopling of this valley by the Anglo-American race nothing would contribute so much as the opening of a communication with the western states of our union, either by turnpike, railroad or some other thoroughfare which would afford a market for the fruits and wines of this river country.

"Pears, peaches, apples and figs are produced here in the greatest profusion. The climate of the country is most salubrious and healthful. The scenery is grand and picturesque beyond description. The inhabitants suffer more from the depredations of the Apaches than from any other cause. They are frequently robbed of all they possess in one night by these lawless plunderers.

"Add to the fruits and wines of this rich valley a vast quantity of corn, wheat and other small grain and the surplus productions of the place will, under its present state of agriculture, amount to near one million of dollars per annum. What then would be the surplus under the advantages of American agriculture?"

It is in connection with the events of the Doniphan Expedition that we find the first mention made of any American names that are familiar to us in the local history and traditions of El Paso.

As far back as the early twenties James Magoffin, a Kentuckian of Irish descent, had gone to Chihuahua and embarked in the merchandising business. His enterprises were successful; he acquired a considerable amount of wealth, was named as the first United States Consul to the State of Chihuahua and was known from the City of Mexico to Santa Fe as a "social, genial-tempered man, who loved company, spoke Spanish fluently and entertained freely, even at a time when it was costly to do so—claret \$36.00 a dozen and champagne \$50.00."

When war between the United States and Mexico broke

out Magoffin went to Washington, offered his services to the Government and, according to the statements of both General Kearny and Senator Benton, it was through his personal influence that Santa Fe was taken by the American troops without the firing of a single shot.

After the occupation of Santa Fe, Magoffin started for Chihuahua to try to arrange for a peaceful surrender of that city, but at El Paso, where he arrived some time in advance of Colonel Doniphan, he was placed under arrest. Shortly before the Battle of Brazito he was sent to Chihuahua and, although not actually a prisoner, he was kept under surveillance until word was received that Doniphan was approaching that city. Magoffin was then sent to Parlar and held there as a prisoner until after the close of the war. An interesting incident, illustrative of the high esteem in which Magoffin was held by the Mexican officials, occurred while he was under guard at Chihuahua. A Mexican officer entered his room one morning and handed him a sealed letter. "Here is a letter for you, Don Santiago," said the officer. "I have not opened it because I fear if I were to do so I would learn something that would compel me to take unpleasant action." Magoffin read his letter and threw it in the fire. Had the Mexican officer read it, it would have been the American's death warrant, because it was from General Kearny, officially thanking him for the part he had taken in securing the peaceful surrender of Santa Fe and recognizing him as the secret representative of the United States Government.

Two other familiar names which appear frequently in the history of the early American period are those of Dr. Henry Connelly and Mr. E. J. Glasgow. Dr. Connelly went to Chihuahua via Vera Cruz in the year 1828 and obtained employment as a clerk in the store of a man named Powers.

Within a few years Connelly bought out his employer's business and in 1843 formed a partnership with Glasgow who, up to that time, had been engaged in trading and merchandising at Mazatlan. The business of these two men grew to enormous proportions and they had caravans of huge freight-wagons constantly on the road. One of these caravans, with Glasgow in charge, came down with the Doniphan Expedition and when Colonel Doniphan, after leaving El Paso and in anticipation of a fight at Chihuahua, organized the traders into a combat battalion, he placed the organization under Glasgow's command. After the battle of Sacramento, and the occupation of the city of Chihuahua, Dr. Connelly, who had been imprisoned by the Mexicans but who was released by Doniphan, went to Parral and endeavored to secure the release of Magoffin, but was unable to do so.

James Magoffin was the father of Judge Joseph Magoffin, during whose term of office as mayor of El Paso the present city hall was built, and it is an interesting coincidence that Glasgow's son and Joseph Magoffin's daughter became acquainted with each other and married here in El Paso some twenty years ago.

During the six weeks or more that Doniphan's Missourians remained in Paso del Norte there is not a single instance recorded of their having had trouble of any kind with the Mexican population. In fact it seems that their departure from the town was regretted not only by themselves, but also by a good many of the *señoritas* of the place, and two of the soldiers, whose names it would be interesting to learn, deserted the Expedition when two days out on the road to Chihuahua, came back to Paso del Norte and were married.

These seeds of friendship between the Americans and Mexicans which were planted by Doniphan and his men bore good fruit within the next few years. The inhabitants of Paso

del Norte came to recognize at once that the north bank of the Rio Grande was foreign soil to them, but they had no animosity and no ill feeling against American settlers, who soon began to come in and establish themselves.

At first the settlement on the American side of the river grew slowly. Then, and for a good many years afterwards, the principal obstacles which stood in the way of a rapid growth were the lack of an eastern highway and the intense activity of the Apaches, who entertained almost as great an antipathy for the American as they did for the Spaniard. This antipathy, in place of growing less, grew worse as the years went on and the reason for this is not hard to find. In a preceding paragraph we have mentioned a man named Kirker as having been engaged in the business of scalp hunting for the Government of the State of Chihuahua. This was a business that was profitable and exciting and which furnished an outlet for the surplus blood-thirsty energy of a certain class of renegade Americans.

Numbers of these men now came to Chihuahua, entered the employ of the State Government and proceeded industriously to carry on the occupation of exterminating the Apaches. The Indians very naturally resented any such activity on the part of Americans in Mexico and retaliated by waging as hostile a war as they could on white settlers and traders.

Notwithstanding this growing hostility of the Indians, we find that the years from 1846 to 1850 were busy ones along this part of the Texas-Mexico border. Regardless of all the difficulties that had to be overcome, there were certain things that had to be done and the enterprising spirit of the early pioneers caused them to set about the accomplishment of them in a rough and ready sort of way that soon brought about results.

The first two years following the annexation of Texas were

given over mostly to exploration and reconnoissance. A boundary commission was appointed and its work started, and then came the gold rush to California, which had an immediate bearing on the development of this section. Large quantities of mail had to be sent back and forth between the Atlantic and the Pacific sea-boards to accommodate the needs of the new transcontinental commerce, and as one of the results of this demand the Butterworth Mail route was established. The El Paso-San Antonio division of this route was put in commission in 1850 and the initial trip was made with a Concord coach drawn by six mules and accompanied by a guard of eighteen men, all experienced Indian fighters and plainsmen who were inured to every form of hardship. It took thirty days to make the first run of 673 miles, the slowness of time being accounted for by the fact that there was no equipment at the stage stations, and only daylight drives could be made, owing to the danger from the Indians. The first mail contract was awarded to Capt. Henry Skillman—who had been a resident of New Mexico and who had distinguished himself by his bravery while a volunteer member of the Doniphan Expedition—and called for the delivery of three mails a week at each end of the long run. It was not until after the close of the Civil War, however, that more than one mail a week was ever delivered.

In 1850, the first Boundary Commissioners arrived in El Paso. They were headed by a Commissioner named Bartlett and came in to El Paso over the Butterworth route, passing south of the Guadalupe Peak on the edge of the Crow Flat District and coming through the gap at Hueco Tanks.

From Bartlett's report on what he found at El Paso and in this vicinity, we can see that El Paso was already beginning to feel the influences of California travel, and in this

same report we are also introduced for the first time to the Bad Man of the period.

At this time the settlement at El Paso was composed of about two hundred people. The county had just been organized, with San Elizario, having a population of twelve hundred, as the county seat, and both El Paso and San Elizario were stopping off places for quite a number of transients. The route from the southern part of the Atlantic seaboard to the California gold fields lay through the Rio Grande Valley, and it shortly became customary for professional freighters and teamsters to consider this the end of the run. Teamsters from San Antonio would go back from here on a return trip, and as California teamsters soon adopted the same custom, the result was that there was almost constantly a hard element waiting around in the vicinity of El Paso for a wagon train bound either east or west to which they could attach themselves.

In those days, when liquor was plentiful, when gambling halls and dance houses were openly conducted and when a man's life was his personal property and not the property of an organized society, it was easy for a "bad man" to come into his own, and until the year we are speaking of, 1850, there had been little for him to fear at the hands of the law.

In Bartlett's report, though, we read of a wholesale hanging which took place at Socorro, which shows us that when justice was put under way it was meted out with astonishing rapidity.

Five of the sojourning teamsters mentioned attended a dance at Socorro, got into an altercation or difficulty of some kind with a man who was with the boundary commission, and killed him. Probably if it had been an ordinary citizen who had been murdered the dereliction of the five men would have been overlooked, but it was different with a man connected with the United States Government.

The authorities of the newly organized county took quick cognizance of the crime, and quick action. The morning after the killing they arrested and tried four of the suspected men. They were found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and as the judge who had conducted the trial did not recognize that there was any appeal from the findings of his court, the sentence was carried out the following day. The fifth man, who had made his escape and gone to Guadalupe in Mexico, was captured, brought back across the river without the formality of extradition papers, tried upon his arrival in Socorro and hung forthwith. Upon the scaffold, with the rope around his neck, this last man is said to have made a speech in which he stated that he hoped his death would serve as an example to others, but the records of the next few years fail to show that his words had any effect upon the moral conditions either of El Paso, Socorro or San Elizario.

CHAPTER 4.

FIRST INDUSTRIAL GROWTH.

IN 1850 the town on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, with two hundred years start of the one on the American side, had a population of probably ten thousand souls, while El Paso had a population of less than two hundred.

In those days Paso del Norte looked much as Juarez does at the present time. Eliminate the street cars and substitute one story adobe houses for the brick buildings which are now standing along the three principal streets, and the old Spanish town of 1850, primitive in its architecture and simple in its style, will be reproduced. But with El Paso it is very different, and it is hard either to imagine or to describe the appearance of this place at the time when the first Boundary Commission came here for the purpose of determining the whereabouts of the unstable and unreliable Rio Grande.

Today there are bank and office buildings, department stores, school houses, churches, railroad shops, factories, hospitals and residences where in former times there was nothing but sand hills, mesquite brush and cottonwood trees. Where we now have paved streets and concrete sidewalks, there were in 1850 only Indian trails and cow paths; and the ox-cart, the burro and the mule are now replaced by the automobile and the electric car.

Even nature has changed in this comparatively short space of time, and the Rio Grande, which was then a turbulent, muddy stream, has literally "picked up its bed and walked," until it now flows peacefully along on its sandy bottom more than half a mile south of where its course lay at that time.

In 1850 the traveler crossing from one side of the Rio

Grande to the other did so either by fording the stream or taking passage on a ferry boat, the landing for which, on the American side, was located about where El Paso and Seventh streets now intersect. El Paso street itself was merely a well traveled trail leading down to the river and, so far as the writer can learn, there was not a house on either side of it between the ferry landing and what is now San Francisco street.

At the corner of San Francisco and Chihuahua streets, however, there was quite a pretentious one-story adobe building around which were clustered several smaller houses. This group of buildings, which was destined to become the nucleus of a great city, constituted what was known as Coontz' Rancho, and the pretentious one-story adobe referred to, after having passed through all of the hardships of an early pioneer existence, and having been variously occupied as a fort and a residence, as a store and a temple of justice, finally fulfilled its ultimate destiny and, with August Meisel first and Charlie Beiswinger later extending their hospitality to the public, became a saloon. (See note at end of chapter.)

In his description of El Paso as he first saw it in 1850, Bartlett, the first Boundary Commissioner, says: "There are two mills at El Paso; one on the Mexican side belonging to Ponce de Leon, and one on the American side belonging to E. Hart.¹ This latter is a fine establishment and now furnishes the United States troops with flour at twelve and a half cents a pound.

"On the American side there are few houses and these may be divided into three groups. The first is Coontz' Rancho. This was the first settlement and was the military post for about three years under the command of Major Van Horne. Many of the buildings are now unoccupied.

1. This should be S. Hart. The error is Bartlett's. E. Hart was Simeon Hart's brother.

"One and one-half miles below is the principal village, which was established by James W. Magoffin, a Missourian,¹ and one of the oldest settlers in the country. This enterprising man has erected around a large open square some of the best buildings in the country, which are now occupied as stores and warehouses. This is an admirable location for a town and will no doubt become the centre of the American settlements at El Paso. An *acequia* runs through the square and the land is of the finest quality. A mile further east is a large ranch belonging to Mr. Stevenson, around which is a cluster of smaller dwellings.

"About ten miles below El Paso is an island some twenty miles in length; it is one of the most fertile spots in the whole valley and has been cultivated since the first settlement of the country. On this island—which belongs to the United States—are the towns of Ysleta, Socorro and San Elizario, chiefly inhabited by Mexicans. Of these towns San Elizario is the largest and was the old *Presidio* or military post of the Spanish frontier. The town contains many respectable Spanish families and some few Americans. It is now the seat of the county courts. The church and the *Presidio* are now in a ruined state, but were occupied by our troops for a couple of years after the Mexican War.

"North of the town, after leaving Hart's mill, the first building is at White's Rancho or Frontera, eight miles above. There is no valley or bottom land here, as the mountains come down to the river. Frontera was used as an astronomical point by the Commission during its operation in this district. Soon after we gave it up, it was destroyed by the Apaches. It has nothing as a position to recommend it."

At the present time Magoffinsville, Coontz' Rancho, Hart's mill and the Stevenson ranch are all included within the limits of the City of El Paso, but at the time Bartlett wrote they

1. James Magoffin was a Kentuckian, not a Missourian.

were separated by very considerable distances, when judged by the danger of the journey. A man undertaking to make the trip from Coontz' Rancho to Magoffinsville did so at the imminent risk of losing his scalp in the middle of what is now San Antonio street; and the peaceful occupation of the man who went out to gather mesquite roots with which to keep the home fire burning was one that was fraught with a constant red peril. The Apaches made their raids how and when they pleased, and in a very terse paragraph Bartlett tells us that on January 8, 1851, in broad daylight and only three miles from an encampment of American soldiers, the Indians drove away forty head of Magoffin's mules. A week later, but this time at night, they stole thirty head more that had been formerly overlooked, from the corral at Magoffin's house.

This uncertain tenure of life and property very naturally had a tendency to retard El Paso's growth in her early years. In fact from 1850 to 1858, although changes took place which it is our duty to record, there was very little real development. Government agencies, however, were at work and it was about this period that we find Frontera, which Bartlett dismissed with the observation that it had "nothing to recommend it," coming into prominence. Today Frontera is nothing—not even a spot on the map—but during the regime of Mr. T. F. White, the owner of White's Rancho, it became a place of considerable importance. To Mr. White the location did have advantages, even though Bartlett stated to the contrary. The astronomical point named Frontera was located at a ford of the Rio Grande which was much used by caravan traffic. The west bank of the river at that time belonged to Mexico, and this fact making the enterprise profitable, Mr. White, either as a matter of private business or as a government appointee, established a Custom House at the ford and levied toll on all merchandise and live stock coming out of Mexico.

The next indication that the Federal Government was beginning to take cognizance of our existence was the establishment of a post-office. By 1852 El Paso had acquired enough prominence as a stage station to make it desirable to name some one as post-master at this point, and as Franklin Coontz was an applicant—and probably the only one—he was accordingly appointed. As one of the perquisites of his office, he was given the privilege of naming his station. Mr. Coontz very promptly named the place after himself; he called it Franklin, and Franklin it remained until 1859 when, according to General Anson Mills, Mr. Coontz having proved himself to be an undesirable citizen, the town was re-christened and at Mills' suggestion the name "El Paso" was adopted.

From the time that the post-office was established until 1858 there was a gradual but not a very marked improvement in the Indian situation. In 1854, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, the United States made its first determined effort to protect the lives and property of travelers and settlers west of the Pecos river. Prior to 1854 travelers coming into Franklin over the Butterworth route, either as emigrants or as stage passengers, did so at the utmost peril. The emigrants traveled in as large parties as could be gathered together and the stages were accompanied by large detachments of mounted guards, but even these precautions were not always sufficient to render protection against the Indians. Hardly a week went by without the news coming into the settlements that a stage had been "taken in" or an emigrant outfit robbed and the emigrants captured or killed. In 1854, however, the Federal Government took the matter in hand and began establishing a series of army posts along the stage route. It also adopted the custom of sending out cavalry escorts to accompany the stages on their wild drives between stations. This action on the part of the government had a

doubly beneficial effect. It made travel much safer and cheaper and it also gave the settlers living in the Big Bend country, west of the Pecos, the first opportunity that they had had of using the open ranges for the purpose of raising cattle. Not only did the presence of the army make it possible to raise cattle, but it also rendered it profitable. Beef contracts to supply the needs of the government commissary had to be made. In 1854 John W. Spencer, who had been living at Presidio in the Big Bend, Milton Favor, a Virginian who had come in with the soldiers, and Mañuel Musquiz, a political refugee who belonged to a prominent Mexican family, embarked in the business.

These three men were pioneers in an industry which probably has produced more wealth and has had more to do, directly, with the prosperity of the southwest than any other one thing.

Of course the coming of the army did not entirely settle the Indian question. It merely made the eastern portion of El Paso's trade territory a little safer to travel through and allowed the live stock business to acquire a precarious and uncertain start. To the west and north the Apaches were just as active as ever and, as many of them who had formerly operated in the Big Bend district merely moved their headquarters to the south bank of the Rio Grande and conducted their raiding expeditions from there, the relief to the settlers was only partial. The fact, though, that the Butterworth stages could operate with some degree of safety was a great boon to El Paso, and because of it some of this city's most progressive citizens now began to come in and community life took on something of an American aspect.

The industries of the community were limited to a very few lines of endeavor. Agriculture, wine making and cattle raising—the latter to a very limited extent—were the prin-

cial occupations of the Mexicans in the settlement, while the Americans who began to arrive turned their hands either to the practice of law or medicine, merchandising, government contracting or the operation of saloons, dance halls and gambling houses.

At the present day we are inclined to say that El Paso has never had a "boom," but during "Franklin's" existence it had them at frequently recurring intervals. The arrival of every trading caravan, bound either east or west or north or south, was the signal for business to pick up immediately and the "boom" would last until the caravan took its departure. The three stores which were then in the town would open early and close late. So would the saloons and the dance halls, and the business of trading and the pursuit of pleasure would be feverishly carried on until the cracking of the whip-lashes announced that the caravan was once more on its way. But every caravan that came and went carried with it far-seeing individuals who recognized the fact that the resources which had built up a town of 10,000 people on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande would operate to even better advantage for the upbuilding of an American city, and the result was inevitable. Some of these men stayed, some of them came back in later years, and all of them did their part, as Doniphan's men had done, in letting the outside world know all about the advantages of "Franklin."

This purely gratuitous advertising campaign naturally resulted in attracting two classes of men whose activities were very dissimilar. From the very first, from the time of Doniphan's Expedition, El Paso had been marked down on the map of progress as one of the essential points on a transcontinental railway which would some day, in the minds of the dreamers, link the Pacific slope with the Atlantic seaboard. Progressive men began to come in as early as 1854,

attracted by the possibilities which would be opened up by the building of the railroad, and along with them there came another class which was not progressive and not productive, but which is always to be found traveling in the van of progress and fattening itself on the weakness of strong men. This last class was made up of what is known as the "sporting element." It included both men and women, and it is a strange commentary on human nature to have to note that wherever we find natural manhood attaining its highest perfection in the struggle against Nature's obstacles, we find that it yields itself an easy prey to these pioneer parasites. The result in El Paso was the same as it has been in every frontier town. The gambler, the saloon man, the dance hall proprietor and the painted ladies became recognized institutions in the life of the community, and for the first thirty or thirty-five years of its existence it cannot be said that the town was any better, morally, than the majority of its citizens seemed to want it to be.

In 1858 we get another glimpse of El Paso, and this time we see it through the eyes of a man between whom and the City of El Paso there exists a mutual bond of obligation and gratitude.

From the description which this young man, who was Anson Mills, gives us, and from the map which he drew of the place a year after his arrival, we are able to determine accurately just how much El Paso had grown in the eight years which had elapsed since Bartlett's visit.

During these eight years Magoffinsville, which Bartlett had predicted would be the centre of the American settlements, seems to have been entirely forgotten and Coontz' Rancho was the place that carried away the laurels in the race for municipal improvement.

The reasons for this preference on the part of the people

of the early days are not hard to find. In the first place, Coontz' Rancho was located directly on the caravan road over which a large part of the business between Old and New Mexico traveled, and in the second place, Mr. Franklin Coontz, actuated probably by selfish interests as well as local pride, had established his post-office, now six years old and handling mail for three stage lines now operating, right in the heart of the city to which he had given his own name.

The growth of Franklin, however, even with these two impelling incentives, had been neither rapid nor startling. In 1850 Coontz' Rancho had consisted of one pretentious adobe building around which were clustered a number of smaller buildings, and eight years later Franklin consisted merely of a row of one-story adobes running along the west side of El Paso street from San Francisco to West San Antonio, and of another row running from the north side of San Francisco street around the side of Pioneer Plaza where the Herald Building, the White House and the Mills Building now stand. When Mills arrived in Franklin, these buildings mentioned, together with some shacks for a stage station, which occupied the Sheldon hotel site, and some others which were scattered around on the sites of the Federal Building and the Roberts-Banner Building, were all the houses in the town that he considered worthy of mention. There were some others, however. There was a row of adobes about half a block long on the north side of San Francisco street at the corner of Santa Fe, and diagonally across from these, at the corner of Chihuahua street there stood the old original ranch house of Franklin Coontz.

Running along in a zigzag course a short distance south of San Francisco street was an *acequia* which was spanned at the crossing on Santa Fe street by a wagon bridge, and

at the crossing on El Paso street by another. The crossing on El Paso street was located at the southwest corner of Pioneer Plaza and from there the *acequia* ran on down through the narrow street on the north of the First Mortgage Company Building. On the north bank of the *acequia*, right at the door of what is now the Blumenthal Building, there grew a large tree which, at the time of Mills' arrival in Franklin, was the subject of much daily concern to the citizens—more, indeed than anything else in the settlement. This tree didn't grow upon the bank of the *acequia* merely to furnish shade beneath which the drowsy Mexicans could idle away the happy hours of perpetual leisure. Not at all. This tree had a mission to perform in the life of the community in which it grew and that it performed it in a most solemn and unrelenting manner was a fact that was attested to daily. No citizen of Franklin ever passed the tree without stopping to take a look. Some would look and pass casually and calmly on their way; others would look and hasten home to buckle on an extra six-shooter or two, while yet others would look and then hie them to the livery stable, saddle a horse and beat it, post-haste, for parts unknown.

The secret of the tree was this. To it there was attached a sign-board, and upon that sign-board it was the custom of the times for men to post notices, telling the world just how little regard they had for each other's truth and veracity; and each notice was generally accompanied by a warning that the object thereof had better go "fixed" because he was going to get "shot up" on sight.

In the early days the "tree" was the bearer of many challenges and was the direct cause of many "killings." Its most frequent user, however, and the most regular of its contributors was Mrs. Gillock. This redoubtable lady, who was the proprietor of the Gillock House, which stood about where

NOTICE

I have just been informed that J. S. Gillett, W. J. Morton and J. R. Sipes stated last night to R. Doane and F. Remy that I was an abolitionist, for the purpose of injuring my character. As I never cast any other than a Democratic vote or expressed other than Democratic sentiments, I denounce these three above-named persons as wilful and malicious lying scoundrels. Sipes and Morton owe me borrowed money for the last two years. I would like to have a settlement. I never asked any one to vote for me as surveyor and I now withdraw my name as a candidate and will not serve if elected.

A. MILLS.

El Paso, Texas.

2 O'clock P. M., August 6, 1860.

NOTICE.

A certain contemptible "pup" signing himself A. Mills having published the undersigned as scoundrels we have only to say that he is so notoriously known throughout the entire county as a damned black Republican scoundrel, we deem him unworthy of further notice. However we hereby notify this fellow that his insignificance shall not protect him in the future.

W. J. MORTON.

J. R. SIPES.

JOHN S. GILLETT.

NOTICE.

El Paso, Texas, August 7, 1860.

Mr. Mills.

Sir: I have noticed my name in connection with others denouncing us publicly as malicious, lying scoundrels. For my part I now ask of you an immediate retraction of the same, and as publicly as your accusation.

JOHN S. GILLETT.

"Tree" contributions of 1860, exemplifying the custom, then indulged in by El Paso's most prominent citizens, of publicly vilifying each other. From General Anson Mills' book, "My Story."

the White House now is,—and also of “Judge” Gillock—reigned supreme over the only American hotel within a radius of seven hundred miles. Any customer who got behind in his account, or any transient who attempted to depart from beneath her hospitable roof without having paid for the entertainment received thereunder, was sure to have his name posted upon the tree. Along with it would appear a personal appreciation, written by Mrs. Gillock, which would cause all honest citizens to look upon the delinquent with scorn and derision.

Shortly after his arrival in El Paso in 1858, and prior to his laying out of the town, Mills was employed to build a station for the Overland Stage Company, which was by that time operating its through line from St. Louis to San Francisco.

This station was located at the southeast corner of El Paso and East Overland streets and, with its corrals and stables, covered more than an entire block of ground. In later years the buildings which were fronting on El Paso street were occupied by “Old Man” Rice, who ran the Boss Saloon and by Coffin and Seeton, who conducted a wholesale grain and hay business.

After the completion of the stage station, Mills arranged with Judge J. F. Crosby, J. S. and H. S. Gillett, W. J. Morton, V. St. Vrain and William Smith, who had formed a townsite company, to make a map of Franklin.

In his book entitled “My Story,” General Mills relates that he had some difficulty in drawing a map which was satisfactory to the owners and which they would sign. We who today have to find our way around through the business district think ourselves justified in making the statement that, in our opinion, the owners were too easily pleased.

Away back in 1827, a citizen of Mexico rejoicing in the

rather indefinite name of Don Juan Maria Ponce de Leon, obtained a Spanish grant to the land on which Franklin was located. By purchase this grant had become the property of the William Smith mentioned as one of Mills' employers—a man much loved, and commonly spoken of as "Uncle Billy"—whose greatest fault seems to have been his liberality in giving away something that he had no use for. A request made to Uncle Billy for a piece of ground, either to farm or on which to build a house, was granted immediately and without any definite restrictions as to boundary lines. The result was that when Mills attempted to draw his map he found that he had streets to work with which were neither parallel nor at right angles to each other. This confusion of boundary lines resulted in giving to the heart of El Paso's business district the very disjointed and irregular appearance it has today.

The customs of the times were responsible for the names of our principal streets. El Paso street was so called because it led across the river to the town of that name. San Francisco, San Antonio, St. Louis (now Mills street) and Santa Fe were given those names because it was along those routes that the stage lines ran which went to those cities. Overland street was so called because it was on this street that the Overland Stage station was built.

Today all of the streets named are broad, straight and well paved, but in Anson Mills' day they were all, with one exception, narrow dirt roads which ran along in zig-zag courses, avoiding obstacles, and jumping over irrigation ditches on brush bridges supported on cottonwood poles. The one exception referred to was West Overland street. This street for a distance of several blocks from its beginning at El Paso street was broad and clean and well kept, and although there was not a house on either side of it, it was

of more interest to early El Pasoans than any other of their city's thoroughfares.

In other words, West Overland street was a straight-a-way race course. Hardly a day went by in which arguments begun in Ben Dowell's saloon in regard to the respective merits of certain pieces of horseflesh, were not settled thereon with the consequent financial loss or gain always attendant upon such events.

One of the principal exponents of the "kingly pastime" was W. W., the brother of Anson Mills. W. W. Mills arrived in El Paso about a year after his brother and in a short time formed a partnership with Ben Dowell and a very fast "quarter horse." This horse was rung in on all strangers who were proud and boastful of the speed of their mounts and, according to Mills' own statement, the partnership netted him a profit of several thousand dollars in the course of a year or two.

The mention of Ben Dowell's saloon naturally turns the trend of our story toward the daily life of the early settler. Nobody worked; that is, nobody except Mexicans worked regularly. The "white men" in the community did practically nothing for the very simple reason that there was nothing to do, and the very natural result of this pleasing state of affairs was that Uncle Ben Dowell's saloon sheltered the entire American male population of the town for the greater part of every day and for nearly all of every night.

In General Mills' book he tells us that out of a population of only 300, most of whom were Mexicans, there were twenty professional gamblers, and from this highly enlightening statement it is easy for one at all familiar with the characteristics of the western pioneer to imagine that the fickle Goddess of Chance was a lady who was wooed by all men, and who could either smile or frown upon a man without making him lose either caste or credit.

In those days there were no sumptuary laws written on El Paso's statute books, and all that society required of any man was that he keep his name from appearing in connection with one of Mrs. Gillock's epistles and that he be prepared and ready to resent any aspersions cast upon either his ancestry or his veracity.

For the very good and sufficient reason that I do not know and am unable to learn I have refrained from making any positive statement as to the location on which El Paso's first building was erected. I think, however, that I am safe in making the assertion that the first buildings were on San Francisco street and not on Pioneer plaza. In 1850 when Bartlett arrived in El Paso the San Francisco street houses were without doubt the ones referred to by him as having been used as the military post. Mrs. Elizabeth May, who came to El Paso in January, 1854, says that at the time of her arrival there were no buildings either where the White House or the Mills Building now are. According to her statement there was at that time a building where the Herald Building now is; along San Francisco street there were several adobes, one of which was then newly occupied by Samuel Schutz, while the "pretentious building" referred to in the text was the largest building on the street or in the town. Mrs. Paca Alarcon also says that the first buildings in the town were on San Francisco street and that the oldest one of them stood at the northwest corner of San Francisco and Santa Fe.

In view of these statements it becomes apparent that the Mills map of 1859, insofar as it attempts to designate houses which were standing in El Paso at the time it was made, is wrong. The legend on the map says "houses now standing are designated by broken lines," and a study of the map shows that Mills located all the houses in El Paso as being around Pioneer plaza and for one block south on El Paso street. His failure to include the houses on San Francisco street, which were certainly there at the time can be readily accounted for. They stood on property which was owned by parties who were not interested in the Townsite Company and for that reason were of no importance to Mills. His map, however, and the statements of Mrs. May and Mrs. Alarcon taken in connection with each other indicate one thing very clearly. They prove almost conclusively that the buildings which were erected where the White House and the Mills Building now stand, and which have been referred to frequently as the oldest buildings in El Paso were in reality built between 1854, when the two ladies first arrived here, and 1859 when Anson Mills drew his map.

CHAPTER 5.

CIVIL WAR PERIOD.

IN THE preceding chapter we attempted, by referring frequently to the sites on which El Paso's largest buildings of the present day are located, to convey to our readers the impression that the town, in 1859, consisted of nothing except a small group of one-story adobe houses built in close proximity to an irrigation *acequia* which meandered its crooked way through a cultivated area of about 250 or 300 acres in extent.

Although we have referred to but one, there were in reality two main *acequias* in the district at that time. The one that we have already mentioned was known as the El Paso *acequia* and its mission in life was to furnish water, for all purposes except drinking, to the citizens of the place.

The second *acequia*, called the Magoffinsville and Fort Acequia, was taken out of the river below the town; that is, at about Second street, and from its point of beginning to the point where it finally ended its career by *desaguaing* itself back into the parent stream, was a distance, taking into consideration many crooks and turns, of about six miles.

As its name signifies, this last ditch had as the reason for its being the carrying of water down to El Paso's two suburbs, and it is a regrettable fact that history furnishes us no further details regarding these two *acequias*.

At the present time, with our advanced and scientific systems of irrigation, we are prone to look upon a ditch merely as a ditch, and upon an alcalde merely as an individual who draws a small salary and whose duty it is to keep the *acequia*

clean and distribute the waters in such an equitable manner as to prevent adjoining land owners from going forth and slaying each other.

In 1859, however, the two *acequias* which we have named were the principal factors in all of the productive activity in the neighborhood; and, by only a slight stretch of the imagination, we can look upon them as not only the embryonic beginnings from which our vast Reclamation System has developed, but also as the causes which gave rise to El Paso's first political controversies.

We do not know that any of these political contests were ever accompanied by bloodshed, or that they were decided by the purchasable vote—these were American innovations introduced later in the nature of improvements—but we do know that they were interesting and that they frequently engendered a good deal of rivalry.

Once a year, in the spring, the water users on these *acequias* would assemble at a *junta* and, with a good deal of bombastic oratory and a large consumption of *vino del pais* and *sotol*, proceed to the election of one of their number to the high office of *alcalde*. The man upon whom this honor was conferred was usually the most prominent citizen and the best politician in the community, and the office to which he was elected was about equal to that of a mayor, a chief of police, an assessor and collector and a city recorder all rolled into one. In the plenitude of his power the *alcalde* of the old days could execute deeds and convey property belonging to the district; he could settle disputes, impose and collect fines, impound stock and punish offenders by incarcerating them in a substantial adobe jail from which no writs of *habeas corpus* could procure their release.

Before the days of the organized community the office of *alcalde* was one that carried with it a good deal of honor,

opportunity and power; but with the coming in of the white man and the introduction of his enlightened systems, the wearer of the title was stripped of his honors, and the occasion of the annual election could no longer be pleaded before the bar of domestic relations as a legitimate excuse for a protracted spree.

The Fort, which we have spoken of as the ultimate objective of the last named of our two *acequias*, was the first permanent military establishment of the United States army at this point. It was located at a settlement known as "Concordia," and the buildings which were used as quarters, warehouses, stables, etc., were one-story adobe structures which stood at about the present intersection of Estrella and Alameda streets. These buildings were erected on clay bluffs which were close to the channel of the river. .

Today the main bed of the Rio Grande nearest to this place is fully a mile south of where it was at the time this fort was built, and this erratic change on the part of the stream has had the result, improperly speaking, of putting a part of Mexico over into the United States, and has given to those two heretofore meaningless and almost useless words, "erosion" and "evulsion," a deep and potent technical significance which has been very profitably taken advantage of by a good many members of the legal profession.

With this mention of the Fort, at which five or six troops of cavalry were stationed, and of Magoffinsville, which had made no appreciable growth since 1850, we have now completed the record, insofar as buildings which were located in what is now El Paso are concerned.

Such being the case, we are not at all surprised to find that strangers visiting us at that period have not expressed themselves as being deeply impressed with either the beauty, the style or the size of our buildings. It was not what El

Pasoans lived in, but the manner in which they lived, that seems to have elicited comment from the travelers in the early days, and particularly from one Albert D. Richardson, who published quite a massive volume of more or less unreliable information, do we get a fairly accurate picture of what El Paso looked like to a visiting tourist.

Mr. Richardson says: "El Paso had four hundred inhabitants, chiefly Mexicans. Its business men were Americans but Spanish was the prevailing language. All the features were Mexican: low, flat adobe buildings, shading cottonwoods under which dusky, smoking women and swarthy children sold fruit, vegetables and bread. Habitual gambling was universal, from the boys' game of pitching *cuartillos*, to the immense halls where huge piles of silver dollars were staked at *monte*. In this little village a hundred thousand dollars often changed hands in a single night through the potent agencies of *monte* and poker. There were only two or three American women and most of the whites kept Mexican mistresses."

In a succeeding paragraph Mr. Richardson says that the Americans spoke of these mistresses as being part of their "outfit," and then a little further on in his comments we run across a remark which in a measure explains the ones which we have quoted above.

In this paragraph he says: "I do not covet my Mexican neighbor's house, nor his wife, his man-servant nor his maid-servant, his ox nor his ass, but I do confess to twinges of envy that he can enjoy throughout the year the glowing vintage of El Paso."

As we read between the lines of this unsolicited testimonial to the virtues of El Paso's most celebrated product, we experience a distinct feeling of relief. The unkind stranger's eulogistic mention of the "glowing vintage" constrains us

to the belief that he must have had two or three dippers before he invaded the precincts of Uncle Ben Dowell's combined post-office, saloon and gambling house, and that it was while he was under its benign influence that he magnified the establishment into "immense halls" whose tables groaned beneath the weight of "huge piles of silver dollars."

It is not the intention of this history, of course, to belittle El Paso in any way. Undoubtedly she was as pre-eminent in the practice of her vices in her early days as she is now in the parading of her virtues, but even so we are ready to resent it when a rank stranger to our civilization leaves behind him a record which represents us to the world as being worse than Santa Fe. In speaking of Santa Fe, Mr. Richardson estimates that their nocturnal wickednesses aggregated only about ten thousand dollars, which leaves us free to infer, admitting that we were as bad and no worse than Santa Fe, that the "glowing vintage," which he could not have partaken of in northern New Mexico, had a magnifying power equal to exactly ten diameters.

But leaving the personal habits of our forefathers out of the reckoning for the present, and referring once more to material things, it is but fair to say that the exterior appearance of our town in 1859 was not such as to have elicited the applause and admiration of any sober traveler of the time. Both in buildings and population El Paso was of much less importance than a good many other places in the immediate vicinity.

Paso del Norte, across the river, was, of course, the "Queen City of the Southwest." In population, wealth, industry, commerce and in the variety and assortment of her dissipations the old Mexican town was far ahead of any of her young American rivals. But even Socorro, Ysleta, San Elizario, Mesilla, Las Cruces and Doña Ana were larger and

more prosperous than El Paso. This fact, though, which would be very discouraging today, was not so at all in the year 1859. It was readily accounted for by loyal El Pasoans, by the circumstance that the valley, which is wider at all the places named than it is here, was able to support larger agricultural populations for those towns than for El Paso and so, laying that flattering unction to their souls, the first settlers would daily congregate in front of the bar at Uncle Ben's and indulge in rosy dreams in regard to the coming greatness of their metropolis.

Already, as far back as this pre-civil war period of which we are writing, Fremont's projected railroad was being spoken of as the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific and, as the spirit of El Pasoans seems always to have been the same, we can easily picture to ourselves a regularly repeated afternoon assemblage at which the route of the railroad would be located and re-located, and first these and then those sites would be selected as the spots on which the depot and the new half million dollar hotel would be built.

And then, one morning in the year 1859, in the midst of all of this period of lurid speculation as to El Paso's future, we can draw for ourselves another picture. This time, however, our picture is not imaginary; it is real, and it carries with it the final assurance that El Paso, as an American town belonging to and settled by American people, has at last arrived. In our picture we can see a young man, wearing a look of newly acquired responsibility and immense superiority, walk into Ben Dowell's saloon and we can hear him announce, in tones of undoubted authority: "It's a boy, Ben, set 'em up all around and pass the cigars."

That young man was Judge J. F. Crosby and his announcement that his son, William Crosby, had just made his appearance in the world was also the announcement of the birth of El Paso's first native-born American.

In the pre-war days the total male American population of El Paso, according to W. W. Mills who, like Richardson, has preserved for us a rather unreliable record, consisted of only forty-four men. Of course there were always present in the town quite a number of "floaters"—travelers who came and went without asking or being asked questions, and who left behind them no permanent records of their visits with the exception, now and then, of an individual or two who remained to take up his permanent abode in the cemetery, which was located in what is now Sunset Heights. In the old days El Paso, having no credentials of her own to present, required none from her visitors, and his six-shooter, coupled with an ability to handle it and pay his debts as he went, was all that was demanded of any man. To manifest any undue curiosity as to a man's origin, his name or the nature of his business was to invite a fight and, as a fight was almost always the prelude to a funeral, the habit of asking for gratuitous information from strangers was one that was not cultivated by any except men who were either foolhardy, ignorant of the customs or else extremely expert in the use of a gun.

Within itself El Paso's exclusive forty-four seems to have led a very quiet and peaceful existence. A stranger might arrive once in a while who would cause a ripple to appear on the surface of their daily life but after he, the stranger, had been properly interred business would be resumed and things would pursue the former even tenor of their way.

In 1860, however, friends began to look askance at one another, and men began to doubt the motives and the intentions of their fellows. This was the forerunner of the war. Away out here on the border, hundreds and hundreds of miles from the centre of the great disturbance which was dividing the people of a great nation into hostile factions, men

heard the call; and, when the opportunity came each one of El Paso's forty-four made the choice of his allegiance. Of course there was no doubt in any one's mind as to what the result would be in the state. Secession was to be carried by an overwhelming majority, but in El Paso it was to be more than that. The public was notified that the county was expected to cast a unanimous vote and dark hints were let fall as to what was likely to happen to any one who interfered with the plan.

On the day of election the ballot box—which was presided over by "Judge" Gillock, probably acting as a proxy for his strong minded spouse—was placed in Ben Dowell's saloon and when night came and the vote was counted it was clearly apparent that not only practically all of El Paso, but also a large part of Paso del Norte, across the river, had expressed its desire to secede from the American Union.

According to General Anson Mills, who cast his vote and left El Paso the following day, his vote and one other, he doesn't tell us whose, were the only two votes in the county against secession. This, however, cannot be taken as an indication that there were only two Union men in the county. In fact there were quite a number, but they either did not vote at all in the election, or else they cast ballots which were against the principles that they believed in.

After the outbreak of actual hostilities between the Southern and the Northern states, El Paso became practically depopulated in so far as American inhabitants were concerned. Nearly every one of the forty-four went into either one army or the other, and although quite a few of them returned after the war to take up once more the building of their city, the greater part of them passed on quietly out of the history of the town.

During the years of the Civil War no events which are

of real historic importance to us transpired at or even very near El Paso. As had been the case when former wars were waged in which El Paso's destiny was settled for her without her consent, the place was too far away from the actual seat of trouble for the inhabitants to be more than mere interested recipients of the news of the day.

Almost immediately after the beginning of actual hostilities this district passed from Union to Confederate control. The Union soldiers at all garrisoned stations in Texas were given the option of joining the Southern cause or of being paroled and, the troops at the Fort having accepted the latter option, the Fort was occupied in May, 1861, by the Second Texas cavalry under the command of Colonel John R. Baylor.

For the first year of the war, while this part of the Southwest was under Confederate administration, with the exception of a decided increase in Indian troubles, there was very little change in general conditions. Freighting was kept up and mails came through with almost their accustomed regularity but as time wore on and more and more men joined one or the other of the two contending armies business gradually decreased.

In 1862, General H. H. Sibley's expedition having vindicated the valor of the Texans at the battles of Valverde, Glorietta, Albuquerque and Peralto, New Mexico was evacuated by the Confederate army and, as El Paso was included in the New Mexico district, it once again changed hands and was thereafter occupied by Union soldiers.

This last change of administration, regardless of the greater issues which were involved, seems to have been locally disastrous for El Paso. During their occupancy of the territory west of the Pecos the Confederates had adopted the policy of the Union troops, who had been before them, and

garrisons had been maintained at Fort Stockton and Fort Davis as well as at El Paso. The presence of these soldiers had to some extent restrained the Indians in their bloody activities but when the Southern forces made a complete job of it and abandoned all these posts the few American settlers who had located themselves between El Paso and the Pecos river were left entirely at the mercy of the red men. The result was that they deserted their homes and went elsewhere; some joined the army, some sought other fields in which they could earn a livelihood and quite a number refugeed, for the duration of the war, to the settlement here at El Paso. The immense Big Bend district passed back into the hands of its aboriginal owners and, with the exception of a small settlement which was maintained at Presidio and the settlements at El Paso, it is doubtful if there were any Americans at all living within the boundaries of Texas, west of the Pecos River.

Of course during these troublous times travelers visiting El Paso were few and far between and we are therefore deeply grateful to Sergeant A. B. Peticolas of the "Victoria Invincibles," father of Judge W. M. Peticolas, for a diary which he left behind him in which he gives us a glimpse of our town during the period of the war.

Sergeant Peticolas, with the Invincibles, came into El Paso from the north at the time of the evacuation of New Mexico. He arrived at Hart's Mill on May 5, 1862, and on the same day he and all of his companions were in "quarters" in a large room in an adobe building "with a plaza in the front and a court in the rear." From later expressions which we find in the diary we are able to assert that this "large room" in which the "Invincibles" were quartered was entirely satisfactory and was sufficient for their needs. But in regard to those other essentials, food and clothing, El Paso was not nearly so hospitable.

Evidently there was practically no clothing and very little food to be had here and only a few days after his arrival we find the sergeant bewailing the fact that he didn't have a hat and at the same time rejoicing over the acquisition of an extra pair of socks.

On May 28, 1862, having been in El Paso for three weeks, and therefore having had ample time in which to appraise us at our real worth, Sergeant Peticolas writes: "Franklin is an interesting place on some accounts. The scenes that are daily met with here and the peculiar habits of its present inhabitants form interesting subjects to an inquiring mind, and while there is nothing transpiring to arouse our painful or passionate activities there is plenty to interest and amuse. The bridge across the *acequia* is the market place of the town. Here the copper colored Mexicans, with their broad brimmed *sombreros*, bring their baskets with lettuce, onions, *peloncillos* and little mince pies, and to this place the soldiers saunter during the morning to trade old clothes, meat or paper for the various articles exhibited for sale. Here too the sentinel with his gun is posted as a sort of a police guard to maintain inviolate the peace of the town but, happily, this soldier has nothing to do. Then there are the gambling saloons: a decided feature in the *tout ensemble* of the town, and though I never gamble myself, I sometimes visit the rooms and look on and see money change hands and it induces me to a long string of semi-philosophic, semi-moralistic reflections on this singular passion."

Following the passing on of the "Invincibles" and the evacuation of the Fort there came the re-occupation of the Fort and the town by the Union soldiers and such Southern sympathizers as there were in the place moved across the river to Paso del Norte and from there attempted, by means of an occasional courier, to keep up some semblance

of a correspondence with San Antonio and the eastern part of the state.

To Captain Skillman, who had been an Indian fighter, who had brought through the first mail coach in 1850, who had acted as scout and guide to the United States troops, and who had served gallantly with the Southern army, was assigned the duty of keeping open this line of communication.

For a short while this was successfully done but in April, 1864, Skillman with a few companions was surprised by a detachment of Union soldiers. At the first fire Skillman was killed and thus, being cut off from the outside world, El Paso led a dreary, lonely and unnoticed existence until after the close of the war.

NOTE: El Paso's pre-war population, the forty-four referred to in the text were: J. F. Crosby, Simeon Hart, Henry J. Cuniffe, H. S. Gillett, J. S. Gillett, Phil. Herbert, James Magoffin, Joseph Magoffin, Samuel Magoffin, Anson Mills, W. W. Mills, Emmett Mills, Samuel Schutz, Joseph Schutz, George H. Giddings, H. C. Hall, Henry Skillman, Brad Daily, Hugh Stephenson, William Smith, Vicente St. Vrain, A. B. O'Bannon, William Morton, Charles Merritt, Henry C. Cook, B. S. Dowell, Nim Dowell, Fred Percy, Rufus Doane, Billy Watts, Emilio Deuschene, Russ Howard, A. B. Rohman, R. L. Robertson, Dr. Nangle, Charles Richardson, G. W. Gillock, J. E. Terry, Charles Music, Andrew Hornick, H. McWard, Bill Conklin, Mr. Tibbetts, and Tom Miller.

CHAPTER VI.

EL PASO AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

AT THE close of the war in 1865 El Paso was an isolated settlement. For all practical and commercial purposes it was as far away from the rest of the United States as it had been before the gold seekers broke the first trail through to California. There was not a stage line or a mail route in operation; there was not a single freighting outfit on the road and the Apaches having once more come into possession of what they considered their God-given domain, travel in any direction from El Paso was attended with all of its former difficulty and danger.

The original settlers were scattered and were separated from each other not only by great physical distances but also by a broad and deep gulf of patriotic sentiment. As we have already remarked in a former chapter, the fact that only two votes were cast against secession in El Paso county cannot be taken as an indication that there were only two Union sympathizers in the district.

A poll of El Paso's original forty-four discloses the interesting fact that, regardless of how they cast their ballots on the general question of secession, there were at least nine men here who espoused the Union cause, and of this number seven returned and resumed their residence in El Paso at the close of hostilities. These seven were W. W. and Anson Mills, Samuel and Joseph Schutz, Henry J. Cuniff, V. St. Vrain, and Emilio Deuchesne, and in addition to them quite a number of discharged Union soldiers who had seen service here, or who were discharged at this place, decided to make El Paso their home.

The majority of El Paso's post-war citizens, however, were naturally Southern sympathizers. Among these were such men as Crosby, Magoffin, Ben Dowell, and the Gillett brothers, who had all served in the Confederate army but who now came back to take up their tasks of making a living and building a city.

To the careful analyst who studies history as it should be studied, and who scrutinizes men's motives as carefully as he does their achievements, this period of El Paso's growth is more interesting than any other.

After the war El Paso and the whole southwest had to start over again, and start it did. Men came into this part of the country from both the North and the South. Naturally they brought their sectional feelings with them, but they had no sooner arrived and looked around than they found that they were face to face with a proposition which made them either forgive or forget their former animosities because of greater present necessities.

Men coming here found that they had a bigger job ahead of them than the unfruitful one of keeping alive a former quarrel. Regardless of their war-time sympathies, men realized when they reached this part of the country that they had to work with each other and all together in a united struggle against a common enemy. This enemy was Nature—the Indians were only an incident in the whole—and the new comers found that Nature's obstacles could be the most stubborn and obdurate of any. The old Southwest presented a forbidding aspect to the men who came to invade it. The deserts had to be won for agriculture and the hills made to yield up their treasure. It was a man's sized job and it made men out of those who attempted it.

When El Paso's forefathers started in for the second time to establish their empire, they buried the hatchet of their former

war and, working shoulder to shoulder, created here in the Southwest a new and a wonderful kind of Americanism—an Americanism in its essential qualities different from any other in the land.

At the present time we are in the habit of hearing the United States spoken of as the "melting pot" of the nations of the world, but at the close of the Civil War it was the Southwest that became the melting pot of this nation, and it was out here, in our mountains and in our deserts, that men first became reconciled to each other and became amalgamated in support of a common cause.

Of course when this is said we still have to give the Southwest itself all the credit that it naturally deserves for having had the resources which would render men's efforts profitable, but the development of these resources would have been long delayed if this new set of pioneers had gone about their work still wearing in spirit the uniforms of the Blue and the Gray.

While the South was going through the strife and bitterness of the Reconstruction period, and while the North was grieving over her lost sons and working to recoup her shattered finances and re-establish the government of the Union, the Southwest was getting ready to forge ahead under the leadership and guidance of a set of men who had suddenly learned, under the stress of natural conditions, that there is an immense virtue in forbearance and forgiveness.

Naturally, the first thing that had to be done was to re-establish commercial and mail connections with the east, and as this called for a renewal of the war with the Indians it was no easy task. In fact there were no easy tasks in connection with anything in El Paso at this period. Everything that had to be done took on monumental proportions and only such individuals as could measure up to a strenuous standard were able to stick it out.

In 1866 freighting, stage and mail contracts were renewed and El Paso made its second attempt to strike up an acquaintance with the rest of the world.

With the empty shelves of El Paso's stores, one on Pioneer plaza, one on El Paso and one on San Francisco street, crying for merchandise, two freighting outfits, loaded with goods consigned to this place, left San Antonio early in April, 1866. These two outfits, each one of which consisted of twenty freight wagons, two hundred head of mules and a large complement of men, were the property of the Edgar brothers, John and James, and the misfortunes which befell them are illustrative of the hardships that had to be endured by any one who had El Paso as his objective point.

For some unknown reason the brothers did not travel together. John took the road first and his brother James set out three days behind him. Without much difficulty John, with his outfit, reached Wild Rose Pass, fifty or sixty miles west of Fort Stockton. At this point they were ambushed by a band of renegade Apaches under a chief named Espejo, but Edgar's men were too numerous to allow the Indians to capture the train. They held it up, however, and attempted to make a parley, to which proposal Edgar refused to listen. The Indians then withdrew and Edgar, fearing that they would again ambush him if he continued his journey, turned his entire outfit around and started back to Fort Stockton. In the meantime his brother John had been having troubles of his own. On the night of April 22nd, some eighteen or twenty miles east of Fort Stockton he had encountered a norther which wrought desperate havoc among his mules. One hundred head froze to death in the one night, and with the remaining half of his animals he struggled into Fort Stockton. Leaving half of his cargo in storage he set out the next day for El Paso, only to be met on the day following by his brother making the

return trip. The two outfits now went back to Fort Stockton together, reorganized themselves and finally, with only half of their original freight, arrived in El Paso.

The attempt to re-establish stage travel met with even greater difficulties. The Apache chief, Espejo, seems to have had an especial fondness for interfering with the United States mails, and the first two that attempted to go through, both east and westbound, were intercepted by him.

The first hold-up was that of the west bound stage. It took place at Escondido Springs, about eighteen miles east of Fort Stockton, and although there were forty men in the stage party, most of whom were experienced Texans, it was only after they had indulged in a forty-eight hour battle with three hundred and fifty of Espejo's Indians that they were able to proceed.

The east bound stage, however, had even worse luck. It left El Paso for San Antonio under the guidance of two Mexicans and with only a small guard, composed of Northern men, who knew little or nothing about Indian warfare or tactics. At Wild Rose Pass, the same spot at which the Edgar freighting outfit had been held up a few weeks previously, this party was ambushed but, hastily forming for defense, was able for a while to repulse the attacks of the Indians. Fearing that his prey would finally escape him, Espejo resorted to his customary deception and offered to make a treaty with the Americans. The leader of the party, a man by the name of Davis, disregarding the advice of the two Mexican guides, solemnly drew up a pact and when it had been duly signed by himself and Espejo the stage party formed itself again and started on its way. The treaty, however, had been only a ruse on the part of Espejo to draw the Americans out of their temporary stronghold, and no sooner were they again on the road, traveling carelessly along, than the Indians fell upon them. In this attack the first man wounded was an army officer who, with

one other man, had attempted to find cover in the brush and had become separated from the rest of the party. The officer's comrade picked him up and attempted to carry him back to the stage but when he was fired upon he laid down his burden in order to defend himself. The officer, rather than be taken alive, drew his own pistol from his holster and killed himself.

In this attack several men besides the officer were killed and the stage and horses stolen. Before the fight the Mexican guides, who had given such good advice and who knew what was going to happen as soon as they saw the treaty signed, had left the party. They walked all the way to the town that is now called Del Rio, while the other survivors made their way on foot to Fort Stockton, a distance of sixty-eight miles.

This state of affairs, however, lasted for only a little more than a year. In 1867 United States troops again occupied the posts west of the Pecos, which had been abandoned since 1861, and a determined effort was made to rid the country of its pest of savages. From 1867 to 1869, when the first attempt was made to place the Apaches on the Mescalero reservation, the troops were kept constantly in the field and journeys back and forth could be made with comparative safety but not without hardships and privation.

The year 1869 is one which the writer of this history looks back upon with a peculiar reverence. In that year Joseph Magoffin, Charles Richardson, two or three army officers and a young, red-headed contract surgeon climbed to the summit of Mt. Franklin, and in order that they might not be overcome by thirst they carried with them a bountiful supply of bottled goods. Their external carrying capacity, however, proved to be greater than their internal one, and when the time came for the party to return to Fort Bliss it was found that there remained on hand six unopened bottles of wine. No one cared to carry six bottles of wine back to El Paso. "It would be,"

so said one classical member of the party, "too much like carrying coals to Newcastle," and so, with appropriate ceremonies, those six bottles were interred on the summit of Mount Franklin, there to remain until Gabriel blows his horn and summons the graves to give up their dead.

So far as the writer knows, the six bottles of wine are still resting peacefully in the grave which was dug for them in the year 1869; but this story has not been told for the purpose of stimulating thirsty El Pasoans to go out to Mt. Franklin and tear it open from top to bottom in search for the precious vintage. No. The writer had another motive than this. The young red-headed contract surgeon mentioned was his father, who was then temporarily stationed at Fort Bliss.

In the eight years which had elapsed from 1861 to 1869 El Paso had made practically no growth at all. In fact there were fewer Americans in the town and surrounding territory than there had been before the war, but this was a condition which, owing to various causes, soon began to remedy itself.

The chief one of these causes was the renewal of the cattle industry, and it is interesting to note that the trend of this business was, at this time, exactly the reverse of what it had been just before the war and also what it was a few years later.

During the years that the Indians had roamed in unrestricted freedom over the cattle ranges of west Texas it seems that they had enjoyed an almost equal amount of liberty in northern Chihuahua and the result was that the ranges on both sides of the Rio Grande were almost completely unstocked. Naturally, as soon as it became safe to drive herds through from Oklahoma, Kansas or the Panhandle counties of Texas, there arose an insistent demand for range cattle and a large business was soon developed. Herds running up into the thousands were driven through the Great Bend country into Chihuahua, and as the grazing lands west of the Pecos

began to be taken up once more by Americans, the industry began to re-establish itself north of the Rio Grande.

Of course El Paso was not then and never has been the logical centre for the cow business of west Texas, but it was the largest port of entry on the border and its location, opposite Paso del Norte—the one attractive town on the Rio Grande at that time—were advantages which operated to make it a desirable trading centre for cattle men from both sides of the river.

Whether it was a cowpuncher, who was coming in for a monthly spree, or a ranch owner in need of supplies made little difference. The combined resources and opportunities for dissipation which were offered by El Paso and Paso del Norte were greater than those of any other single community within a radius of several hundred miles. Consequently the one class, coming here for amusement, made life colorful and interesting, while the other, coming for business, laid the foundations for the establishment of El Paso's mercantile houses.

El Paso's other industry—that of mining—was at this time in the town's history entirely undeveloped. In fact in 1869, although the Santa Rita properties were well known, having been mined since 1804, and some silver discoveries had been made in Grant and Socorro counties in New Mexico, the residents of this place were little interested in mining ventures. It seemed to them that agriculture and stock raising were going to be the main factors in the upbuilding of their town and even had they known generally of the enormously rich copper deposits of Arizona the probabilities are that they would have paid but little attention to them. In fact there were some people who did know of the existence of these deposits because the writer can readily recall having been told by the red-headed contract surgeon that he had

seen veins of almost pure copper in Arizona but that they were too remote from a railroad to be worked at a profit.

In regard to the Arizona copper mines it is worth while to call the reader's attention to the fact that they happen to be in the United States and not in Mexico as the result of an argument between the two governments, with which argument copper had nothing whatever to do. If these copper mines had been known to exist in 1853, at the time that the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was signed and the Gadsden Purchase consummated, the southern boundary of Arizona would probably have been fixed much further north than it is and El Paso, which owes so much of its wealth and prosperity to the development of these mines, would probably be only about half as big as it is today.

It is upon small things like this that the fate of cities may be decided. Everyone who is at all familiar with the map of this part of the country has undoubtedly noticed that the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, west of El Paso, follows a rather peculiar course. For about one hundred miles west of El Paso the line runs due west, it then drops at a right angle to the south for a distance of sixty miles or more and then, taking another right angled turn, it resumes its former westerly direction. This sixty mile jog in the line takes in the mining districts around Tombstone and Douglas and Bisbee. In other words, that sixty mile drop in the line gave the United States the control of the richest copper deposits in the world and made El Paso what it is today.

If it were possible to do so we would like to be able to credit some individual with the knowledge and foresight which brought about this turn in our fortunes, but it cannot be done. The copper deposits of Arizona were not known to exist in 1853, and they are in the United States today only

because the signers of the treaty used a contour map and drew the boundary line along a route over which they thought it would be feasible to build a railroad. At the time that these negotiations were had Mexico did not want to give up this railroad route, but her arguments were partially overruled when her attention was called to the fact that if she desired to sell California to the United States she must allow her to have a way to get there. "Yes; that is true," replied Mexico, "but suppose it becomes necessary for us to move troops to our west coast; having no railroad route how can we get them there?" "We will allow you to bring them through our territory," answered the United States, and the deal was closed. Only a few years ago, as all of our readers will remember, this very thing took place and this permission, only once given, is all the additional consideration that the United States has ever had to pay for properties that are worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Although the majority of El Paso citizens, as we have said, had either forgiven each other or forgotten about the war, the result of the conflict naturally had its influence on the political situation.

Federal and state appointments, which prior to 1861 had been given to men who were southerners and southern sympathizers, were now given to men who had supported the Union cause. The most important office in the district at that time, even as it is today, was that of collector of customs, and until 1862 the post had been filled by a deputy named O'Bannon who worked under and reported to the collector of the port at Galveston. When El Paso was re-occupied by the Federal forces in 1862, O'Bannon, whose heart was with the South, left with the evacuating Confederate soldiers and for about a year the duties of his office must have been administered by officers of the United States army. In 1863, however, this

part of the border was redistricted, El Paso was named as a recognized port of entry and W. W. Mills, a brother of Anson Mills, was named as collector, with Arizona and New Mexico included in his territory.

Mills occupied the office from 1863 until 1869, and in the six years of his incumbency he appears, even from his own records, to have done nothing of importance except to win for himself a degree of unpopularity enjoyed by few men, but of which Mills seems to have been really proud. Of all of the El Pasoans of that period, W. W. Mills appears to have been the only one who was not satisfied with the result of the war. He seems to have wanted to carry it on, and just a casual reading of his book, "Forty Years in El Paso," leaves one with the impression that he deliberately and with malice aforethought went about trying to keep alive a feeling of antagonism and animosity. The less we say about Mills, however, the better this book will be. We have drawn our estimate of the man entirely from the pages of his own work and therefore we feel that he is wholly to blame for the opinion which we entertain of him.

In 1866, although Mills' reappointment to office was strenuously opposed by the citizens of El Paso, he was nevertheless retained by President Johnson for another term, and in 1866 he went as a delegate from El Paso county to the State Constitutional Convention at Austin. In "Forty Years in El Paso" Mr. Mills devotes considerable space to an account of his activities on the floor of the convention, but he gives only a paragraph to the one real, constructive thing that he did for El Paso while he was on that journey. On his return trip he brought back with him two young men, James P. Hague and S. B. Newcomb, both of whom in later years became progressive and worthy citizens of the community.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST CIVIC DEVELOPMENT.

WE have now reached a point in the history of our town where, if it is possible to do so, we must scrutinize the individual activities of some of our citizens more closely than we have done heretofore.

This is necessary for two reasons. First, we are going to discuss men who were well known and are still remembered by many El Pasoans; and second, El Paso is soon to come into possession of a charter which not only gave it a legal right to exist but which also led it into an embroglio of politics from which it has not to this day entirely emerged.

Between the close of the Civil war and the year 1873 El Paso received several noteworthy additions to its very meagre list of citizens. We have already noted the arrival of James P. Hague and Judge S. B. Newcomb and, either having preceded or followed shortly after them, we can now record the presence here of such well known characters as A. J. Fountain, Judge Gaylord Clarke, Rev. Joseph W. Tays, Allen Blacker, Dr. T. Thayer, J. F. Evans, A. B. Rohman, A. H. French, Edmund Stein and others. The arrival of these new citizens naturally resulted in the erection of more adobe houses. A fairly good-sized building appeared where the Angelus hotel now stands, and on both sides of San Antonio street, from El Paso street to Mesa avenue, there sprung up a few scattered dwellings.

The town, however, was entirely unorganized and without any efficient form of direct government. The county officials, whose duty it was to keep the peace, kept it in a generally

•

disturbed condition and men who were so inclined drank, fought and gambled to the extent of their hearts' desire. The *alcaldes*—or maybe there was only one at that time—exercised control of the *acequias* and probably, in rare instances, extended their authority along other civil lines, but as the town had no peace officers and as there were no local laws governing any one's moral conduct it can readily be imagined that El Paso bore no resemblance whatever to a Sunday school.

Ben Dowell continued to be the most prominent, the most popular and presumably the wealthiest citizen in the place, and his saloon and gambling house still held its own against all rivals as the foremost "gentlemen's resort" in the city.

It was over Uncle Ben's bar that most of El Paso's big deals—involving a few head of cattle, a horse or two, or maybe a pair of goats—were consummated, and Uncle Ben himself, who looked out from behind a luxuriant growth of whiskers with a kindly expression that belied his calling, was the arbiter in all disputes that arose; was the trusted custodian of the funds of many of the town's citizens and was, everything considered, about the busiest and the most useful man in the place.

It was into such an atmosphere as this, an atmosphere which was charged with a rough and manly lawlessness, that the Rev. Joseph Tays appeared in 1870. His advent into the community, although he was an ordained Episcopal minister, was not questioned and neither were his activities. In fact if we look at the results which were accomplished by him in less than a year we are bound to conclude that the entire citizenship of the town must have encouraged him in his efforts and helped him to organize a protestant congregation and establish a church. Differences in moral code, like the differences in patriotic sentiment of which we have already

spoken, were things which the broad-minded men of the early days could afford to overlook. While they did not approve of each other, still, as there was no mutual doubt between them regarding motives and incentives, no open animosity and antagonism arose between the church and the saloon, and Parson Tays, without creating any split in the community, soon had as large a following as Uncle Ben. There was no split because men found that it was possible, without deserting Uncle Ben, to give their allegiance to a parson who was big enough to understand that El Paso's moral status, which was due to the condition of society, and not to the innate wickedness of man, was one that could only be remedied by time and the process of civilization.

El Paso at that time was wicked; it was very wicked, and it remained so for many years, but in view of the difference in environment and opportunity it was in reality little worse than it is today. And at the risk of bringing down upon our head a clatter of abuse, we will add that Virtue and Vice were both much more tolerant then than they are now and were both much more charitable in their judgments.

As has already been intimated, it took Parson Tays less than a year to establish himself and his church in the community. In his work he was ably assisted by Judge Gaylord Clarke, who had come from New York in 1867, and whose wife was El Paso's pioneer American school teacher. Having her own daughter to educate, Mrs. Clarke opened a private school, took in pupils without charge, and imparted to the English speaking children of the community not only the rudiments of learning but also, to some of the older ones, some of the higher branches.

In the beginning Parson Tays held his services in the building which we have already mentioned as standing where the Angelus hotel is now located. The congregation, however,

was small and as the pastorate did not find itself able to afford a "living" for the pastor, the Parson, as he was affectionately called, found other means of earning a livelihood for himself and his family. At different times Parson Tays held the positions of county surveyor and city alderman and was also actively interested in the handling of El Paso real estate when that business, since very profitable, was in the swaddling clothes of its infancy.

But regardless of all of his other occupations, the Parson's interests were always centred principally in his congregation, and before he died he had the satisfaction of seeing El Paso's first protestant church go up on a site which he himself donated. This building was a small frame structure, with a parsonage attached; it stood on three lots on Mesa avenue in about the center of the block between Texas and Mills streets.

Before the erection of this church, however, the Parson held his services regularly in the temporary quarters already alluded to, and knowing the characteristics and dispositions of the old timers as well as we do, we can readily appreciate the feelings that they must have had toward this new institution and also toward the new school. Even the hardest citizens in the community must have felt that they were part owners, although not active participants, in these two advance agents of real civilization, and though the remarks might be dropped in a conversation over the bar, it added a good deal to a man's dignity for him to be able to say casually: "Yes, I'm a little late this morning but I had to see that the kids got to school all right," or else, "No, I can't take another; I promised my wife I'd come by the church and get her and I gotta be going."

In those early days El Paso's men were no different from what they are today. The burden of educating the family

and attending to its religious welfare was mainly left to the wives, but away down in the hearts of the men the leaven of the new influences was silently at work.

Inwardly they were all proud of "our" church and "our" school, and this community sense of possession and proprietorship soon prompted them to want to go further. They wanted to be able to speak of El Paso as "our" town, and so, in satisfaction of this newly created desire, the representative men of the place got together and after duly considering their responsibilities and deciding that they were willing to submit their heretofore unrestricted liberties to some governmental curtailment, they made an application to the State of Texas requesting that their unorganized town be advanced to the dignity of an incorporated city.

In accordance with this request the state legislature on May 17, 1873, passed an act incorporating the City of El Paso, and the actual and recognized legal existence of the place began.

Under the terms of the Charter, Ben Dowell, Samuel Schutz, A. H. French, Joseph Magoffin and Allen Blacker were named as commissioners to hold an election on the second Tuesday in the following August. Allen Blacker failed to qualify as a commissioner and A. J. Fountain was named in his place. The election was duly held and the following were elected: Mayor, Ben S. Dowell; aldermen: Andrew Hornick, William Tryer, Joseph Schutz, Thomas N. Massie, John T. Gillett and John T. Evans. This selection of officers, however, although there is no reason for us to suppose that it did not please the voters, was evidently not pleasing to the candidates themselves. Within a month, three of the men who had been honored by El Paso's voters having resigned and one other having failed to qualify, another election was ordered to be held on October 15th, which resulted in the

following men being chosen to fill the vacancies: Allen Blacker, Joseph W. Tays, M. A. Jones and Frank C. Marsh.

But in the meantime, prior to this second election, the "rump" council had not been idle. Some men might shirk their responsibilities and fail to rise to the exigencies of public trust, but not Ben Dowell. While he was mayor of El Paso he *was* the mayor, and while his council was in its yeasty state of formation he did the best he could with what aldermen he could gather together under the roof of the old adobe building which stood at the corner of San Francisco and Chihuahua streets. Apparently the first thing that had to be attended to was a certain phase of the city's morals, and so Ordinance number one was aimed at one of El Paso's most revered and time-honored customs. From time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," El Paso's citizens had been in the habit of bathing publicly and nakedly in the *acequias*. Uncle Ben and his rump council immediately put a stop to this by passing a law, at their very first meeting, which made it a high crime and misdemeanor for any person, male or female, brown or white, married or single, or any derivation or degree thereof, to wade, paddle, swim, dive or duck in the waters of any irrigation ditch within the corporate limits of the city.

This piece of constructive legislation in regard to the abolutions of the inhabitants seems to have been about all that the rump council did during its short existence, but after the second election, when the long timers who served out their full terms came into power, things took on a different aspect.

It is true that for the first year this council seems to have concerned itself almost wholly with two subjects, but in regard to those two they passed a good deal of weighty and comprehensive legislation. The first one of these subjects was merely another phase of the *acequia* question and the second

was the important one of the assessing and collecting of taxes.

The tax question, though, was approached only after an unsuccessful attempt had been made to avoid a levy.

The first ordinances passed in regard to the *acequias* were comprehensive and complete. They were patterned after the old alcalde plan and called upon every male citizen of the town who was more than eighteen years of age, whether he used water or not, to devote at least one day a year to cleaning and maintenance work on the ditches. Men who owned land and irrigated the same had to do ditch work in proportion to the amount of water consumed.

Under the regime of the old alcaldes this system of community labor had worked very well, but under a chartered form of government it doesn't seem to have worked at all.

Either because it was beneath their newly acquired dignity as voters in an incorporated city to get out and shovel mud, or else because they were peeved at having to bathe in private, El Paso's citizens failed to appear for the annual ditch cleaning. The water commissioners, John S. Gillett and William Tryer, although they were empowered to imprison all who failed to do their part of the work, were unable to overcome the strong antipathy that seems suddenly to have developed against manual labor, and rather than incarcerate the entire male population at one time, the city council passed another ordinance.

As this ordinance was one which dealt with the problems of finance, it was therefore the initial plunge which our city fathers took into the turgid pool of real politics and for that reason it is worthy of some of our consideration.

The citizens of the community having failed to respond to the call to clean the ditches, and the ditches themselves daily becoming more and more unsightly and unserviceable, drastic action was deemed necessary.

Accordingly on October 23, 1873, the council passed a resolution conferring upon the ever-willing mayor the privilege of not only personally superintending the work on the *acequias* but also the privilege of advancing the money for it out of his own pocket. But in order that the mayor eventually be reimbursed the council then passed an ordinance "to levy and collect a tax on all real estate within the limits of the city of El Paso for *acequia* and other purposes."

The amount of this levy was not colossal, only \$550.00, but the ensuing result in some respects was the same as if it had been a million. In order to collect this \$550.00 and carefully preserve and guard it for public use the machinery of the law had to be put in operation, and hence it became necessary to appoint an assessor and collector and a city treasurer.

The first assessor and collector was Mr. George Butschofsky, who was to receive as his compensation 5 percent of all sums collected, and the first treasurer named was Mr. Samuel Schutz.

Before any funds were collected, however, Mr. Schutz resigned from the office and on February 24, 1874, when the first financial report of the city of El Paso was presented to the council by the finance committee, Mr. H. S. Gillett was hurriedly elected to the office and placed under a \$1,000.00 bond.

The council now having a treasurer who was ready and qualified to take over the funds of the city, the finance committee handed in its report.

The first financial statement, if it indicates anything at all, indicates one fact that is of great importance to the historian.

Regardless of all that we have said on the subject of El Paso's wickedness and immorality, and regardless also of all that everybody else has said about the vicious habits of our early citizens, we feel now that we must, with the figures here

before us in black and white, withdraw all of our own statements and contradict those made by all other local maligners.

According to the records El Paso was not wicked. On the contrary, according to the records, El Paso was the most peaceful, orderly, law-abiding and God-fearing community that there was on the border and, according to the records, we can prove it.

During the months of their incumbency in office the mayor and the members of his council—both the members of the rump council and the long council—had, in their idle moments, passed a good deal of sumptuary and very drastic legislation for the violation of which due and proper fines and punishments were provided.

It was against the law for the horses, cattle, burros, mules, sheep, swine or goats of the community to appear unattended upon a public street or to take a drink from a public *acequia*. It was against the law for any man, woman or child to throw cigarette stumps or cigar butts or any other form of trash into an irrigating ditch; or to swear aloud in a saloon; or to abuse his or her neighbor; or to steal any of his or her neighbor's property "without the consent of said neighbor"; or to carry a gun; or to discharge the same; or to dig a hole in the street; or to dam up a ditch; or to give a *baile* without paying one dollar for the privilege therefor; or to become intoxicated; or to pitch pennies; or to play marbles for "keeps."

All of these things were against the law and were punishable by fine and imprisonment, and yet as we carefully scrutinize the financial report which is before us we see that, in the short space of time comprehended between August 15, 1873, and February, 1874, a veritable miracle had been wrought. The beasts of the field were made to give up their accustomed habits and men, heretofore abandoned and wicked,

hearkened to the majestic voice of the law and learned to walk, soberly and sedately, down the middle of the narrow path of rectitude and virtue.

As we said before, we can prove this by the record, and here is that proof:

“From August 15, 1873, to February 14, 1874:

“Collected in fines by the City of El Paso the sum of \$3.00.”

Could anything be more expressive of the peace and quiet of our early community life than that?

The balance of the financial report is almost equally interesting and impressive. The amount of taxes assessed had been \$225.40 and the amount collected \$210.08. Out of this sum, including the payment to the assessor and collector who had earned \$10.50, various sums amounting to \$178.73 had been paid, leaving a balance on hand of \$31.25 to turn over to the treasurer. The city, however, had an outstanding obligation of \$22.00 for lime which left total municipal assets in the sum of \$9.25.

It being apparent from the reading of this report that only one-half of the \$550.00 called for in the ordinance had been assessed, the assessor and collector was called upon to explain the situation to the council. In a few well chosen words this over-paid official explained to the mayor and his colleagues that it was very difficult to impress a citizen whose property wasn't worth anything at all with the idea that it was worth a thousand dollars and that therefore he had not been able to raise the entire levy. Upon hearing this the council, either doubting the ability or the word of the assessor, decided to try for itself and went into a special session as a board of equalization. For the next few months nothing at all seems to have been accomplished in the way of collecting the taxes and then, several months later, we find that a new and novel method of financing the city has been adopted. This new

method, which was adopted in response to a petition from the largest real estate owners, consisted in closing up, abolishing and ordering sold certain of the principal streets of the city. Under this ordinance, which was adopted January 3, 1875, the following streets were closed to traffic and placed upon the market: Oregon street from San Antonio street to what is now Mills street; Texas street from Oregon to Utah; Santa Fe street from San Francisco to Main; Chihuahua street from San Francisco to Overland and also several other highways of lesser importance.

The deeds actually transferring title to those streets are on record and when we consider the petition presented by the leading real estate owners in connection with another petition presented a couple of months later, we are constrained to believe that there was something going on, even then, that savors strangely of political graft and real, big-town politics. This second petition, which was granted also, was a request for a franchise which would give the grantees the practical control of the *acequias* of the city, and as the granting of the previous petition had already closed up all the streets that were of any consequence it looks to us very much as though the real estate owners were trying to turn the heart of El Paso's business district either into a vineyard or a large and undivided alfalfa farm.

This plan, however, doesn't seem to have worked out, because less than a year later, but under a new council which had been elected in the meantime, we find that the city attorney is instructed to bring suit against the grantees of the franchise for the sum of \$200.00 which sum had been specified as damages due the city in case the grantees failed to fulfil their agreements.

The mention of the new city council naturally brings up the question of the issues involved in El Paso's first real election

and, contrary to what might have been expected, these issues had nothing whatever to do with the economic or financial condition of the city.

The voters of the city were only mildly interested in the questions of taxation and graft. In regard to graft the public felt that if a man was smart enough to get away with anything when there was nothing to get away with, that he was justly entitled to it; and as for taxes, they seemed to have presented no issue at all. The voters simply wouldn't pay them if they didn't want to, and said so with a finality that ended the controversy.

But there were other things in which the voters of the city—please note that we do not say taxpayers—were interested. These other things were dogs, and when, in May, 1874, the city council passed an ordinance "to provide for restraining dogs from running at large during certain months of the year," a howl went up that shook the corporation to its very foundations. No finer issue could possibly have presented itself than that, and as the people had a little more than a year in which to talk about it there was ample time for both the voters and the politicians to decide where they stood.

In the campaign Uncle Ben Dowell, who was a candidate for re-election, seems to have espoused the cause of liberty for the canines, while M. A. Jones, who was his opponent, came out openly in favor of the high license, the collar and the brass tag.

What the influences were which brought about the result will never be known, but Jones won by a handsome majority and the dogs were doomed.

In El Paso's second election Jones received 33 votes and Uncle Ben Dowell 17, and at its last meeting wherein the council sat as a returning board to canvass the election results

the following resolution, honoring Ben Dowell, mayor and saloon keeper, was offered by John W. Tays, Episcopal minister and alderman, and was unanimously passed by the council:

"Resolved: That the city council tender the Hon. B. S. Dowell, the retiring mayor, a vote of thanks for the uniform courtesy with which he has treated them in his official capacity, and in separating to make room for our successors, assure him of our continued respect for him as a citizen and request this to be spread on the minutes of the council."

While the political conditions of the City of El Paso were in a state of formation those of the county were in a state of fermentation. Since long before the war El Paso had been an organized county. It had a district and county judge, a sheriff, one or two deputy sheriffs and here and there a justice of the peace. At first these county offices had been held, with the exception of the office of district judge, by Mexicans, and the result of this was that the elections had not been bitterly contested and no animosity had been engendered.

After the war, however, it was only necessary for one or two disgruntled American politicians to appear in order to make the situation change entirely. W. W. Mills seems to have been just exactly the right kind of an individual to create trouble. He was a Republican, he was apparently not satisfied with the result of the struggle between the North and South and for that reason kept sectional feeling alive as long as he possibly could. Regardless of his faults, though, he was an able politician and a hard worker, and was successful in keeping El Paso county in the Republican column for a long time after nearly all the other counties in the state had gone Democratic.

Two of Mills' most ardent Republican assistants were Judge Gaylord Clarke, whom we have mentioned as the hus-

band of El Paso's first school teacher, and Albert H. French, who had come to El Paso in 1863 as a captain in the California Volunteers. Clarke appears to have been a very able and conscientious man. He was a lawyer and at the time of his death he was judge of the district.

The character of French also seems to have been good. Unless we are misinformed as to his identity, he was the captain in command of the detachment of Union soldiers which surprised Captain Henry Skillman and his men in 1862, the encounter resulting in the death of Skillman. French had married here in El Paso and was a peace officer in the county.

The principal exponents of the Democratic faith, who were opposed to Mills and his organization, were B. F. Williams, an ex-Confederate soldier and a lawyer, and Albert J. Fountain, who had been a deputy collector under Mills and whose dislike for his former employer seems only to have been equalled by his employer's dislike for him.

In an election which took place in 1869, and which is referred to here merely for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of the condition of affairs in the county at large, Fountain and Williams led the opposition against Mills, French and Clark. In this election, although there were only one hundred and twenty-two men who had registered and who were entitled to the privilege of voting, there were two hundred and seventy-three votes cast. At that time the county seat was at San Elizario, and the whole county voted at that place. The election lasted four days, and all of the proceedings were held under military supervision.

Mills, who was running for the legislature, claims that in this election he won by a majority of ninety-five votes, but the official returns indicate that he was defeated by one hundred and thirty-nine. Mills accounts for this slight discrepancy between his figures and the official count by saying

that after the ballot boxes were opened and it was found that he had been elected the judges scratched out his name on one hundred and forty-three votes and wrote in the name of Fountain, who was declared elected and who became all-powerful at the state capitol.

About a year after Fountain's election he did a most erratic and inexplicable thing. It was within his province to appoint a district judge for the El Paso district, and, disregarding the claims of his friend Williams, who had worked hard to secure his election to the legislature, he turned squarely around and gave the appointment to Clarke, who had fought him bitterly. Whether he did this for the purpose of alienating Clarke's affections from Mills, as Mills claims, or whether he had a more laudable end in view will never be known. Clarke was a much abler lawyer and a much better citizen than Williams, but in those troublous times it was a dangerous proceeding for a politician to desert his friends, and it so proved in this instance.

For a time Williams, who felt that he had been very much misused and mistreated by Fountain, whom he openly accused of bad faith, restrained himself—or rather, restricted his activities to talking about the things that he was going to do. He finally, however, became inflamed with drink and one day, encountering Fountain in Ben Dowell's saloon, drew his pistol and fired point-blank at his enemy. Fountain's watch saved his life. The bullet flattened itself against the heavy time-piece in Fountain's vest pocket, and before Williams, who felt sure that he had killed his man, could recover from his surprise at not having done so, Fountain had rushed out of the door and over to Judge Clarke's home.

Fountain asked Clarke's protection, and demanded that Williams be arrested immediately. Clarke, who was a fearless man in the discharge of his duty, replied that he would

do all that the law required. He summoned a posse consisting of E. A. Mills, A. H. French, John Evans, Johnnie Hale, John Gillett and J. A. Zabriskie, and at the head of it went to Williams' house.

Williams had barricaded himself inside, and upon his refusal to open the door Clarke ordered his men to batter it down. Hardly had the first blows been struck when Williams came out, bare-headed, and leveled a shotgun at Judge Clarke, who was standing only a few feet from him. Clarke did not move. He only said, "Don't you dare, Williams; don't you dare." Williams fired, and Clarke staggered a few steps and then fell dead without speaking. French, who had gone to the rear of the house to prevent Williams' escape, heard the shot and ran around to the front. As he came around the corner and saw Williams with the still smoking shotgun in his hand and Clarke lying dead upon the ground, French fired twice at Williams. Both shots took effect, and Williams died within an hour.

This double tragedy occurred on El Paso street, where the Ellanay moving picture theatre is now located.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SALT WAR.

EL PASO'S first attempt at perfecting its permanent organization was not an unqualified success. After the second city election, in August, 1875, in which M. A. Jones, running on a platform of a high license for dogs, was elected mayor, the polls were not opened again until July, 1880.

There are no records to show whether the council ever held any meetings during this five-year period. Under the charter Mayor Jones and his aldermen were compelled to remain in office until their successors were elected, but if they did do so they kept no record of their proceedings and left behind them no material evidences of any administrative activity.

In fact, the probabilities are that the city government passed temporarily out of existence from want of sustenance and sympathy. That these two elements, so essential to the success of any government, were entirely lacking in El Paso's case becomes plainly apparent when we look at the facts.

In the first place, the people refused to pay taxes, and in the second, ninety percent of them were not in favor of an American form of government anyhow. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the few progressive citizens who were here at that time were rather apathetic in supporting their own administration and were willing to let Jones and his councilmen automatically and honorably continue to succeed themselves in office until conditions should become more favorable.

For some time, though, conditions grew worse instead of better. Not only in the city but also in the entire county was

this so. The majority of the citizens allowed themselves to indulge in a degree of lawlessness which eventually brought our moral and political status before the bar of a congressional investigation that ultimately resulted in the establishment here of a permanent military post at Fort Bliss for the purpose of not only keeping us in order at home, but also of restraining our neighbors on the other side of the Rio Grande.

From the close of the Civil war until December, 1876, although El Paso county was not what we would term a civilized county, it was one nevertheless in which life and property were comparatively safe and in which there had been no serious disturbances. But as we look at the situation today we are constrained to believe that this happy state of affairs was due more to lack of opportunity to commit devilment than it was to the innate desire of the uneducated people to become permanently law-abiding and peaceful citizens.

We come to this conclusion through a very simple process of reasoning. From the close of the war until December, 1876, Fort Bliss had been almost continuously occupied by one or more troops of United States cavalry, kept here to protect the settlements against the possibility of Indian raids. This part of its duty the army carried out effectively and well, because El Paso was never raided by the Indians; but in addition to that the mere presence here of the soldiers acted as a restraining influence on the Mexican residents on both sides of the river, who felt that as long as the soldiers were in the county that they were representing Federal authority, and for that reason men who would otherwise have run amuck and created discord and dissension refrained from doing so.

In 1876, however, as there were no Indians on our skyline, and hadn't been any for several years, the soldiers were withdrawn. One troop of cavalry was sent to Fort Davis and one to the vicinity of Silver City, and it is hardly any exaggeration

to say that no sooner had the dust of their departure settled down on the rim of the mesa than El Paso began to receive an influx of very energetic but very undesirable citizens. These men, who were very evidently looking for the place described by Kipling:

“Where there ain’t no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst”,

found the land of their hearts’ desire right here in El Paso, and here, for a time, they appear to have settled.

In El Paso itself there was nothing that these new-comers wanted, at first, except immunity. With the United States troops out of the way, a Mexican bandit, once he was on this side of the Rio Grande, was safe from arrest by the officials of his own country and so, reversing the order which exists to-day, El Paso, not only the city but the county as well, became a haven of refuge for a class of men whose one object in life seems to have been to destroy the social order of things, no matter which side of the river that social order was on.

In other words, a sort of reciprocal banditry was established which was very discouraging to honest citizens on both sides of the river and which rendered the holding of public office, either in Texas or Mexico, a very colorful and adventurous occupation.

If we may believe the written statement of a man by the name of George C. Edgerton, which statement was admitted as evidence in the congressional investigation already referred to, the troops had no sooner left El Paso than the town became the headquarters of a large Mexican bandit gang under the leadership of a certain individual who called himself Señor de Su O. This gentleman seems to have settled in El Paso because of its proximity to Juarez, or rather Paso del Norte, and within a few days after his arrival he

made his neighborly intentions known by crossing the river at the head of his men, looting the town and capturing the mayor and all of the city officials. Following the usual custom, a ransom was demanded for the release of the prisoners, and after it was paid, de Su O and his men, according to Edgerton, returned to the American side of the Rio Grande, where they were immune from arrest, and publicly divided the spoils.

Later on—May 28, 1877, to be exact—Edgerton relates that a second Mexican, this time a Colonel Machora, whose cupidity must have been excited by the success of de Su O, made another invasion of Paso del Norte. This second band of robbers is said to have remained in possession of the principal part of the town for six or seven days. During this time they robbed and looted at will—Paso del Norte being in as unprotected a state as El Paso—and were only driven out when the citizens rose en masse, organized and drove them back across the river. Once back in El Paso, Colonel Machora and his men “separated and went to their own homes”, but for months afterward they kept Paso del Norte in a “perpetual fear, they themselves being safe from arrest.”

These lawless incidents are only two out of a great number which could be related, but they are enough to demonstrate clearly that conditions in El Paso were neither very satisfactory nor very stable.

It is true that the county was organized and that the State of Texas still presumed to exercise jurisdiction over this portion of its domain, but for very good and sufficient reasons the laws were very laxly and ineffectually administered.

In 1877 the population of El Paso county consisted of a little more than 5,000 inhabitants. In the entire county there were only eighty Americans, and of these eighty not

more than twenty or twenty-five were of what we would call a desirable type. The county officials were nearly all Mexicans whose laziness or addiction to drink rendered them useless adornments of justice and who, under any circumstances, were too much out of sympathy with American institutions to make them valuable as representatives of the law.

The state ranger force was also ineffectual and inadequate. At that time this ranger force, which has since made a reputation for itself as one of the most efficient law-enforcing bodies in the United States, had not acquired much prestige among the El Paso Mexicans and, taking everything into consideration, it is easy to see that the time was decidedly auspicious for the carrying out of any unlawful purposes.

In December, 1877, troubles which had long been in a state of fermentation culminated in what is now known as the Salt war. Although the records in regard to this bloody episode are clouded with prejudice, misrepresentation, fear and malice and for that reason are decidedly unsatisfactory, we will do the best we can to place before our readers a true statement of the facts in the case.

To begin with, we have to go back quite a number of years and note the arrival in El Paso county of a well educated and intelligent Italian by the name of Luis Cardis. Within a very short time after his appearance in this district Cardis seems to have acquired quite a leadership among the Mexicans, who looked upon him as a trustworthy man—one who was of their own church, and who was, also, because of his Latin blood, almost a member of their own race. In their councils Cardis acted as their adviser and friend, and that he always gave them advice which they considered to be just and beneficial is evidenced by the fact that they were willing to follow it and fight for it even after Cardis himself had been killed.

Some time after the arrival of Cardis, and after he had succeeded in strongly intrenching himself in the favor of the Mexicans of the county, Charles Howard, a son-in-law of George B. Zimbleman, of Austin, Texas, came to El Paso and the two men appear to have at once come to an understanding with each other in regard to one point at least.

At that time nearly every county in Texas except El Paso county was under Democratic rule. Howard was a Democrat and was ambitious; Cardis was also ambitious, but politically was open minded, and consequently was willing to listen to Howard when the latter came to him with a proposal that he use his influence in switching El Paso county away from the Republicans.

The result of this coalition was that El Paso went into the Democratic column and that Howard was elected district judge and Cardis a member of the state legislature. Up to this time, it seems, there was not a ripple on the surface of the friendship of the two men. Howard undoubtedly owed his election to the influence of Cardis, without whose assistance he would have been politically powerless. It may be that this obligation weighed so heavily upon him that it turned any gratitude that he might have felt into an active enmity. This resulted in two fistic battles, one in San Antonio and one in Austin, in both of which Howard, who was considerably the larger man, was given the curb-stone decision, and Cardis was severely criticised for not availing himself of the custom of the times which would have made it ethical for him to have avenged himself with a sawed-off shotgun.

After these two physical-political encounters we hear of no further trouble between the two men until the salt question arose. This salt argument was rather complicated and requires some explanation.

About 110 miles northeast of El Paso, in what is known as

the Crow Flats, there lie, even to this day, some very remarkable and inexhaustible salt beds. For generations people who have depended on these beds for their supply of salt have found that, unlike the proverbial cake, they can eat their salt and have it too. No matter how much may be hauled away today there will be an equal amount on hand tomorrow, which apparently singular phenomenon is accounted for by a very simple natural process.

These salt beds, or more properly speaking, salt lakes, which have been visited by the writer on many occasions, cover an area of a little more than a hundred acres. When the overheated overland traveler approaches them they present more the appearance of a series of ice ponds than anything else, and, were it not that the most pitiless sun in Texas beats constantly down upon them, the mere sight of them would be almost enough to make a person shiver. Their surface is smooth and white and glistening and over it all there is generally to be found a skim of clear water about an inch deep.

The searcher for salt—who finds here a chemically pure product—simply drives his wagon out onto the surface of the lake, which is sufficiently hard to bear the weight easily, and shovels aboard all that his team can haul away. When he has loaded up and departed he has left behind him a yawning hole in the otherwise smooth surface of the bed, but by the next day this hole has disappeared and everything is as it was before. The salt water has risen in the hole, new crystals have been formed by evaporation, and a new supply of salt awaits the coming of the next one of Nature's customers.

For a long time before the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, in fact almost from the beginning of the Spanish settlements along the Rio Grande, these lakes had been one source from which the people as far south as Chihuahua City and all along this portion of the border had drawn a free supply of salt,

Consequently by 1876 the lakes had come to be looked upon as community property which were open to any one, no matter from which side of the Rio Grande he came.

In an ignorant community, when an individual, especially a comparative stranger, endeavors to interfere with what the people consider as a vested right, he is liable to stir up trouble that will lead to serious consequences. Such proved to be the case when Judge Charles Howard, with his eye upon their commercial possibilities, tried not only to convert the salt lakes to private ownership but also to convert the people to the idea of paying for their salt.

For any man, no matter how friendly he was with the Mexicans, to have attempted this would have been dangerous, but for Howard, who was not popular and who had a good many of the undesirable traits of a bully, to undertake it was simply foolhardy and hazardous.

The land on which the lakes are located was public land; it was open to location by any man who had enough scrip in his possession to cover it, and as this fact was well known to the people of Ysleta, San Elizario and Socorro, it would seem that the circumstance that no one had ever taken up the land before should have served as a warning to Howard not to do it himself. Regardless of danger signals, however, Howard went boldly ahead. In the name of his father-in-law, Major George B. Zimpleman, he took up the land and as soon as the certificates of title were in his hands he served notice on the Mexican people on both sides of the river that thereafter salt would be sold to them at so much a *fanega*.

Immediately the storm broke—there had been rumblings before, because Howard had made no secret of his intentions—and about the first thing the Mexican people did was to call in their friend and adviser, Luis Cardis. There is no evidence to show that Cardis acted with any malice whatever;

but neither is there any doubt about his having given advice which he must have known was wrong, the result of which, however, he could not possibly have foreseen. A careful study of the situation forces us to acquit Cardis of any actual wrong intent. All that he did was to follow out a time-honored custom of politicians. He pursued the line of least resistance, put his ear to the ground, and finding out what kind of advice the people wanted to receive he gave them exactly that advice. It would have been unpleasant to his constituents for Cardis to have told them the truth of the matter, which was that Howard legally owned the salt lakes, and for that reason he didn't tell them anything of the kind. On the contrary he gave it as his opinion that the lakes belonged to the people not only by usage and custom but also by the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. He advised them to seek a remedy at law and, leaving behind him this piece of leaven to ferment and fester, he returned to El Paso.

The people having heard from Cardis just what they wanted to hear, and Cardis' statements being reinforced and added to by some really revolutionary remarks from a priest named Borajo, who lived in the Mexican town of Guadalupe, they prepared to resist, with arms if necessary, any claims that Howard or any one else might make to the salt lakes.

There is ample evidence to show that they organized themselves for this purpose and later events also point to the conclusion that arrangements were made, in advance, either through the priest Borajo or some other intermediary, for help to come from the Mexican side of the river in case any real difficulty arose. To arouse the people in the Mexican towns was distinctly easy. In the first place, they felt that they had a grievance because they thought that the salt was their property; in the second they could see profitable possibilities in the looting of American stores, and in the

third, they had little or no respect for the government either of the United States or Texas.

With the people in this frame of mind, it is no wonder that events came to a climax when Howard caused the arrest of two Mexicans who had committed no overt act but had merely stated that it was their intention to get salt when they wanted it regardless of any claim that Howard might assert.

The arrest of these two men created great excitement in the three Mexican towns on this side of the river. A mass meeting was held, resolutions, couched in the usual inflammatory language of the Latins, were adopted and, a fortuitous circumstance unexpectedly delivering Howard into the hands of the mob, it at once proceeded to take some real action.

Immediately after causing the arrest of the two men Howard had started east, either for San Antonio or Austin. Owing to the fact that he had been refused passage on the stage which, as far as Fort Davis, was operated by Cardis, he was traveling in a private conveyance.

Shortly after Howard had passed through Ysleta his agent, a man named McBride, who afterward claimed that he had overheard a plot to waylay Howard and assassinate him, mounted a horse, went after his employer and induced him to return to Ysleta. When Howard reached the town he made no effort to conceal his presence and the result of this foolhardiness was that the house at which he stopped was soon surrounded by an angry mob, clamoring for him to come out and threatening his life.

As a position from which they could best defend themselves Howard, McBride and one or two other of Howard's friends climbed to the roof of the building. As the members of the mob, however, threw bundles of burning straw up among them and also started to set fire to the building from below they were forced to come down, whereupon they were immediately

seized by the angry Mexicans and taken before a justice of the peace. "In the name of the people" the mob demanded that the justice issue a warrant for Howard's arrest. This the justice very properly, and much to the surprise of the multitude, refused to do; whereupon, and again "in the name of the people" and also in good French Revolutionary style, the mob arrested the justice and with two prisoners now in their hands went to call on the county judge.

This functionary, who in the congressional testimony is credited with having been continuously drunk, seems upon this occasion to have been duly sober because he, like the justice of the peace, being able to see that the demands of the mob were illegal and unlawful, refused to exercise his authority and issue a warrant for the detention of Howard. Nothing deterred by this refusal on the part of the county judge to accede to their wishes, the mob arrested him also and later picking up the sheriff, in order to render their delinquency complete and their situation safer, they incarcerated their prisoners in a private dwelling and placed a guard over them.

The situation now being entirely in the hands of the people, the question naturally arose as to what to do with it and a good deal of discussion was indulged in. Most of the mob seems to have been in favor of forthwith and immediately executing Judge Howard, but cooler counsel prevailed and Cardis was again sent for.

At this juncture Cardis undoubtedly saved Howard's life, but further than that he did not go in his opposition to the will of the people and once again gave them bad advice, or at least allowed them to act on their own initiative, which was equally perilous. The leaders of the mob were unwilling to release Howard without securing from him some guarantee as to his future behavior, and consequently, before he was given his liberty he was forced to promise that he would re-

linquish all claims to the salt lakes and that he would also leave the country and never return. For the good and faithful performance of this promise he was placed under a bond of \$12,000.00 with two well known Americans, John G. Atkinson and Charles E. Ellis, as sureties thereon.

The arrest of Howard and the county officials took place on October 1st; the negotiations, which concluded with the signing of the bond, occupied three days and Howard, immediately upon his release and in apparent conformity with his promise, went to Mesilla. His stay there, however, was brief. Some of the American residents of the county who had become alarmed at the existing state of affairs had made a request that some troops be returned here to preserve order, and when these troops passed through Mesilla, Howard joined them and in their company came back to El Paso.

On the morning of October 10th Luis Cardis, who could not write English well, went to the store of Samuel Schutz & Bros. to get A. Krakauer, who was then a bookkeeper for the Schutz firm, to write a letter for him. This letter, which was never finished, was in the nature of an appeal to the people of San Elizario, Ysleta and Socorro to be reasonable and lawful in their actions and to allow their commissioners to enter into a conference for the purpose of stabilizing the county government.

While Cardis was standing with his back to the door, dictating his letter to Krakauer, Howard, carrying a double barreled shotgun, entered the store. Mr. Sam Schutz, who saw Howard's entrance, realizing instantly that a tragedy was imminent, cried out, "Judge, respect my house and my family." "I will, if he will come outside," Howard is said to have replied but as he at the same time raised his gun to his shoulder, Schutz called to Krakauer to "look out." At the warning Cardis and Krakauer both turned and Cardis jumped behind

a high desk which shielded his head and the upper part of his body. Howard took deliberate aim and fired low; as Cardis' body crumpled down from the effects of a load of buckshot, Howard fired again and then turned and walked out of the store, breaching his gun and throwing the empty shells away as he stepped into the street.

The murder of Cardis which, according to J. P. Hague, was committed in cold blood and with malice aforethought, set the Mexicans wild. They considered the murdered man as their friend and adviser and the only way we can account for the fact that trouble did not arise at once is by the presence here of the American soldiers who had acted as Howard's escort on his return. No effort seems to have been made to arrest Howard for the commission of this crime. He was allowed to return unmolested to Mesilla and we do not hear of him again until November 16th.

In the meantime the county was in an uproar and the work of organization, which had been dropped to some extent after Howard's departure, was taken up again by the Mexicans with a renewed intensity. On November 6th a mob of about two hundred men assembled in San Elizario and began to make public threats against Howard's bondsmen, Atkinson and Ellis. These two Americans with six or eight of their friends, after sending a request to El Paso that troops be sent to their aid, barricaded themselves in a house and prepared to defend their lives. For some reason not given in the report the United States troops did not respond to the call. Sheriff Kerber, who had already had one unpleasant experience with the mob, could secure only two deputies to accompany him and so the question of the rescue of the besieged bondsmen was passed up to Major John B. Jones of the Texas rangers. Major Jones was apparently as fearless in the matter as a man could be. He went to San Elizario and, by representing

to the mob that they were about to commit lawless acts for which they would be punished and by also promising them that Howard would be arrested and tried for murder if he ever returned to Texas, he dispersed the gathering and for the time being secured the safety of Ellis and Atkinson.

On November 16th, ten days after this uprising which imperilled the lives of his original bondsmen, Howard secretly returned to El Paso and after surrendering himself to Major Jones, called at night upon Joseph Magoffin for the purpose of securing Magoffin's assistance in the matter of procuring bail for his release on the charge of having killed Cardis. That Magoffin recognized the necessity of arranging matters satisfactorily as soon as possible is demonstrated by the fact that he excused himself from a dinner at which he was the host and rode several miles to the house of the justice of the peace. This official was easily convinced that Howard's offense was bailable and fixed a bond of \$4,000.00, for which sureties were quickly found—Joseph Magoffin himself being one of them. After the signing of this bond Howard remained peaceably in El Paso for several days. During this time he patched up a truce with some of the men who had been Cardis' warmest friends and finally, with the sky clearer than it had been for some weeks, he returned to Mesilla.

What Howard's motive was in thus surrendering himself will never be definitely known. It is hardly conceivable that he ever seriously contemplated coming back into the county and actually standing trial for the murder of Cardis, and the only explanation that we can see of it is that he wanted to be immune from arrest for a short period of time in order that he might carry out the plans which he later put into execution and which led to his death.

On December 1st a train of sixteen wagons left San Elizario for the salt lakes, with a scheduled date for their return of December 12th.

Through his agent, McBride, Howard was advised of the departure of this train and of the probable date of its return. With this information in his possession, Howard returned to El Paso county, bringing with him a guard of twelve or fifteen adventurers which he had recruited in New Mexico, and instituted legal proceedings to replevin 800 bushels of salt as soon as it should arrive in San Elizario. His writs of execution were to be served by Lieutenant Tays of the Texas rangers, who was placed in command of Howard's New Mexico followers, and arrangements were also made for U. S. troops to come from El Paso in case their assistance was needed.

When Howard, with Tays and his men, reached Ysleta on December 12th, he was advised that the mob was assembled and awaiting his arrival at San Elizario. This news, however, does not appear to have deterred Howard in the least. All that was done was to send a courier back to El Paso telling Captain Blair of the U. S. army to come on with his troops, and then pushed his way on down the river.

Upon their arrival in San Elizario, Howard and his small body of men were at once surrounded by the mob, which became so threatening in its demonstrations that Tays led the party to the ranger quarters, an adobe building, in which the men barricaded themselves to await developments and the arrival of the U. S. troops. These troops, however, never arrived in any real and actual sense of the word. After receiving the message from Lieutenant Tays asking that he come at once, Captain Blair set out promptly for the scene of the trouble. He and his men passed through Ysleta apparently in good order and riding hard. When they arrived at San Elizario and reached a point where they were within two hundred yards of the house in which Howard and the rangers were barricaded, their progress was challenged by an

uneducated Mexican named Chico Barela, and a parley between this man and Captain Blair ensued. At first Barela endeavored to dissuade the captain from carrying out his intention of rescuing the rangers by telling him that it was none of the business of the U. S. army to interfere in the quarrel, which was a purely local one between citizens of the state of Texas. This pacific statement failing of its purpose, Barela then indulged in a stronger argument. He simply and directly told the valiant captain that if he and his command did not withdraw immediately they would be fired upon by the Mexicans, who were ambushed along both sides of the road. This was a language which Captain Blair perfectly understood because, according to his own admission, he at once and in haste returned to Ysleta, abandoning three soldiers and a pack mule loaded with rations to the mercy of the mob. The pack mule was robbed of its load but the soldiers were unmolested and made their way back to Ysleta in safety on the following day.

Had Blair been a man and not a coward, as not only his actions but his own reports show him to have been, the bloody events which took place after his sudden advent and his still more sudden departure would never have transpired. Every report and every bit of evidence which was introduced at the congressional investigation goes to bear out the statement that the presence of the troops would have averted all of the difficulty, and therefore it is entirely justifiable for us to say that the death of three Americans and an unknown number of Mexicans can be attributed directly to the cowardice of Captain Blair of the United States army.

And now, for an account of what took place immediately before and for three days after the arrival and departure of Captain Blair, we are going to turn to an account written for the *Mesilla Independent* by an individual whose name was,

for very good and sufficient reasons, not appended to his article.

In the report of the congressional investigation the following is printed in full and is given full credence but the name of the author is not allowed to appear.

San Elizario, Jaunary 7th, 1878.

Editor Independent:—I have read much and heard much more of the atrocities committed by the mob in El Paso county. Some of the reports are true and some are false. Occupying a position as a county official it was my duty to endeavor to suppress the uprising which I saw was about to take place. This I tried to accomplish by giving good advice to my friends and neighbors in San Elizario who were engaged in the conspiracy to overthrow the county government and murder all those who were of foreign birth. It was in vain that I reasoned with them. Inflamed by the cura Borajo and the mass of the people in Guadalupe, Saragossa, San Ygnacio and other towns on the Mexican side, the unfortunate and deluded citizens of San Elizario and Socorro determined to take the steps they did. They were assisted by some from Ysleta, by the mass of the people from the Mexican towns opposite us and not only these but also by a large number of men from Carmen, Carrizal, the mines of Chihuahua and other places in Mexico. I know by name or sight every man in the county of El Paso and the Mexican towns opposite.

The mob consisted of over six hundred men. Of these three hundred were citizens of El Paso county; at least two hundred were men of my acquaintance from the Mexican towns across the river and fully one hundred were strangers to me. I was told by some of my friends who were with the mob that they had been assured of plunder and for that reason they had come.

If you ask me to give you the names of those who participated in the insurrection I will say that it will be easier to give the names of the citizens of the towns opposite who did not as they are but few while those who took part are many.

The statements heretofore published in your much appreciated periodical by Judge Howard as to the cause of the difficulty are in the main correct leaving to one side his prejudices. Whether it was good or bad policy for Howard to return to El Paso as he did, knowing as he must have known the feeling against him, I do not propose to discuss. He came, however, in a lawful manner to assert a lawful right. The salt lakes were public property open to location by any one who cared to do so. The people of El Paso county have for years been aware that the lakes could be located by any man who possessed a certificate large enough to cover them. But being advised by Don Luis Cardis and cura

Borajo, they determined not to locate these lakes themselves nor permit any one else to do so. This was to secure to the people of Mexico the privilege of taking salt from the lakes.

You already know the history of the beginning of the trouble. I shall simply give that portion relating to the barbarous murder of the victims. During the three days that the rangers were besieged I was surrounded by the mob. I witnessed all their acts, heard all their talk. Charles E. Ellis was the first to fall. He was a noble gentleman, a kind friend of the people; had lived with them for many years and had no idea that they would harm him.

When Howard came to town with the rangers and the crowd began to gather at Leon Granillo's house, Mr. Ellis went there to talk and reason with them. He was saying "What does this mean, boys? Don't act foolishly; let me advise you for your own good," and other remarks to the same effect, when Leon Granillo cried out, "Ahora es el tiempo" (now is the time). Then Eutemio Chavez rode up on horseback and threw a lasso over Ellis and started on the run, dragging the unfortunate man. After he had dragged him some distance he got down and cut his throat and his body was thrown to the coyotes.

It has been charged that Miguel Juarez had something to do with the murder of Ellis but this is not so. Juarez was not in El Paso county at that time; he was in Mexico.

After the murder of Ellis the attack on the rangers continued for three days. During this period I frequently heard the leaders of the mob discussing the situation. They told their followers in my hearing that their friends in Franklin had assured them that the United States troops would not interfere, and these same leaders, and especially Chico Barela, stated that they were simply obeying orders from their superiors in El Paso. I do not pretend at this time to give an opinion as to the truth or falsity of these statements. The matter is now being investigated and when the truth is brought to light the truth and the whole truth will be published to the world.

As I have stated, I was with the mob. I could not escape, for I was watched closely. They called me a traitor to my race for not joining them and threatened to take my life, which was only saved by the exertions of some of my blood relations who, to the disgrace of our name, were acting with the mob and who, by their lawless acts, stained the name of a honorable family with infamy.

I heard their consultations and know all about the trap they set to catch Howard, Atkinson and McBride. They sent in a flag of truce. The besieged men were guaranteed safety and kind treatment if they surrendered. Mr. Atkinson gave up to the leaders of the mob \$11,000.00 in specie, currency and drafts on the condition that they would permit him and Howard, McBride and all the rangers to depart without molestation.

Chico Barela swore by the Holy Cross that he would faithfully keep his part of the agreement. Mr. Atkinson believed him and said "Well, you have received a better price for us than we would bring if we were sold at public auction."

It is said by some of the mob that Chico Barela intended to keep his word and that he sent a message across the river to cura Borajo informing him of what he had done and received this answer: "Shoot all the Gringos and I will absolve you."

Howard was first taken out. The entire mob was formed in a regiment about six hundred strong and marched with Howard at the head to the place of execution. Howard walked erectly with his hands behind him. When he reached the place of execution the command was given "Halt." Howard instantly stopped and turning, faced the mob; they were drawn out in a line, all was silent as death. Desiderio Apodaca with a firing party of eight men came up and took a position about ten feet from the doomed man, who stood quietly watching the proceedings.

When all was ready Howard spoke. He could not speak Spanish fluently but enough to make himself understood. He said: "You are about to execute three hundred men." Then baring his breast he gave the word "Fire." The firing party fired and Howard fell and squirmed and kicked on the ground. Then Juan Telles ran up to the body and raising a *machete* in both hands, struck at the body. The blow fell, but Howard turned and the *machete* fell on Telles feet, cutting off two of his toes. The body was then hacked and mutilated, after which it was dragged to an old well and thrown in.

Then Atkinson and McBride were led out, and stood on the spot where Howard had fallen. McBride said nothing and appeared to be very melancholy. Atkinson spoke in excellent Spanish. After stating the pledges that had been made to release the party and the oath they had taken to perform their promise, he asked them if they still intended to violate their solemn oath. The crowd shouted "Acabanlos! acabanlos!" (finish them, finish them). "Then," said Atkinson, "there is no remedy." "No, no," shouted the crowd. "Then," said Atkinson, "let me die with honor; I will give the word." He then took off his coat and vest, opened his shirt to bare his breast and looked at the party of eight men who stood with their guns ready to fire and said, in a calm manner, "When I give the word, fire at my heart"—"Fire." As he gave the word five bullets struck him in the belly. He staggered, but recovered himself and shouted: "Mas arriba, cabrones" (higher you ———). Two more shots were fired and he fell, but was still not dead. He motioned to his head and Desiderio Apodaca, the commander of the firing party, put a pistol to his head and finished him.

McBride was instantly killed, and the bodies were dragged off.

I witnessed the above scenes. I heard the remarks I have given and I hold myself responsible for the truth of this account.

When this occurred there stood in the line of the insurgents over three hundred men from the opposite side of the river and I can furnish the names of most of them if required.

After this, and also after the troops arrived, wagon-load after wagon-load of plunder was hauled away from the town to the opposite side of the river. Doña Teodora, the widow of Ellis, was robbed of her jewelry, dresses, bed-clothes, furniture, everything; her house was stripped.

Captain Gregorio Garcia made his escape to Guadalupe, across the river, where he asked the protection of the president of the municipality, and Don Francisco Escajeda stood up like the gallant gentleman that he is and said that he would protect Don Gregorio with his life. And so Don Gregorio was saved, although most of the Guadalupeños were of the mob.

Among those of our citizens of Mexican origin who stood by the side of law and order at the risk of their lives I can mention Capt. Gregorio Garcia and his two sons, Telesforo Montes, Jesus Cobos, Judge Gregorio N. Garcia, Juan M. Garcia, Maximo Aranda, Pablo Mejia, Porfirio Garcia and Pablo Romero, all intelligent and leading men.

The leaders of the mob were all ignorant men. Chico Barela cannot tell the first letter of his name and he is the most intelligent among them.

I shall if you desire, furnish you additional facts in regard to this affair.

After the brutal execution of Howard, Atkinson and McBride and following the release and departure of the rangers—who stood not upon the order of their going but went in haste—the mob gave itself up to the pleasant occupation of looting the town of San Elizario.

Of course Americans and other foreigners who were property owners were the principal sufferers, and to them the losses were heavy. Including the \$11,000.00 paid by Atkinson to Chico Barela, it is estimated that within forty-eight hours more than \$30,000.00 in goods and money was carried across the river and divided among the *insurrectos*.

The looting continued until the coming of the United States troops, whose arrival in San Elizario finally and effectually put an end to the first and only disturbance in the nature of a race war which has ever occurred in El Paso county.

Up to this point in our narration of the events which led

up to and culminated in the San Elizario riots we have refrained from expressing any opinion of our own in regard to the comparative culpability of Cardis and Howard. Now, however, because it seems to us that it is necessary for us to do so, we are going to state our conclusions as clearly and as concisely as we can.

Neither of these men can be exonerated. Both were to blame—Howard more than Cardis—because both were actuated by highly improper motives.

Take the case of Howard first. Under other circumstances—for instance, if conditions in El Paso county had been as they are today—Howard would undoubtedly have been justified in taking up the salt lakes and asserting his right to them as against all comers. But what is right in an enlightened community, is not necessarily right where ignorant and illiterate people are being dealt with, although it may be perfectly legal.

Howard knew this to be true. He had been district judge—made so by Cardis—and he was thoroughly conversant with conditions throughout the county. He knew all about the salt lakes; knew the basis of the Mexicans' claim to them and, unless he was a fool, which he does not appear to have been, he also knew what his attempt to take the lakes would lead to. For years he had dealt with the Mexicans and he must have known that, in their ignorance, they would resort to violence rather than be robbed of a right which the majority of them believed to be theirs.

Regardless of this knowledge and acting in an entirely selfish manner, and a manner in which no cautious man would have acted, Howard went ahead. Merely for the sake of a doubtful financial gain he located the salt lakes, and by so doing he placed in jeopardy the life and property of every American citizen in El Paso county. No man—although it is

frequently done today, even in El Paso—has the moral right to force an issue between his personal pocketbook and the peace and happiness of the community in which he lives. Howard did this very thing—did it with malice aforethought—and on this count even if on no other, we are forced to come to the conclusion that Howard was primarily guilty.

In regard to his killing of Cardis we have little to say. In those days a man's life was his own property and not the property of society. Every man carried a gun because no man knew when he got up in the morning whether he would kill or get killed before night and therefore no present-day judgments can be made to apply to such a state of affairs. Howard's claim, in his own published defense, was that he had positive knowledge that Cardis had made arrangements to have him (Howard) assassinated. Howard may have believed that this was true, and if he did believe it, then, in view of the customs of the times, he was entirely justified, in his own conscience at least, in killing Cardis.

Personally, though, we are not inclined to believe that Cardis was implicated in any plot to murder Howard. That there may have been such a plot, and that Cardis may have known of it, is entirely probable, but that he had anything to do with instigating it seems to us to be an unreasonable conclusion.

Cardis was an intelligent man, much more intelligent than Howard apparently, and it would not have been in accord with his other actions for him to have plotted an assassination. Only ten days before he was himself killed by Howard he had used his influence with the mob to save Howard's life. At that time, by a turn of the thumb, he could have rid himself forever of his enemy, but he did not do so. He secured Howard's release—and why did he do it? The answer to this seems to us to be very plain. He was an astute Italian; he could see that the course which Howard was pursuing meant

destruction anyhow and he was too clever to implicate himself directly in the killing of Howard when he felt morally certain that that killing, which he probably desired, would occur without any action on his part.

In acquitting Cardis of complicity in a plot to assassinate Howard we are not, however, trying to cover up his guilt in other respects. More than any one else, except of course Howard, Cardis could, if he had earnestly tried to do so, have averted the riots and their bloody outcome. He had more influence over the Mexicans than any other man on the American side of the river. In a large measure he was their one political and legal adviser, and for his failure to give them proper advice he is undoubtedly to be severely censured. When he conferred with the leaders of the mob on October 1st and induced them to release Howard, but at the same time urged them to maintain their right to the salt lakes, a feeling very much akin to that which actuated another Italian, centuries before, must have been actuating Cardis. While with one breath he urged the people to moderation and with another spurred them on to lawless activity, he must have been repeating to himself the words of Marc Antony:

"Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt."

One other individual who took an active and intriguing part in the salt war yet remains to be discussed, and we must confess that as we approach his case we do so with some misgivings as to our ability to handle it properly.

This individual was the priest Borajo. From within the sacred walls of his sanctuary in Guadalupe, across the Rio Grande, and clothed in the robes which designated his holy office, this man issued orders and gave promises which, in our opinion, had more to do with bringing about the bloody tragedies of San Elizario than anything else.

Without the meddling and interfering of this priest there

is a probability that the differences existing between Howard and Cardis would have been settled personally. One or both of them might have been killed, but that would have been the end of it. Also, if he had not intrigued in the affair the salt controversy might have been disposed of peaceably. Borajo however, although he wore the garb of a priest was not an apostle of peace. He was a trouble-maker from the start, and the immense influence which his calling gave him over his ignorant followers was used by him for the purpose of inciting them to riot, revolution and bloodshed.

Borajo could easily see that a condition existed on the American side of the river of which it would be very easy for a man of his low type of intellectuality to take advantage. The United States troops had been removed from the district; the county and state authorities were unorganized and almost powerless and the people themselves, ninety percent of whom were ignorant and illiterate, were already in a lawless and semi-rebellious humor.

All that was necessary was for some one to touch a spark to the tinder and a revolution would ensue. The salt controversy presented itself as a most useful and convenient spark, and Borajo seems to have at once set about availing himself of his opportunities.

Even before Cardis advised the citizens of San Elizario, Ysleta and Socorro that the salt belonged to them, Borajo had told the people of Mexico that it was their property and had begun to organize them for the purpose of asserting their rights. Not only did he tell the people of his own town of Guadalupe that this was the case, but he also must have sent word out broadcast to the people of the state of Chihuahua, telling them of the plan to overthrow the government of the county north of the Rio Grande and promising them their share of the loot and plunder if they would join the move-

ment. In no other way can we account for the fact that men came from Carrizal, Carmen and the mines to participate in the riots. These men had no interest whatever either in Cardis or Howard; their interest in the salt controversy was too remote to have influenced them, and so the only motive that we can conceive of which induced them to take a long overland journey was the offer of loot and plunder.

That they were promised the freedom of the American towns is amply evidenced by the outcome of the San Elizario affair, and that further depredations had also been planned is a reasonable conclusion. The mob was organized and was under the leadership of men who were evidently carrying out the commands of some one yet higher up. Who was that man? Possibly it may have been some other than Borajo, but the indications are that it was not. Reports on everything that transpired were sent to the priest and no definite action was taken until his replies had been received.

It was Borajo who first advised the Mexicans to resist Howard's claims; it was Borajo who encouraged men of his own parish to organize and cross the river; it was Borajo who recruited the men from the south, and it was Borajo who, at the last, when even the heart of Chico Barela seems to have been touched with pity, ordered the execution of the three Americans.

When all of these facts and circumstances are taken into consideration, there is only one general conclusion at which we can arrive. We do not believe that either Howard or Cardis were implicated in any plot for a general uprising in the county. In fact it is certain that Howard was not implicated, and the indications are that Cardis, at the very time that he was killed, was doing all that he could to pacify the people and overcome the influence of Borajo. The death of Cardis crystallized the sentiment of the people and at the same time

left Borajo in undisputed control of the situation. He used that control in just the manner that a man of his type always uses authority. He took advantage of his position to work upon the ignorant and superstitious members of his flock, and he promised them absolution for the commission of crimes of which he himself was the author. There is nothing more that we can say in regard to Borajo. His instincts were low, vicious and criminal and it is to be deplored that a man of his infamous character should ever have been allowed to disgrace an honorable and holy calling.

As we have previously stated, the general outcome of the salt war was that a congressional investigation was ordered which finally resulted in the designation of Fort Bliss as a permanent military post. This matter will be taken up in the succeeding chapter.

1. In Mexican history there is a record of another Salt War and, although it is in no way related to the El Paso difficulty, it is interesting because it had a very definite bearing on the final result of the Spanish Conquest.

After Cortes had landed at Vera Cruz, burned his ships behind him and begun his march to the City of Mexico (Tenochitlan), he almost immediately found his progress challenged by a tribe of hostile Indians under the leadership of a very fat Cacique named Xicotenga. After several preliminary skirmishes, a bloody battle ensued. In this battle Cortes and his three hundred and twenty-five men won a notable victory over an army of about thirteen thousand Tlascalcan Indians. Although their chief Xicotenga was a large, fat man, all of his warriors were thin and emaciated. After the battle Cortes inquired as to why the men were so excessively lean and was told that it was because the nation had no salt.

The territory of the Tlascalans, now the state of Tlascala, was surrounded on all sides by the dominions of the Emperor Montezuma. Within the boundaries of Tlascala there are no salt deposits and for a generation or more prior to the arrival of Spaniards the Tlascalans had been at war with the Aztecs in an endeavor to win for themselves some salt-producing territory. After his victory over them Cortes formed an alliance with the Tlascalans. He promised them his assistance in the prosecution of their salt war, and in return they allied themselves with him in the carrying out of his larger project. It was with the aid of the Tlascalans that Cortes was eventually able to recapture the City of Mexico after having been driven out, and finally to overthrow the Aztec monarchy.

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN INFLUENCES.

ALMOST immediately after the conclusion of the events narrated in the preceding chapter El Paso became what we might term a fortified town. All of the intelligent citizens, Mexicans as well as Americans, who were inclined to be law-abiding and peaceable, recognized that the presence of troops was necessary to the preservation of order. Consequently, strenuous representations were sent both to the War Department and the Congress of the United States, setting forth our case and requesting that the soldiers be returned to El Paso.

As we read over the letters which were sent to Washington at that time, written by such men as J. P. Hague, Edmund Stine, Allan Blacker, Samuel Schutz, and ex-Mayor Ben Dowell, we cannot fail to be interested in the character and tone of those communications.

In proportion to the size of its population, and taking into consideration the general conditions existing in the Southwest, El Paso was, in 1878, endowed with a very high degree of practical intelligence. In recent years, and not infrequently, we have heard El Paso's early citizens ungraciously referred to as "ignorant porpoises with whom a man of education and refinement could not associate," but we must say that we cannot personally subscribe to or endorse any such description as that.

On the contrary, one fact that impresses us very strongly is that El Paso at a critical point in her career was fortunate in having as her leading citizens practical, able men

who realized that common sense and a knowledge of human nature were more useful in the upbuilding of a city than a personal acquaintance with the movements of the planets or a complete familiarity with long dead languages would have been.

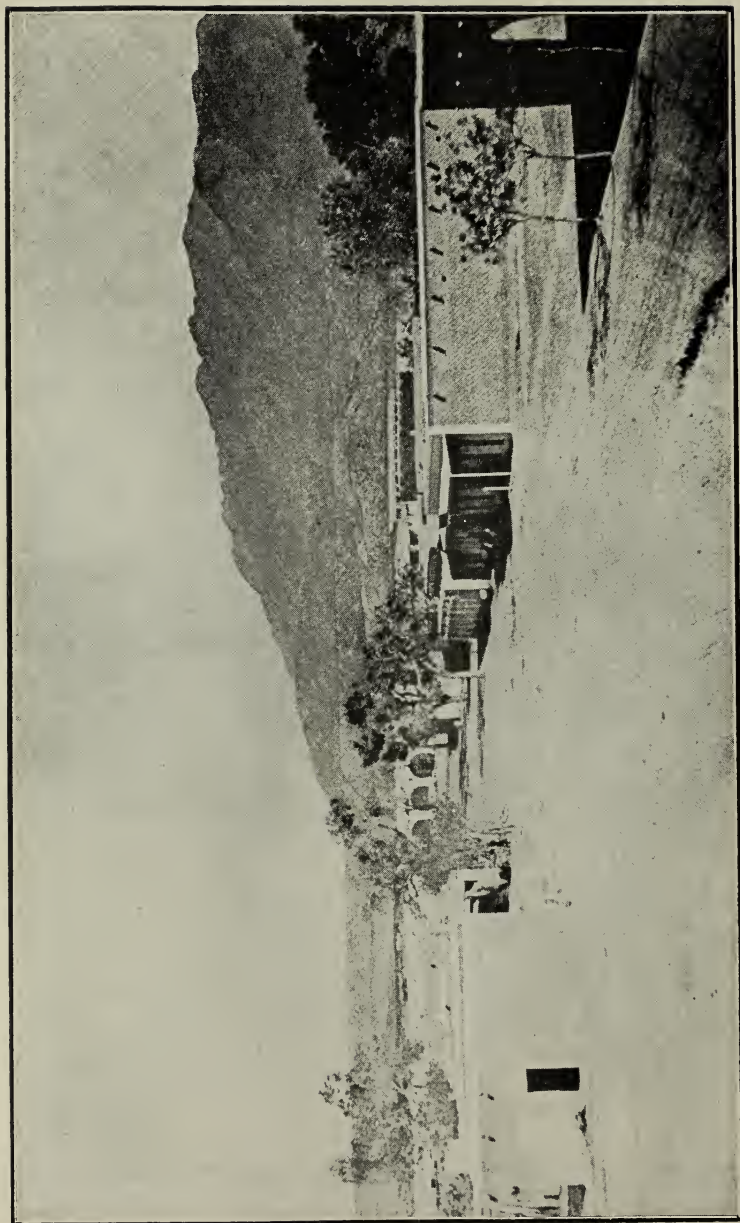
To have quoted Horace, Socrates or Cervantes, or to have paused to elucidate the mysteries of *pons asinorum* to some *tequila* inflamed Mexican who was on the point of perforating his neighbor with a 45 calibre bullet, would have been considered by most of El Paso's citizens a waste of time. For that reason and not because of any insufficient mental capacity, Hague, Schutz, Blacker, *et al*, did not indulge themselves in a study of classical literature, astronomy or higher mathematics.

Instead of that they worked hard, mixed humanly in Dowell's saloon and elsewhere with all classes of people, and by so doing exerted that influence in the county which men of character and ability can always exert when they have not hitched their individual chariots, by invisible and intangible cords, to the unattainable stars.

Through the efforts of these men, unclassical though those efforts may have been, the issuance of an order was secured which created a permanent military post at El Paso, and from that day to this the town has never been without adequate protection.

When the troops arrived in the early months of 1878 they found that their former quarters at Concordia, which had been abandoned in December, 1876, were not again available for occupancy. A rise in the river had carried away some of the adobe buildings; the rest were occupied as dwellings by Mexican farmers, and consequently a new location had to be secured.

A survey of the situation revealed the fact that the heart of



EL PASO STREET IN 1880, LOOKING NORTH TO PIONEER PLAZA

El Paso's business district had more vacant buildings in it than any other place in the vicinity, and so it was there that the army took up its quarters.

Barracks for the enlisted men—although we unduly dignify them by calling them barracks—were secured or erected where the Federal Building now stands. Corrals for the horses, mules and transport wagons occupied the site of the present Blumenthal Building, while the Adjutant's office and the administrative headquarters were strategically located directly across the street from the Dowell saloon, near the corner of El Paso and East San Antonio streets.

With the dove of peace once more at home and apparently nestled comfortably down in the county, we can now pause and look over El Paso and see what material progress has been made since its acquisition of a school, a church and a charter.

In a very few words we can summarize our findings.

In 1859, as we have already seen from the statement of W. W. Mills, the town had a population of forty-four Americans and about three hundred Mexicans. In 1878, and now taking Colonel James Marr's word for it, we find that there are only twenty-three American residents and that the number of Mexicans has dwindled to one hundred and fifty.

The fact, however, that our population has startlingly decreased instead of having increased in nineteen years is not one to cause us any annoyance or alarm. There was ample reason why our city should have grown smaller instead of having grown larger during that period.

As we have already pointed out, El Paso was not at that time—and in our candid opinion, is not today—as well located for municipal development as either Ysleta or Socorro. Farming was still the only productive industry indulged in by the people. Located, as it is, right along the foot of the hills

and in the narrowest portion of the valley, there was not sufficient farm land adjacent to El Paso to support a large population. For that reason all who followed agricultural pursuits made their homes down the river and thus brought about a state of affairs the exact reverse of which is true today. At the present time El Paso beds and boards eighty percent of the population of the county and pays eighty percent of the county's taxes; whereas, in 1878, Ysleta, San Elizario and Socorro were the centres of wealth and population, while El Paso was merely a trading station on the most convenient route into Old Mexico.

Under these circumstances it is interesting to speculate as to why it was that El Paso, in its infancy, resisted the absorbing process and held its own in spite of competition and in the face of apparent natural disadvantages. As we analyze this situation it seems to us that El Paso actually owes its existence to the stubbornness and tenacity of a few men.

In 1854 Samuel Schutz, who had walked all the way from New York, determined to make El Paso his home; J. F. Crosby, the father of the first American child born here, decided to do likewise. Simeon Hart, Joseph Magoffin, the Gillett brothers, Ben Dowell and a few others being of the same mind and all of them refusing to relinquish the plans that they had made to build a city on the site which had been surveyed by Anson Mills, El Paso's future was assured.

It is undoubtedly true that the centre of population in the county moved towards the east, but at no time did the centre of American intelligence and influence depart from El Paso. From its very earliest beginnings up to the present day El Paso has been, as contrasted with the other towns down the river, a community which has been dominated and controlled by Americans and American ideals. In that outstanding circumstance we can read the secret of our success. The Amer-

ican homeseekers who came into the country were not as a rule farmers. They were professional men, merchants, clerks, and general adventurers who, for the purpose of carrying out their particular lines of endeavor, grouped themselves in El Paso, and being in control of the destinies of their own town, were willing to depend upon their superior abilities and await the developments which time, and the advent of the railroads, would bring about.

Consequently, at the close of the salt war, we find that El Paso is the only even partially Americanized town in the county. Its merchants are Americans; its lawyers and doctors are Americans and its saloon and gambling house proprietors are, for the most part, Americans. Being active and energetic, these men are naturally watching developments in the other parts of the United States with a much keener interest than are the citizens of the other towns in the county.

One characteristic which has always distinguished the American from the Mexican is that the former is always much less inclined to "consider the lilies of the field" than is the latter. While the Mexican has always been content to sit around and do the best he can with the hardships which Nature has provided for today's consumption, the American has been looking ahead to a better future.

In our opinion this racial difference between the two nationalities is largely responsible for the position of supremacy which our city occupies today. In the year of which we are writing, 1878, the gaze of a great many people in all portions of the country became focused upon this part of the Southwest. In that year four great trunk lines of railroad began to build in this direction, and everywhere it was El Paso, and not any other town in the county, which was spoken of as their ultimate objective point.

Whether or not it was the original intention of the builders

of these four roads to make this their common junction we are not prepared to state positively. As we look at the situation today we are inclined to the belief that the influence of El Paso's early citizens had a good deal to do with making their town a railroad centre. We believe that they must have done some good advertising and used some convincing arguments in regard to the coming greatness of their city. Otherwise it is hard for us to account for the action of the engineers in coming in here and bottling their roads up in the neck of a narrow pass when a wide valley, where they could operate more economically and conveniently, was open to them only a few miles down the river. If we are right in our surmise, El Paso got the railroads with their shops and their payrolls because the Americans in the town went after the business, while the Mexicans of Ysleta and Socorro sat around following the shade from one side of the house to the other.

But no matter how the result was obtained, it was an assured fact, and almost simultaneously, in 1878, construction work on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific, the Texas & Pacific and the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio railways was begun, and all four roads pushed their way in the direction of El Paso with a feverish haste that put the name of our little town on the lips of men in all parts of the United States.

And now, while the steel rails which are to connect El Paso with the outside world are being laid, and while men from the gold mines of California to the cod fisheries of New England are discussing our town, an event which seems to me of overpowering and transcendental importance is about to take place.

The careful reader will recall that in a former chapter we made an allusion to a red-headed contract surgeon who, in 1869, visited El Paso, climbed Mount Franklin and somewhere near its summit buried six bottles of wine.

Having done this much for El Paso the contract surgeon, in line of duty, went to Colorado. In 1873 he there met and married the woman of his choice and, having previously resigned his position with the army, he embarked in the cattle business on a ranch on the Platte river. This venture on the part of the surgeon, who appears to have known less about cattle than almost anything else, was highly unsuccessful. His cattle were killed by the wolves, they mingled with buffalo herds and disappeared, they froze to death and they were driven away by the Indians. This series of misfortunes, in connection with the surgeon's ignorance of the ways, habits and customs of steers and heifers, led to its natural result. In 1878 the surgeon found that he was completely broke and turned his eyes, as many other men were doing, in the direction of El Paso. With him El Paso was no experiment. During his former stay he had become well acquainted with its prominent citizens, and confident that he would have no trouble in securing lucrative employment in a growing town, he came down over the Old Mexican Trail, bringing with him his wife and his one-year-old boy.

Soon after his arrival in El Paso the surgeon received an appointment as deputy collector of customs. The custom house, the scene of his labors, at that time was a one-story adobe structure with a large yard in the rear, enclosed with a high wall, which stood where the Caples Building now stands, at the corner of San Antonio street and South Mesa avenue. Across the street, where the Little Caples Building is located, there was another adobe. This one, though, was merely a one-room shack with nothing about it to distinguish it from a dozen others except the fact that in addition to having a door which opened on San Antonio street it also had a window which overlooked a mesquite thicket where the Popular Building now rears its imposing height.

It was in this one-room adobe house that the red-headed surgeon, his wife and baby boy took up their abode, and there on June 9th, 1879, the important event to which we have alluded took place. In other words, it was there on the date mentioned, that the author of this history was born, and it is with a good deal of bombastic pride and arrogance that he now calls the reader's attention to one outstanding fact: In 1917 the site on which the little one-story room stood sold for the highest price per square foot that had, up to that time, ever been paid for a piece of ground in the state of Texas. Whether or not the fact that the writer was born on that spot had any bearing on its intrinsic value is something that is modestly left to the judgment of the reader.

Also whether it was because the four railroads were frantically endeavoring to reach El Paso or because we had just been born is a matter of little consequence—the result and not the cause is the thing that is of interest to us—and the result was that El Paso, probably because of the combination of fortuitous circumstances, started in to have a boom.

We can readily imagine the feelings of satisfaction which men like Crosby, Schutz and Magoffin must have experienced when they realized that the dreams that had come to them away back in 1859, before the war, were about to come true. Their faith and efforts were about to be rewarded. Rewarded, yes, but at what a cost. For twenty years—the best twenty years of their lives, these men had lived in isolation. Except for the companionship of a very few congenial spirits, and the occasional passing of a convivial stranger, whose coming and going gave a dash of color to the dreary monotony of existence, these men lived apart and separated from the world. How easy, how convenient would it have been for these pioneers, who were the real founders of El Paso, to have drifted along with the tide of dissipation which carried before

it nearly every one who came to the border. Most of the men who made their homes in El Paso before the advent of the railroads, and many who came afterwards, yielded to the temptations offered by the freedom of the times. They drank immoderately, gambled recklessly, lived lavishly, loosely and indiscriminately with women of easy virtue, and in the end either died as the result of dissipation or were suddenly snuffed out in a gun fight originating over some trivial and unworthy cause.

El Paso's fathers, those who lived through the earliest American period and saw the fulfilment of their hopes, did not do these things. They were typically men who could be in but not of the dissipations of the times. As we have already said, they associated humanly with all classes of men. They consumed their share of the liquor of the day; they "sat in" at poker, monte and faro-bank and, in all probability, they patronized the dance halls. But these things they always and invariably did as leaders of the men with whom they associated and never as victims of the vices which were consuming their fellows.

Throughout the long period of time that these men had waited for their dreams to come true, they maintained their ascendancy in the community in which they lived by dealing fairly and honestly with all comers, and by insisting that all comers deal fairly and honestly with them.

It may have been chance, it may have been foresight, or it may have been the natural desire which men have to associate with their kind that caused the Americans to congregate in El Paso and made El Paso become an American town. But no matter what the cause, results were obtained which have since proved to be of incalculable benefit to the Southwest.

The years of 1879 and 1880 are years that are characterized more by their optimism than their progress. In these years

not only were El Paso's citizens optimistic of the future of their town, but their optimism was also shared by far-seeing and wealthy individuals in other parts of the United States. Men with money of their own to invest and men who represented the money of others began to come to El Paso to look over its possibilities. Nearly every stage that arrived brought in one or more of these industrial scouts. Not only did these men look at the local possibilities of El Paso, but they also, for the first time, went out into the surrounding country and took a birds-eye view of the Southwest for the purpose of determining what our trade territory would be.

Two men whose names are indelibly written into El Paso's history came here at this period. These two men were C. R. Morehead and O. T. Bassett. Since 1857 Mr. Morehead had been engaged in the "commerce of the prairies." He had been connected in various capacities with the Pony Express and the great Overland Stage Company, and because of his intimate knowledge of the difficulties of transportation he was sent out over the proposed line of the Texas & Pacific railroad from Fort Worth to El Paso. Through the influence of his wife, who was a sister of Mrs. Morehead, Mr. Bassett was induced to accompany his brother-in-law and the two men, leaving Fort Worth on February 5th, 1880, on the Southern Overland stage coach, arrived in El Paso on the night of the 14th.

In his description of his trip Mr. Morehead, after casually alluding to the fact that he and his party had narrowly escaped being scalped by a band of Apaches under Victorio, says: "We put up at Mrs. Rohman's hotel, an adobe on the plaza, where now stands a fine brick building. I had one acquaintance in El Paso, Judge Allan Blacker, then judge of the El Paso district court, and a letter to Judge Joseph Magoffin, with whom we took dinner on Sunday the 15th of February.

We spent six days in El Paso and were royally entertained by Charley Richardson at El Paso Del Norte, just across the Rio Grande in Mexico. We purchased 400 acres of land from Judge Joseph Magoffin, in the suburbs of El Paso, made some investigations for the Texas & Pacific railroad company, and left on the 19th for Mesilla, New Mexico."

In Mr. Morehead's personal diary he says: "We took dinner today with Judge Magoffin and Judge Blacker. They claim about five hundred inhabitants, most of whom are Mexicans. Plenty of room about here for a big city, which it will be after the railroads come. It is the natural pass from east to west, north to south, and will become a mining center."

After leaving El Paso, Mr. Morehead and Mr. Bassett visited quite a number of mining camps in Arizona and New Mexico, but, although they were in the richest mineral district in the Southwest, it is interesting to us today to note that they do not seem to have been very deeply impressed with that fact. At Tombstone and Dragoon they examined quite a number of partially developed claims, had assays made from the ore from several of them, and also secured options for the purchase of several. On his return to St. Louis, after having followed the route of the Southern Pacific to San Francisco, and having gone from San Francisco back over the Union Pacific, Mr. Morehead made his report to his associates. He discussed with them the future possibilities of El Paso and after having advised that they reject the mining properties, he suggested the organization of a bank to be located here. In accordance with his suggestion an application was made for a charter for the First National Bank of El Paso. This application, however, was rejected because a charter which had become the property of the Raynolds brothers for a First National Bank had already been issued. Mr. Morehead and his associates changed their application to read

State National Bank and were granted a charter accordingly.

But men like Bassett and Morehead were not the only ones who now began to turn their gaze in the direction of our little town. In 1880 El Paso became not only a centre of interest for honest men but it was suddenly jumped into prominence as the mecca towards which a very undesirable class of citizens began to flock in considerable numbers.

The so-called "bad men" who have passed in and out of El Paso's history up to this time were not bad in the criminal sense of the word. It is true that they were rough, lawless, and had little regard for human life. But they were not men who would stoop to deceit and trickery for the sake of financial gain. Up to 1880 the American gun-toter, who occupies such a picturesque place in the annals of the Southwest, was neither lawless, nor was he, in reality, an outlaw. He was a product of the times. There were no statutory laws which he was forced to the necessity of breaking and he carried his six-shooter, and used it, in compliance with the natural law of self-preservation.

In sharp contrast with this individual, whose strength of character we can not help but admire, there began to appear upon the Southwestern horizon a class of citizens of an entirely different type. As the oncoming railroads worked their way toward the Mexican border they delivered at their ever-changing terminal points numbers of men, and women also, who were what we might call border parasites. These people were unprincipled adventurers, mostly gamblers, who followed in the wake of the monthly payrolls which were distributed by the railroads. It was at this time that the gambler, wearing the frock coat, the broad brimmed hat and the two-carat diamond, first made his appearance in El Paso. Before his arrival gambling houses had been conducted more for the convenience and accommodation of the public than for the

profits which were derived. Men gambled among themselves as a pastime, and with little "new money" coming into the game there was no incentive for a professional to waste his time. The coming of the railroads, however, produced a different condition. There were four large payrolls which had to be taken care of, and the "high-class" gambler and the sporting woman immediately appeared upon the scene for the purpose of getting their share.

Simultaneously with the arrival of these people, other newcomers appeared. Engineering parties locating rights-of-way and depot sites came in; railroad and building contractors opened offices and began to transact business in El Paso, and two other new institutions, the Chinese laundry and the Chinese restaurant, came and remained as permanent features of the town.

In 1880 El Paso's city government, which had been allowed to pass away in 1875 because of its uselessness, was brought back to life in the form of a new mayor and city council. In June of the year mentioned El Paso's citizens, realizing the attention which they were attracting in the world and not in the least overestimating their own importance, decided that it was necessary to re-establish a local government. Accordingly, on account of a petition which was presented to the county court, an election was held on July 30, 1880, with the following results: Solomon Schutz was elected mayor, Ben Dowell, A. Krakauer, J. D. Ochoa, Antonio Hart, S. C. Slade and Joseph Magoffin were named as aldermen. S. C. Slade, in addition to occupying the position of alderman, was also named as city clerk.

CHAPTER X.

LAWLESSNESS AND PROGRESS.

BEFORE taking up the second period in El Paso's history—the period referred to in the first chapter as beginning with the advent of the railroads—it is necessary that we go back, for a few years, and take a look at the Indian situation existing in our surrounding territory.

Although, as we have frequently stated, no actual encounters between the Indians and the inhabitants of El Paso took place within the city limits after the year 1854, it is none the less true that El Paso's growth was at times seriously interfered with by the activity of the Apaches.

In 1869 the Apaches were placed on the Mescalero reservation and were, for some time, a source of very little trouble to any one. Occasionally a marauding band would break loose from the reservation and make an incursion either into New Mexico or that portion of Texas lying west of the Pecos river, but these outbreaks were easily controlled and did not cause anything more than temporary annoyance to the settlers in the country. In 1879, however, a leader arose among the Indians who was of a different type and who came to be a power that had to be seriously reckoned with.

This man was the Apache chief Victorio, who had been removed, against his will, from among the Chiracahuas, of which tribe he had been a leader. After having made two unsuccessful attempts to escape from the Mescalero reservation, Victorio was finally successful in eluding the United States soldiers, and was immediately joined by about one hundred and fifty Chiracahua warriors. This was in April, 1879, and Cap-

tain John R. Baylor, who was then stationed at Ysleta in command of a company of Texas rangers, having succeeded Lieutenant Tays, who resigned as a result of the Salt War, was ordered to take the field in pursuit of the Indian chief. Captain Baylor and his men, working in connection with troops of the 10th Cavalry, U. S. A., found themselves unable to force Victorio back to the Mescalero reservation. They were successful, however, in driving him across the Rio Grande into Mexico, but this only complicated the situation. Victorio and his men crossed the river near Fort Quitman, forty miles east of El Paso, and making a big detour around Paso del Norte and the mountains west of El Paso, recrossed the line into New Mexico. It was not long, however, until they were driven out of New Mexico by Lieutenant Colonel Dudley of the 9th Cavalry, who pursued them to the border, forcing them back into Chihuahua. For some time after this Victorio played hide-and-seek with the Texas rangers, the United States troopers and the Mexican soldiers of the state of Chihuahua, who, however, were making only a half-hearted effort to capture the Indian chief.

Victorio was a very able and energetic leader. He and his men knew every pass, trail, water-hole and stream in this part of the country, and were therefore able to elude capture and at the same time commit serious depredations both on the ranchers in the vicinity and on people traveling through the country, either by wagon-train or stage. The condition in 1879 became so serious that at one time it was stated that work on the G. H. & S. A. railroad would have to be abandoned because of the fear that the Indians would tear up the rails.

In October, 1879, the Indians approached within sight of San Elizario, and early in the same month stole the stage horses and killed five men, who were cutting hay for the stage

company about fifteen miles out on the mesa. They also attacked a number of men who were escorting a train of wagons from the salt lakes, and killed and scalped all but two or three of this party. The crosses erected at the scene of this last massacre are still to be seen by the side of what was then the Old Salt Lake road, and only a few years ago they were silent witnesses in a law-suit in El Paso county which decided the ownership of a large tract of very valuable land.

At this time there was no agreement with Mexico by which either the United States troops or the Texas rangers could follow the Apaches across the Rio Grande. Consequently, Victorio found it very convenient to confine his operations to the territory immediately north of the river. From his vantage point in the state of Chihuahua he could make his raids either into Texas or New Mexico, and by merely skipping back across the line he was safe from pursuit. The wily old Apache, however, finally committed a fatal blunder. He had his stronghold well organized in the Candelaria mountains in Mexico, and as long as he did not unduly molest the Mexicans they seem to have paid little attention to him. At last, however, he aroused their animosity by allowing some of his warriors to steal stock from the Mexican settlement at Carrizal. A small party of the citizens of Carrizal followed in pursuit of the Indians to recover the stolen property. This party was ambushed and every man in it killed and scalped.

This bloody incident stirred up the anger of the Mexican authorities and led to an understanding between the two governments by the terms of which United States soldiers were thereafter to be allowed to co-operate with the Mexican soldiers, south of the Rio Grande, in an effort to exterminate Victorio and his band. After this agreement had been reached, Captain Baylor and his rangers placed themselves under the command of Don Francisco Escajeda, mentioned in a pre-

ceding chapter as president of the town of Guadalupe. Campaigning together, these two experienced Indian fighters had several encounters with Victorio, and were finally successful in forcing him to leave his stronghold in the Candelaria mountains and retire to Tres Castillos, about thirty miles south of the Rio Grande. At this juncture Colonel Joaquin Terrazas appeared, at the head of about a thousand Mexican soldiers from Chihuahua. With Colonel Terrazas was Lieutenant Parker, U. S. A., at the head of a detachment of sixty-eight Indian scouts, and Lieutenant Manney, commanding twenty negro troopers. Upon the eve of the battle, with the extermination of the Apaches certain, the Americans were suddenly forced to turn back when the announcement was made by Colonel Terrazas that he had received orders not to allow the American troops to remain longer on Mexican soil. The disappointed Americans, both the soldiers and the rangers, withdrew at once, and twenty-four hours later received word that Colonel Terrazas had defeated the Apaches, killing Victorio and wiping out practically all of his men.

The fight at Tres Castillos occurred in November, 1880. The campaign against Victorio had lasted for a little more than eighteen months, and its successful completion marked the end of all serious Indian troubles east of El Paso. Later we will have to refer to uprisings which took place to the north and west of us, but for the present we will once again turn our attention directly to El Paso.

We have already said that the years of 1879 and 1880 were years of optimism, but not of progress. In those two years men were looking forward to what the year of 1881 would bring to them, and when that year finally arrived their expectations seem to have been more than realized.

At the beginning of 1881 the oncoming G. H. & S. A. railroad had reached a point considerably west of San Antonio,

and was daily delivering at its terminal, numbers of people who were bound for El Paso. The Santa Fe railroad, coming down from the north, had passed Albuquerque, and was doing likewise, while the Southern Pacific, being built by Chinese labor, was rapidly crossing the Arizona desert. The result of this was that men and women leaving the trains at the railheads availed themselves of every possible mode of conveyance to reach El Paso. They came into the town in buggies, carriages, ambulances, wagons, on horseback and on foot. There were men of all sorts and conditions and women of all kinds and nationalities, and as they began to arrive in the town, actually coming in by the hundreds, the fondest dreams that any of El Paso's most ardent supporters had ever had were more than fulfilled.

In the old town, which over night, almost, had become a new town, there were no accommodations to be had, and El Paso took on much the aspect of an oil-boom town of the present day. Men and women slept where they could, and ate what they could get. During the day the streets were crowded with active, busy men, engaged principally in the occupation of building houses in which to live, and at night they were the scenes of such revelry and dissipation as has never been known anywhere else except on the western frontier of the United States.

There were only two streets in the town that were of any consequence. El Paso street from Pioneer plaza to Second street was fairly well lined on both sides with one-story adobe houses, most of which had been built within the preceding two years. San Antonio street as far down as Stanton was well built up with adobes on the south side of the street, but on the north there were many vacant spots, notable among them being the present First National Bank site and the block where the Popular Building now stands. In 1881 these two

valuable locations were covered with clumps of mesquite brush which formed a shelter for jack-rabbits, skunks, and an occasional bunch of quail, and beneath the shade of which many an inebriated stranger who had nowhere else to go slept off the effects of a debauch.

According to the statement of a man who was here at the time, every corner location in the town was occupied by a saloon, and in between there were at least three other drinking resorts in every block. In connection with every saloon there was a gambling hall and, for the higher amusement of the people, there were several dance halls and two variety theatres. These theatres were operated by the Manning brothers and Jack Doyle; the Coliseum, owned by the Mannings, being the largest in the Southwest.

Naturally, where men were drinking, gambling, fighting, and associating freely and openly with the women of the dance halls and the theatres, it was necessary for the City Fathers to take some decided steps in the matter of regulating the conduct of the general public.

In those days, though, and those stirring times, the phrase "regulating public conduct" had an entirely different meaning from what it has to-day.

The city council had no interest whatever in the individual moral character of the citizens of the town, or in their daily life. What a man, or for that matter, what a woman did, was looked upon as his or her own personal business. Any man was free to choose any hell-bound route that appealed to his fancy, and to have restricted him in his choice would have been looked upon as a direct violation of that clause in the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to all citizens the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But human beings, no matter how hard and rough they may become in some respects, grow correspondingly weak in others.

With "the bridle off," so to speak, men are liable to confuse license with liberty, and are prone to forget that there is any doctrine of "mine and thine" in the world, either in regard to life or property.

For the last few months of 1880, and the first months of 1881, this was distinctly the case in El Paso. Mexican bandits and the gun-toters of the plains were species which had been dealt with before and which El Paso's founders knew how to handle. But when the town suddenly received an influx of crooks of both sexes, many of them from the slums of eastern cities, the situation took on a very different aspect.

Killings which were unwarranted, even in the primitive life of a frontier civilization, became entirely too frequent, and petty criminals, a class heretofore unknown among the American population, began to operate freely.

Neither the life nor the property of a respectable citizen was safe, and so, as a matter of protection and not because it had any desire to place any moral restraint on the people, the city council began to look around for a suitable man for city marshal.

Since the incorporation of the town, in 1873, several men had, with varying degrees of luck, tried to hold down the job. These several incumbents in office had been I. W. Hale (probably Johnnie Hale), W. M. Ford, and George W. Rand. Of these the first two resigned, apparently in disgust because of their inability to make the Mexican population do and not do all of the things in regard to the *acequias* which the first city councils had said they had to do.

But Rand hung on a little longer, and to a little better advantage. He had been appointed during the Dowell administration, and being reappointed by Jones, was given, as an emolument of his office, the right to collect from the city treasurer the sum of ten cents for each and every dog which

he killed, in accordance with the platform declarations of the party in power.

Rand, though, seems to have been only a "small town" marshal, and when he was ordered on one occasion to divert his attention from the canine population and devote his activities to the arrest of a couple of men who had in some way displeased the mayor, he refused to serve the warrant. The reason for his refusal is purely a matter of speculation, but the probabilities are that Rand was a man who believed that discretion was the better part of valor, and preferred losing his job to being shot up by some individuals against whom he had no personal grudge.

This insubordination on the part of Marshal Rand had its inevitable results. He was relieved of his badge of office, and a resolution was passed by the council investing the mayor with the power to appoint two special policemen for the purpose of carrying out his mandates.

But the gradual decline and fall of the Jones administration put an end to even this ineffectual system, and El Paso seems to have been without any local peace officers at all from the time of Rand's retirement until after the election, which has already been mentioned as having taken place in July, 1880.

The new council, with Joseph Magoffin acting as mayor *pro tem* in place of Solomon Schutz, who had been regularly elected, appointed a man named George Campbell as city marshal, and gave him as his assistant a certain Bill Johnson who, according to several authorities, was one of the town's most conscientious and consistent drinkers. In its wisdom and foresight the council also provided a "town lock-up" in which to incarcerate local offenders, and having done this much, it then told the new marshal and his aide to go to it and exert their official influence and authority in the preservation of law and order in the community.

Keeping the peace in El Paso in 1880 was a man's size job, and Messrs. Campbell and Johnson do not seem to have succeeded very well in handling it. For this there may have been another reason than either inability to cope with the situation or the number of law breakers. Both the marshal and his deputy were close friends and constant associates of the Manning brothers, who, in addition to owning the theatre already mentioned, were also the proprietors of two of the largest saloons in the town. These three resorts were undoubtedly the scenes of constantly recurring disturbances, and as the men who created them were generally good patrons it would have been bad business for the Mannings to have allowed them to go to jail. Under the circumstances, it is but natural that the two city marshals allowed themselves to be influenced more by their friendship than by the obligations of their official positions. And for that reason many a man who spent a pleasant evening in shooting out the lights, or who expended some of his surplus energy in bending his gun over the head of some unoffending Mexican, was allowed to run at large when he should properly have been placed under lock and key. Of course, that this is so is mere surmise on our part. We are not trying to accuse either Campbell or Johnson of having wilfully neglected their duties, but as it has been our good fortune to have lived through a good deal of the pioneer life of the frontier, we can readily understand how these two men could have allowed considerations of policy and friendship to dictate to them.

But no matter what the reasons were, or what the motives behind the non-enforcement of law, the fact remains that during the months in which Campbell and Johnson held office conditions grew worse instead of better. The number of hold-ups, shootings, fights and instances of general lawlessness increased to such an extent that in March of 1881 Campbell,

although he was himself largely responsible for the condition, complained to the city council that he was being worked overtime and he therefore demanded an increase in salary.

Upon the council's very proper refusal to raise his pay, Campbell resigned, leaving the control of the law-breaking element of the city entirely in the hands of Deputy Johnson.

This was tantamount to having no peace officer at all in the town; in fact, it was worse than that. According to an account written by a man who was in a position to be intimately in touch with the events that transpired, Campbell had no sooner been refused an increase in pay than a scheme was formed by some of his friends, including the Mannings, to force the city council to accede to his demands. This scheme, which Deputy Johnson probably knew all about, was carried out, but through an unforeseen circumstance failed to influence the mayor and his aldermen. Under ordinary circumstances the plan, which was to shoot up the entire town and thereby impress the people with the necessity of reinstating Campbell at his own figures, would have succeeded.

The whole thing was put through on a prearranged schedule. At two o'clock one morning the lights in half of the saloons in the town and in the two variety theatres were shot out and unoffending citizens—who should have been there earlier anyhow—were sent home post haste, with revolver bullets kicking up the dust under their heels. A good many hold-ups were staged; a number of fights were indulged in, and for all of this rioting and free-for-all deviltry not a single man was arrested.

The following day, when the six-shooter smoke had cleared out of the atmosphere and men were beginning to appear on the streets, Mayor Magoffin prepared a little surprise for ex-Marshall Campbell and his friends. Instead of sending for the former officer and giving him back his badge of office,

with an increased pay-check attached, the mayor did something else. He sent a hurry call to Captain Baylor at Ysleta, requesting that a detachment of Texas rangers be sent to El Paso to police the town.

At that time James B. Gillett was a lieutenant in the ranger force, and with a detail of five men he was ordered by Captain Baylor to report at once to the mayor of El Paso. The peace-loving citizens of the town gave the rangers a hearty welcome, furnished them with good sleeping and eating quarters, and in return for this hospitality they secured a short period of peace and tranquility.

But as the services of the rangers could only temporarily be made use of, the council now devoted its energies to locating a man for the vacant position of city marshal who would be able to deal with a situation which had no pleasant side to it. Fortunately for the future peace of the town, one Dallas Stoudenmire, accompanied by his brother-in-law, "Doc" Cummings, came down from New Mexico and applied for the post. He was immediately given the marshal's badge, and at once assumed the duties of his office. Stoudenmire was six feet two inches in height, a blonde, and weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He was a man of compelling personality, and apparently fearless.

The first thing that Marshal Stoudenmire did was to pay a call on Deputy Bill Johnson and ask for the keys to the jail. Johnson being a friend of Campbell's, and not yet being well acquainted with Stoudenmire, refused to deliver them. Thereupon Stoudenmire, without argument, seized the recalcitrant deputy by the collar, shook him up, and took the keys from his pocket, thereby making his first enemy in El Paso. Shortly after this event a difficulty arose between "Doc" Cummings and the four Manning brothers, and Cummings was killed, Jim Manning, who did the shooting, later being ac-

quitted on a plea of self-defense. This killing resulted in the springing up of an enmity between Stoudenmire and the Manning family and their friends, which enmity had in it all the bitterness and hate of a Kentucky feud and which, within the year, bore the same kind of bloody fruit.

The new marshal had been in his office but a short time when a report reached El Paso one morning that two Mexican boys had been found murdered some ten or twelve miles up the river. The rangers who were stationed in the city went to the ranch where the bodies were, for the purpose of investigating. The bodies were brought to El Paso and a coroner's inquest held in a room on El Paso street near Overland. Johnnie Hale, who was manager of a ranch owned by the Manning brothers, was summoned to appear before the coroner on the supposition that he and an ex-ranger named Len Peterson had committed the double murder.

The inquest was being held in such a public place that it attracted a large crowd of onlookers. Marshal Stoudenmire, ex-Marshal Campbell and Bill Johnson were present, and a man named Gus Krempkau was acting as interpreter. At the conclusion of the morning session, when court had adjourned for dinner, Krempkau came out of the room and was roughly accosted by Johnnie Hale, who questioned the manner in which the interpreter had performed his duty. After a few hot words Hale quickly pulled his pistol and shot Krempkau through the head, killing him instantly. Marshal Stoudenmire, running up at this instant, shot at Hale but missed him and killed a Mexican bystander. At the second shot from the marshal's pistol Hale fell dead. George Campbell in the meantime had pulled his pistol and was backing off across the street, behind Stoudenmire, when Stoudenmire suddenly wheeled and shot him down. (See note at end of chapter.)

This spectacular piece of work on the part of Stoudenmire

had a double result. In the vernacular of the day, it put the fear of God into the hearts of many men, but it also greatly increased the feeling which the Manning brothers and others, who were friends of Campbell and Hale, had against the marshal. Stoudenmire, however, seems to have been at all times and in all ways a match for his foes. For a little more than a year he held his office and according to James B. Gillett, who was his successor as city marshal, Stoudenmire had the toughs of the town eating out of his hand most of the time. On one occasion, relates Gillett, the friends of George Campbell plotted to kill Stoudenmire and for this purpose they made use of the person and the animosity of ex-Deputy Bill Johnson. The plotters, after having furnished Johnson with plenty of free whiskey, inflamed his anger by telling him that Stoudenmire had no right to make his acquaintance by taking him by the collar and shaking him as if he had been a Mexican cur. Johnson finally agreeing to kill the marshal, he was furnished with a double-barreled shotgun and took up his position for that purpose, one dark night, at the corner of San Antonio and El Paso streets.

A pile of bricks which were to be used in the erection of El Paso's first bank building stood at the corner and behind this Johnson took his stand and lay in wait for his intended victim. When Johnson went into ambush Stoudenmire, whose movements were being closely watched, was down at Noulund's Acme saloon on San Antonio street, but it was well known that he would soon make his round of the town. It was not long until Stoudenmire's enemies, who were watching from the opposite side of San Antonio street, saw him approaching and when he was within twenty-five feet of the brick pile Johnson rose to his feet and fired both barrels of his shotgun. Being unsteady with drink, Johnson missed, and the marshal, pulling out his own pistol, rapidly filled the would-be as-

sassin's body with bullets. At the same moment Campbell's friends opened fire on Stoudenmire from across the street and slightly wounded him in one foot but, drawing another pistol, the marshal charged these attackers and single-handed put them all to flight.

From that day until he resigned his office Dallas Stoudenmire held undisputed sway over the rough element in El Paso. There was no longer any necessity for the rangers to help him police the town and they were withdrawn. Stoudenmire's presence on the streets was a guarantee of good order. Like most men of his class and of his day, however, Stoudenmire had one great fault. He was a hard drinker and although he did not easily become intoxicated, when he did so he was mean and overbearing, even to some of his best friends, and in the spring of 1882 he went to such excesses along this line that he was asked to resign.

In regard to this resignation there are two stories extant. In his version of it Gillett says, "In a dramatic and fiery speech Stoudenmire presented his resignation and declared that he had not been treated fairly by the city council and that he could straddle them all."

The second version of how and why Stoudenmire resigned his position is taken from W. W. Mills' "Forty Years in El Paso," and we quote it here without any comment of our own and without vouching in any way for its accuracy.

Mr. Mills says: "He became a hero to the rabble and a terror to the thoughtful of the city officials, who sought to get rid of him. But it is easier to catch such a man than it is to let him go. I found the way.

"I was deputy United States marshal at the time, and at the next meeting of the council I presented a telegram from the United States marshal of New Mexico, stating that Stoudenmire had accepted an appointment as his deputy, thereby

vacating the office of city marshal, and the city council declared it vacant. An alderman immediately nominated Stoudenmire to succeed himself, and Alderman Hague nominated the writer of these pages. The vote stood four to four, and then the mayor, to the surprise of many, gave the casting vote to Stoudenmire! One night, soon after the above occurrences, I went to a public meeting at the old Central hotel, and in the hall, in the presence of many people, Stoudenmire accosted and cursed and threatened to kill me, and called on me to defend myself. I was unarmed, and so informed him. He then produced two pistols, and generously offered to loan me one, but I had seen that trick played before, and I told him that as he and I were not good friends I did not feel like accepting a favor from him, and he went away. I went home and armed myself and returned to the meeting and met Stoudenmire, but nothing more was said or done."

But regardless of the manner in which it happened—whether he resigned his office at the request of the citizens or because of the influence of W. W. Mills—the fact remains that, after April 13, 1882, Stoudenmire was no longer city marshal of El Paso.

During his term of office—and while he was in office he was the biggest man in the town—many things happened. Some of those things,—things which gave life a lurid aspect and which made our early civilization picturesque—we have already briefly alluded to. Other influences, those which tended to upbuild and develop the town, will now be considered.

El Paso had grown far beyond the hopes and expectations of even the most sanguine of its citizens, and many men wholly different in character from the class we have just been considering, had come into the town. Some of these men, who were destined to become prominent and active in the construc-

tive work of building a metropolis, and who arrived either immediately before or immediately after the advent of the first railroad were: Z. T. White, W. S. Hills; Wyndham Kemp, T. J. Beall, Charles Davis, R. F. Campbell, the Kohlberg brothers, L. H. Davis, T. J. Falvey, John Julian, J. J. Longwell, W. J. Fewel, F. E. Hunter, S. H. Sutherland, E. S. Newman, Bernard Schuster, William Rheinheimer, A. M. Loomis, George Sauer, S. H. Buchanan, Frank Powers, and quite a number of others.

In addition to those we have mentioned, C. R. Morehead and O. T. Bassett now returned to El Paso to carry out the plans that they had formed on their first trip. Mr. Bassett and Mr. Morehead arrived in El Paso on February 1, 1881. On this occasion they came down over the Santa Fe route as far as San Marcial, which was at that time the end of the line. When they got off the train the bodies of five Mexicans who had, the day before, been killed by Indians, were lying on the station platform. The two future El Pasoans were advised not to undertake the rest of the trip because the road was infested by Indians and it was deemed more than likely that they would never be able to get through. The business they had in El Paso, however, was urgent and so, disregarding well-meant advice, they boarded the stage and came on. Fortunately they arrived without mishap and two days later, on February 3d, they organized El Paso's first banking institution. This was the State National Bank, and its first officers were: C. R. Morehead, president; Joseph Magoffin, vice-president, and W. H. Austin, cashier. These three men, with O. T. Bassett and H. L. Newman, constituted the board of directors.

The bank's first quarters were in a newly built one-story brick building which stood at the northeast corner of San Antonio and El Paso streets. At the same time Mr. Bassett also

interested himself in establishing a lumber yard, which was located at the corner of Mills and Stanton streets on property which is now owned by C. N. Bassett.

In addition to starting these two enterprises, Mr. Morehead and Mr. Bassett, in connection with H. L. Newman, contracted for the grading work on 150 miles of the Texas & Pacific right-of-way east of El Paso. On this contract they made and divided a profit of \$75,000, which was the first "big money" ever made by any local El Pasoans out of any industrial activity connected with this city.

Knowing all of the men that we have referred to above, in addition to Messrs. Bassett and Morehead, and having for years watched the manner in which they have conducted their own affairs and those of the city, it seems almost superfluous to say that from 1881 on El Paso assumed almost a metropolitan aspect. Coming from all parts of the United States, as they had, these men brought with them business and social customs which almost entirely revolutionized the life of the community.

Business of all kinds, legal, professional and commercial, began to be transacted along lines which were up-to-date and efficient. In a town in which there had been practically no social life at all, a real and a refined society suddenly sprang up, and, for the first time in the history of the border, men began to feel that something might be gained by being genteel and respectable.

This feeling, however, applied only to that limited number of El Paso's citizens who were engaged in legitimate enterprises. The rest of the population, by which we mean the majority of people in town, continued either to belong to or cater to the sporting element. But a social line was being drawn. The community at large recognized the fact that there was a vast difference in civic usefulness between a man who operated

a national bank and one who operated a faro bank, and accordingly the one was much more looked up to and respected than the other.

Zach White, for instance, who arrived in El Paso during this period, had \$10,000 in currency sewed up in the back of his vest when he stepped off the stage. And the mere fact that he invested this money in a stock of groceries and general hardware, instead of financing a gambling house, gave him at once a much higher standing in the community than was enjoyed by either the Manning brothers or Jack Doyle.

The feeling that there was "a difference" seems to have begun early to permeate the El Paso atmosphere and although it was years before open antagonism developed between the business and the sporting elements of the town, there was from the very first a knowledge that sooner or later one side or the other would have to succumb.

But from all that we have said we do not wish it to be inferred that all of the men or women who belonged to the sporting fraternity were bad or even undesirable citizens. They were not. They occupied a necessary place in frontier life, and many of them were peaceful, law-abiding and honest. They were a product of the times and conditions in which they lived, and, even in its palmyest days, El Paso was always fortunate in having as its leading saloon keepers and gamblers men who were honest in accordance with the ethics of their trade and who would throw a crook out of their establishments with as little ceremony as a merchant of today displays in ejecting a shop-lifter.

While these men were not constructive citizens in the true sense of the word—for no man can be constructive who conducts a business that is morally destructive—they were nevertheless imbued with an intense amount of public spirit.

It was the public spirit of the sporting element in El Paso

in the early 80's that led to rapid development along certain lines. No Fourth of July, no Christmas, and no other public holiday, not even a Chinese New Year, was allowed to go by without the entire town receiving an invitation to join in a celebration which, from a standpoint of magnitude and expense, was out of all proportion to the size or wealth of the place. The saloon men and gamblers contributed liberally to all funds which were expended for public amusement, and by so doing they helped very materially to build up the civic pride of El Paso.

In another respect also this element of El Paso's population is worthy of commendation and not condemnation. "Charity covers a multitude of sins," and in the early days, when there were no organized charitable institutions in the town and when the gambling fraternity was at the height of its prosperity, there was proportionately less want and suffering in the community than there is today.

For a good many years the red-headed surgeon, who has been spoken of several times heretofore, practiced medicine in El Paso, and he has frequently told the writer that he never called in vain upon the sports of the town. No one man's pocketbook would ever have been able to stand the strain put upon it by the demands of charity of those days. The gamblers, however, and the sporting women who, figuratively speaking, had their hands in the pockets of nearly every one in the community, were always willing to help.

With these people the doctrine of "come easy, go easy" may have applied, but it is our humble opinion that many a man and woman of this class, who has in recent years been hypocritically damned by his or her fellow citizens here in El Paso, will be received by the final Judge with a "well-done, thou good and faithful servant."

Regardless of what may be said on the subject at the present

time, the argument cannot be advanced that the presence in El Paso, when the town was in its infancy, of a large number of free spenders was a thing that stood in the way of progress.

That the transformation which took place in El Paso immediately after the advent of the railroads—the Southern Pacific reached the town on May 13, 1881—was truly remarkable is evidenced by the following facts.

In 1878, when Colonel James Marr arrived here, having driven a herd of sheep down from New Mexico, the town contained an American population which numbered only twenty-six. Four years later, in 1882, men stood in groups upon the street corners of the town, and in bank and hotel and saloon lobbies, and wondered how, without some means of local transportation, they could get from one place to another. After his arrival Colonel Marr had attempted to solve the transportation problem by establishing a transfer company. He put some hacks on the streets, maintained a few express and freight wagons and also operated a ferry boat which plied back and forth across the Rio Grande between El Paso and Paso del Norte. But between the time that Colonel Marr established his transfer business and the middle of the year 1882 conditions had changed to such an extent that hacks and a ferry boat were not sufficient to meet the demands and requirements of the public.

Actually before the town had got out of short dresses and into short pants it began to demand that it be equipped with a street car line.

There are numerous individuals still living in El Paso who claim the honor and distinction of being personally responsible for the inauguration of the high-class and elegant street car service which El Pasoans enjoyed from 1882 till 1905.

To us, however, the identity of the individual who originated the idea of furnishing El Paso with mule car transportation

is not of absorbing interest. Most of the old-timers seem to have had something to do with it, and as El Paso was in 1882 essentially a town in which all good men were working together and where there were few jealousies, we are not going to engender any at this late date by giving Crosby, Magoffin or Mills any preference over Zach White or Samuel Schutz. We prefer to believe, as we really do believe, that at this stage in El Paso's development all of the things which took place for its betterment were the result of the co-operation of all of its public-spirited citizens.

Regardless, therefore, of who secured the franchise and who drove the golden spike, the outstanding fact remains that before the end of 1882 El Pasoans were able to mount a six by twelve street car at the head of San Antonio street and by paying ten cents could continue to ride thereon until, via San Antonio street and a loop around where the present car-barns are, they reached the Magoffin homestead on Magoffin avenue. From the Magoffin home the line continued up Magoffin avenue to where it joins San Antonio street at Campbell, thence going back to its original starting point. Another line built at this same time was one which connected the metropolis of El Paso with its sister city across the river. This line ran down El Paso street to Seventh, along Seventh to Stanton and thence to Juarez across a flimsy wooden bridge which had been constructed for the purpose.

Somewhat in advance of our story we will add, in connection with the street car system, that in 1887 another company was organized by Samuel Schutz. Mr. Schutz secured a franchise from the United States government and one from the Mexican government for an international car line, also franchises from El Paso and Paso del Norte. His route covered a line from Pioneer Plaza along San Francisco street to Santa Fe and down Santa Fe street to the river. This much of the line Mr.

Schutz constructed, and then quit. For some reason or other he was unable to carry out his idea of operating on the Mexican side, and in 1892 he surrendered his franchises to J. J. Gordon and Z. T. White on condition that they construct a bridge and complete the line as originally planned. It is probable that one of the stumbling blocks which had stood in the way of Mr. Schutz was the securing of a right-of-way over foreign soil. But to Mr. White this presented no difficulty whatever.

Mr. White merely went across to Paso del Norte, spent a social and convivial morning with the mayor of that town, and when the moment seemed auspicious to him he broached his right-of-way project.

What is now the continuation of Santa Fe street, on the Mexican side of the river, was at that time a series of little farms, and in the middle of what is today a main thoroughfare there then stood quite a number of small adobe dwellings. When Mr. White explained to the mayor of Paso del Norte that it was his desire to open Santa Fe street right through to the heart of the Mexican city that functionary at once said that it could not be done. He explained to Mr. White that the right-of-way which he asked for lay across privately owned property and that the city of Juarez had no funds which it could invest in the purchase of streets. Mr. White immediately offered to purchase the right-of-way himself and give it to the city of Paso del Norte in return for a franchise giving him the right to operate a car line over it. To this proposition the Mexican mayor, without consulting anyone, at once agreed and, strangely enough, was able to tell Mr. White at once just how much the right-of-way would cost. The deal was closed that afternoon and the following morning the work of opening the street and tearing down the houses which stood thereon was begun.

NOTE.—W. W. Mills' account of this affray, which follows, differs materially from the one given in the text. Mills says: "In the Bosquies above El Paso there were several parties of cowboys, both American and Mexican, some of whom were, no doubt, looking after their own cattle, while others were certainly looking after other people's cattle. One morning the bodies of two young Mexicans from Juarez were found dead at their camp near Canutillo, sixteen miles above El Paso. They had been recently shot. The Mexicans of Juarez asked permission to send an armed party to take home the bodies, and they passed through El Paso. With them went a young German named Kramkauer, a stranger in El Paso, but who we afterward learned was a good man, and he certainly was a brave man. On their return, this party of about thirty armed men halted on El Paso street, appearing angry but making no threats or hostile demonstrations, but Kramkauer did not hesitate when questioned to say that the signs at the Mexicans' camp clearly showed that the two young Mexicans had been surprised while preparing their breakfast and assassinated. This was too much for the American cowboys and their friends who had collected on the street, and for a time I feared a conflict between them and the thirty armed Mexicans, which I knew would be a bloody affair, and therefore interceded to prevent it. But the Mexican party sullenly moved south on El Paso street, and halted when about half way to the river. Now the wrath of the American party was turned toward Kramkauer, who remained on El Paso street, near the head of San Antonio, and one Campbell, of whose history or character I know but little, but who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, called on Kramkauer to retract what he had said, Kramkauer quietly but firmly refused, saying that he had stated only the truth. I was standing near these two men, and was surprised at the low, protesting, almost pleading tone of voice in which they spoke to each other. Both were sober, both were brave. The marshal, Stoudenmire, was standing near me and them, but spoke no word. Others soon gathered about us, but the young German was without friends. I believe these two men might not have fought, but Johnnie Hale, who was intoxicated, called out: "Turn her loose, Campbell; damn 'em, turn her loose," and drew his pistol. Stoudenmire, who stood within four feet of Hale, shot him in the back of the head, and Hale fell and died in a few moments. Campbell and Kramkauer fired simultaneously at each other, both shots taking effect. Each fired several times, Campbell fell, and the German staggered to the wall, and, leaning against it with his smoking pistol still in his hand, said, "I will fight till I die," and he died soon. Campbell lingered till the next morning, and died. A second shot fired by Stoudenmire accidentally killed a Mexican who happened to be passing down the street. I do not know who Stoudenmire was shooting at then, and I don't believe he knew himself. Less than ten seconds time passed between the first shot and the last one, but four men were killed."

I have preferred, however, to accept Gillett's version. Gillett knew, and was on friendly terms with Stoudenmire, Campbell and Hale. As a ranger it was his duty to investigate the matter fully and, on the presumption that he did so, and made an unbiased report I have made use of his statement.—O. P. W.

CHAPTER XI.

EL PASO IN 1881 AND 1882.

AS WE have already seen, the first through train that connected El Paso with the outside world pulled into the town on May 13, 1881. The winner in the long race that had been going on for two years was the Southern Pacific, and as this road had been built by Chinese labor, one of the first things that it delivered into the city was a large number of yellow-hued, slant-eyed Celestials.

In advance of the track laying gang, though, a few Chinamen had already drifted into the town and begun to make their cleansing and civilizing influence felt.

Prior to May 13th a laundry and a restaurant or two were already in operation, but after that date signs bearing such names as Soo Wah, Sun Lee, Hop Woo and Ah Sin began to be hung up all over the town. Laundries and eating places became almost as common as saloons and gambling houses, and the residents of El Paso, especially the bachelor residents, could now get something besides *chile* and *frijoles* with which to satisfy the inner man, and they could, also, if they wanted to, put on a clean shirt and a fresh pair of socks every Sunday morning.

The industry and honesty of the Chinamen were such that in a short time they had nearly all the *chile* joints and *lavaderas* out of business; and when this had been accomplished they took up two other lines of endeavor in which they soon demonstrated their pre-eminence.

As vegetable gardeners, and as monuments of patience who could sit for hours at a faro table and wait for the right kind

of break to come, they had no equals in the community. On the same area of ground, or in an equal length of time, they could raise more cabbages and onions, or win more money, than any other class in El Paso, and as a consequence it was not long until their pig-tailed, blue-clad figures became a familiar sight in the fields surrounding the Magoffin homestead, or seated at the tables in the gambling halls.

In return for the privilege of working hard, feeding the public, washing for it and winning some of its money, all that the Chinaman asked was that he be let alone and allowed to attend to his own affairs. During the many years in which there was a large Chinese colony in El Paso they were always industrious, law-abiding and useful, and we would be unworthily fulfilling our duty if we did not say that, in our opinion, these humble sons of the Orient did a great deal toward helping the town over the rough road which it had to travel when it was in its infancy.

Today there are but a few Chinamen in El Paso. In the old days there were many, and although in our youth we spent a good deal of our spare time in devising ways and means by which they could be tormented and tortured, we now, in the mature light of later years, acknowledge our obligation to them and express our regret at having to record the fact that they have passed away as an active element in our community life.

Within a few days after the advent of the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe puffed its way up to its newly built platform, and as this road was soon followed by the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio, the Texas & Pacific and the Mexican Central, El Paso found that all at once it had been converted into a real railroad centre.

By the middle of 1882 there was no longer any doubt in anyone's mind as to whether the town had arrived or not. It was here. Everybody could see that. Not only El Pasoans them-

selves, but also people all over the United States; and the only thing that perplexed the local citizens was what to do next in order to keep up with the demands that the growth of their city was making upon them.

In the last chapter we told at some length the story of the building of the street railway system, and now, in order to satisfy the reader's curiosity, we will explain why it is that in the succession of events recorded in our pages we have given this enterprise the preference over all others of a public nature.

We did this because so far as we know El Paso has the distinction of being the only city in the United States that grew so fast that in order to keep out of its own way it had to build a street-car line before it built a school house. We are serious when we say that we do not know of any other fact which demonstrates as clearly as this one does the rapidity with which El Paso came to the front.

But this was not all. El Paso did many things, and had to do many things, before it could find the time to provide free public education for its children.

After they had been fed and laundered by the new Oriental population, the next real necessity that confronted the people of El Paso was the erection of houses in which they might live in accordance with their newly acquired dignity.

In a previous chapter we have said that El Paso was an American town, but when we made that statement we did not mean to convey the impression that it looked like one. In appearance El Paso, until the end of 1881, was as typically Mexican as if it had been built five hundred miles south of the Rio Grande instead of one-half a mile north of it. In fact, in its architecture the town was more completely Mexican than any town on the river. In Paso del Norte, and in the towns both above and below El Paso, there were mission churches which lent a touch of Spanish quaintness and beauty to their

surroundings, but here in our city we had not even a belfry to break the even monotony of rows and groups of one-story, flat-roofed adobes.

Mud, just mere primitive mud, mixed with straw and baked in the sun, was what our town was made of, and even the most opulent of its citizens could not afford a board floor anywhere except in the parlor; and as for glass windows, well, they were luxuries which were indulged in by very few, and which were—when they had not been shot out—pointed to with pride by the entire community.

But—and we are now going back a little in our history—in 1880, when it had become apparent to everybody that the town must prepare for a sudden increase in population, the housing problem took on a new aspect. Dwellings and store rooms went to a premium, and so the soldiers, who had been brought here in response to the call of military necessity in 1879, were forced to move on in response to the call of the necessities of civilization. In this year, therefore, yielding to the pressure of progress and at the same time regretting that he had to leave so desirable a location as the one across the street from the Dowell bar, the commanding officer of the troops moved them to a location on the river bank just north of Hart's mill, where for the next thirteen years a permanent four-company post was maintained.

With the soldiers thus out of the way and their property vacated, the men who owned it were ready to do something in the way of improvement. But just at that time there was nothing that they could do. In 1880 there was still no building material on hand, and all that could be done was for El Paso to wait impatiently until the completion of the railroads would provide freight facilities that would make it possible to obtain building supplies.

Under these conditions it is easy to see that the opening of

O. T. Bassett's lumber yard was looked forward to with a good deal of buoyant expectancy and that its business was bound to flourish just as soon as its stock in trade arrived. This happened very soon after the 13th of May, 1881, but in spite of this, for a period of eighteen months, there was never enough lumber or builders' hardware in the town to come anywhere near supplying the demand.

In regard to brick a similar condition prevailed, but when we come to that subject we find that it is one which we must approach cautiously. We think we are eminently right in saying that a man named Brower made the first kiln of brick that was ever burned in this county, but we are not going to be quite as positive in naming the individual who made the first use of those brick.

Personally, it is our opinion that Samuel Schutz built El Paso's first brick building, and that he erected it on the north side of San Francisco street, between El Paso and Santa Fe. Possibly, however, he did not. It may be that the first brick building erected was the old State National bank, at the corner of San Antonio and El Paso streets, but in any event, the matter does not seem to us to be one of very great importance.

Everybody who contemplated erecting a brick building did it just as soon as materials could be obtained, and if there was no argument going on in 1881 as to who was then building the first brick house, it seems that it would be rather useless for us to stir one up now by making a positive statement in regard to a trivial circumstance.

The fact of the matter is that in practically no time at all, after building material was available, a dozen or more brick houses, and as many frame ones, were started, and as the foundation of each one was laid, the definite passing away of the old adobe became more and more of a certainty.

From the very day the first car load of lumber reached

the town, El Paso began to shake off its Mexican appearance, and as rapidly as it could, assumed an air and a manner which was consistent with the ideals and ambitions of its citizens.

One of the first things that had to be done was to erect a hotel. The Chinamen, the rooming houses and the old Grand Central could care for a large part of the transient population, but not for all of it. There was a certain class of visitors coming into the town on every train who required and could pay for elaborate and expensive entertainment. In order to meet this demand the New Grand Central was erected. This building, which at the time of its completion was said to be the largest hotel in Texas, was built by J. F. Crosby and Anson Mills on the site where the Mills Building now is, which site is the one that was given to Mills in return for his services in laying off the town and mapping it in the year 1859.

Whether the statement of the owners in regard to the size of their hotel was true or false we are not prepared to say. To us it seems that it carries with it a very strong flavor of advertising propaganda. But there is one thing that they could have said that would have admitted of no contradiction; regardless of the size of the hotel it was pre-eminent in one of its features. It was equipped with the finest bar-room in the West and it was a boast of the town that at its gambling tables all that a man had to do was establish a credit and the bridle would be taken off the games so that he could bet with no limit at all between him and the high and beautiful north star.

In sharp contrast with this last named institution was the very brisk activity which suddenly developed along religious lines.

Until 1881 El Paso was without a church building of any kind. Even the Catholic congregation, which had been established here for centuries, worshipped either in Paso del Norte

or at one of the missions down the river, while the Protestants did the best they could in temporary quarters in the town.

In 1880, though, when it had become apparent that nothing could prevent El Paso from becoming the leading city on the border, the Catholic bishop in charge of the diocese sent the Jesuit fathers from Ysleta into the town and they soon organized a congregation and erected a small, stone chapel on North Oregon street. This chapel, which was completed early in 1882, has now entirely disappeared and its place is taken in the city by nine large churches which extend their jurisdiction over a territory in which it is estimated that there are 107,500 souls.

Contemporaneous with and no less interesting than the activities of the Catholics, were the activities of the Protestants.

We have already told of the arrival in El Paso of Parson Tays, and of his organization of an Episcopal congregation in 1870. For eleven years the parson had worked conscientiously and hard. In order to make a living for himself and family he had labored at many secular callings, but always, deep down in the bottom of his heart, the hope that he cherished and the one ambition that he lived to fill was to be able, some day, to erect in El Paso a Protestant Episcopal church. The year 1881 saw the fruition of his hopes.

Years before, the parson had himself donated a site for a church, but it was not until the advent of the railroad had caused the American population of the town to increase very considerably that he was able to raise money with which to start a building.

In the latter part of 1881 Reverend Tays found that he not only had in his treasury the sum of \$1,871.40, but that he also had the ardent support of such staunch Episcopalians as H. C. Myles and Wyndham Kemp, and with these two necessary elements to sustain him, he erected a small, frame church on the four lots on Mesa avenue which had been his gift.

The first service in this new church was held on the second Sunday in February, 1882, and the bell which called the congregation together and which had been cast by Parson Tays himself, is said to have been the first one ever to ring out for Protestant worship anywhere along the Rio Grande from Santa Fe to Brownsville.

At this time, while the Episcopal church was being erected, the Methodists, Presbyterians and the Baptists were all perfecting their organizations and preparing to take up a struggle against vice which was to last for a quarter of a century.

All at once the coming into the town of such women as Mrs. W. J. Fewel, Mrs. E. S. Newman, Mrs. C. R. Morehead, Mrs. Alan Blacker, Mrs. A. M. Loomis and a few others added a new and powerful element to life in El Paso.

Quiet, educated and refined, these women, who had been reared amid Christian and civilized influences, found themselves suddenly transplanted into an atmosphere which literally reeked with the odor of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Instantly, with that intuitive, God-given instinct that good women have, they saw the path of duty that lay before them, and straightway and courageously they set out to follow it.

El Paso, with its wild, uncouth, uncivilized and un-Christian ways, was not a place in which those women we have named dared to rear and educate their children. What the town needed, and what it received from these mothers, was the touch of a woman's hand; and the story of their accomplishment is one that every mother in El Paso—even the mothers of today—should read with a feeling of gratitude and appreciation.

In those days it required a courage far greater than the average individual of 1923 possesses to attempt anything in the nature of a reform. It is true that no open hostility against the church made itself manifest. The condition was

even worse than that. Public opinion and business expediency, while they were not actually in opposition to church work, were still of one mind in regard to the moral status of El Paso. The sinfulness of the town was looked upon as, and actually was, one of its principal assets, and as the great majority of the citizens were more deeply interested in the welfare of their pocket-books than they were in the welfare of their souls, the task of organizing churches was one that must indeed have appeared colossal.

The story of the organization of the Protestant churches of El Paso is, at the same time, the beginning of the story of our town as a bigger and better community.

Some writer, we have forgotten who, has said that no community can make a material progress that is in advance of its spiritual progress. The history of El Paso exemplifies the truth of that statement. Up to a certain point the business men of El Paso who claimed that the wickedness of the town was an asset, were right, but at that point they came to a standstill.

When El Paso had become actually saturated with viciousness, material development stopped, and "business expediency" did an about-face and gladly turned, for spiritual assistance, to the organizations which had been fostered and founded by women such as those whose names have been mentioned.

This change, however, was one which was not to come about for a good many years, but when it did come El Paso was fortunate in having ready at hand and ready to serve, those strong moral institutions which the pioneer mothers had founded against the time when their sons and their daughters would know the need of them.

The history of Methodism in El Paso is interesting, dating back, as it does, to the year 1858. In that year Bishop George Pierce, in making a stage trip from Macon, Georgia, to San

Francisco, stopped over in El Paso for a day or two on his westward journey. While here he made the acquaintance of Simeon Hart, and by appealing to that liberal old pioneer's latent religious feelings, secured from him one hundred dollars in gold with which he was to defray the expense of sending a preacher to El Paso.

Months after, when Hart had probably almost forgotten the incident, a young preacher by the name of Harper, who had been a lawyer, but who had abandoned the bar for the pulpit, appeared in the town for the purpose of establishing a church.

For some reason or other the situation of this young preacher, who is reported to have brought with him a bride and a church bell, has always appealed to us as being humorously pathetic.

From what we have already said in previous chapters regarding life in El Paso in 1859, we think that all of our readers will agree that about the only use that the town had for a minister was to bury its dead. Evidently this must have been the case, because all that is known about the Reverend Harper is that he came to El Paso, remained here for possibly a year and then disappeared, taking his wife and his church bell with him.

After the advent and departure of this first apostle of the faith there was no further Methodist activity in El Paso until Major and Mrs. W. J. Fewel arrived in the community. To Mrs. Fewel, a town without a Methodist church was like a ship without a port, and so, with the very active assistance of her husband, she set herself to the task of organizing a congregation. In a short time she had gathered enough ardent souls around her to give Methodism a start. A preacher was secured and a tent, in which services were regularly conducted, was put up on San Antonio street somewhere on the site of the present First National Bank building. This temporary

arrangement, however, soon led to better things. Through the efforts of Major Fewel a building site, which included all the ground on which the Two Republics Life Insurance building now stands, was secured. The deed to this property was dated December 2, 1881; the consideration paid was \$100, and immediately after the transfer of the property the erection of a church building was begun.

It was in this new church, in April, 1882, that the Presbyterians, accepting the hospitality and encouragement of the Methodists, held their first meeting and organized their congregation. At this meeting there were but sixteen Presbyterians present, but they were all earnest workers, as is evidenced by the fact that within less than a year they had built and dedicated a rather imposing stone church, which stood at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Kansas street.

Of the Baptists also it may be said that that denomination, now so strong in El Paso, was, in the beginning, a fledgling from the Methodist nest.

Until their organization as a separate congregation the Baptists had followed the example of the Presbyterians. They had worshipped with the members of the Methodist church, but the love of their own faith being strong in them, they soon withdrew from that communion.

With Mrs. C. R. Morehead and Mrs. E. S. Newman as the leading spirits, the Baptists held a meeting beneath the Methodist roof of Mrs. W. J. Fewel's home on San Antonio street, and at this meeting decided to do as the other Protestant denominations had done—erect their own church.

The plans of the Baptists were carried into effect as quickly as those of the Methodists had been. Reverend George W. Baines was secured as a pastor, and before the end of 1882 a handsome brick church building, the most expensive then in El Paso, was erected on the triangular site now occupied by the Toltec Club.

But still El Paso was without any public school system.

Before the end of 1882 the town had a street railway, two banks—the First National having been opened shortly after the arrival of the first railroad—four well organized churches, an established city government, the largest hotel in the state, but *no schools*. And neither were any schools to be built for some time yet. The city had to make still further strides in other directions before it could take up the question of public education.

Before we discuss these things, however, it is necessary for us to note that on August 9th, 1881, El Paso held its fourth city election. The preceding election, in which Solomon Schutz had been chosen mayor, had been held by the county commissioners in response to a petition presented by the citizens of the town. As this election was not in accord with the terms of the city charter, the election of 1881 was ordered held on the proper date and in such a manner as to bring the city government back to its legal standing.

In this election Joseph Magoffin was chosen as mayor and J. P. Hague, W. Phillips, B. Schuster, Paul Keating, A. Krakauer and Allen Blacker were named as aldermen.

This council, which can with all propriety be termed El Paso's first real governing body, did several things which were of immense and lasting importance to the city. The El Paso with which it had to deal was not like the one in which Uncle Ben Dowell and his faithful assistants had tried in vain to raise the sum of \$550.00 by taxing the people.

In nine years not only the financial aspect of the town, but the attitude of the population as well, had changed considerably, and Joseph Magoffin and his council had no trouble at all in placing an assessed valuation of \$2,153,905.00 on El Paso property and collecting a tax thereon, from two hundred and seventeen tax payers, at a rate of twenty-five cents.

Naturally, when a town had assets of this character and was growing as rapidly as El Paso, it was necessary that franchises for public utilities be granted, and in the case of our city, men who wanted these franchises were not slow in making their appearance.

During the single year of 1882, in addition to granting the franchise to the street railway company, the Magoffin council also granted franchises to the El Paso Water Company and the El Paso Gas & Coke Company.

Sylvester Watts was the grantee named in the water company charter and W. J. Fewel, Zach White, B. Schuster, Joseph Magoffin and Ed Roberts were the men who organized the gas company.

The granting of these two franchises, one of them giving the people something to start a fire with, and the other furnishing them with the means of putting it out, naturally resulted in another demand being made upon the city council.

In the old days, before the town had become Americanized and had adopted modern methods of building, it was as nearly a fire-proof city as can well be imagined. There was not then a whole car load of combustible material in all of the buildings in the town put together, but now it was different. The town might, if it had a chance, burn up, or partially so, and for fear that that would happen El Paso's foremost citizens got together, and for social as well as protective reasons, organized a fire department.

The first organization formed was known as El Paso Hook and Ladder Company Number One. At a meeting of the Magoffin council in September, 1882, representatives of this organization appeared asking that the city co-operate with them to the extent of buying four hose reels and a corresponding length of hose. This the city council readily agreed to do, but when the fire fighters, as they already termed themselves, next

asked that a fire-bell be installed at the expense of the tax payers, the city fathers gravely and wisely shook their heads and said, "nothing doing."

When we pause to think of this action on the part of those old-timers we are almost struck dumb with admiration. There they were, away back in the early 80's, exercising a discretion and a wisdom of decision which should have served, but which has not, as a beacon light by which future councils could determine their judgments. In 1882 El Paso's mayor and aldermen refused to allow the peace of their community to be disturbed by the clamorous ringing of a fire-bell, but now, in the enlightened year of 1923, the ears of the patient tax payer are daily outraged and deafened by the unearthly and soul-splitting shrieks of a steam siren, the cost of which must be considerable but the usefulness of which is absolutely nil.

But still El Paso had no schools.

That is, El Paso had no schools of its own. The education of the city was still under county jurisdiction, and as the county seems to have had no school fund, the only institution of learning in the place was a private school conducted by Mr. D. W. McKay, and with Mr. McKay the citizens were apparently content until December, 1882.

In that month, with all other business that had been absolutely imperative disposed of, and with the prospect of a full treasury ahead of it, the council took up the matter of city schools. A petition was filed asking that El Paso be made an independent school district, and when this had been granted, an election for school trustees was held. The first board chosen consisted of O. T. Bassett, president; John Dougher, Dr. McKinney, A. Tibbetts, O. C. Irvin and A. M. Loomis.

Immediately after the election this board went to work, and after carefully canvassing the situation with the city council and the city assessor, decided to levy a tax of one-half of one

per cent. This proposition, when submitted to the tax payers, was carried by a vote of 181 to 4.

With this almost unanimous public endorsement to sustain them, the members of the board now felt at liberty to organize the schools, and arrangements were accordingly made for opening them in the spring.

El Paso's first public school began its initial session on Monday, March 5, 1883. Mr. McKay, referred to above, was employed as a teacher, and the \$135 a month which was paid him represented his salary and also rent for his school room and equipment. School opened with an enrollment of fifty-three pupils. On the second day ten more were added, and as the number increased within a week to one hundred, it became necessary to employ an assistant teacher and rent another room.

The first term lasted only three months, school closing on June 1st for the summer vacation. During this vacation a school census was taken showing that there were two hundred and seven American, eleven Negro, and one hundred and sixteen Mexican children in the town.

In the fall, the school which had closed with two classes opened with three, and under a new superintendent. This change had been made necessary, and the term was also late in beginning because Mr. McKay had sold all of his school equipment to the town of Paso del Norte and had himself left the city. The delay, however, was short. Benches and desks were quickly secured and the school, with a larger enrollment than before, started out on its second year. (See note at end of chapter.)

During the first term of this second session Reverend J. A. Merrill, a Presbyterian minister, served as superintendent, but as he resigned during the Christmas holidays, Miss Moorman was appointed to succeed him temporarily. At this same time

Miss Mary Gates, now Mrs. C. R. Morehead, was added to the corps of teachers and put in charge of the younger pupils, who attended their classes in a separate room on El Paso street.

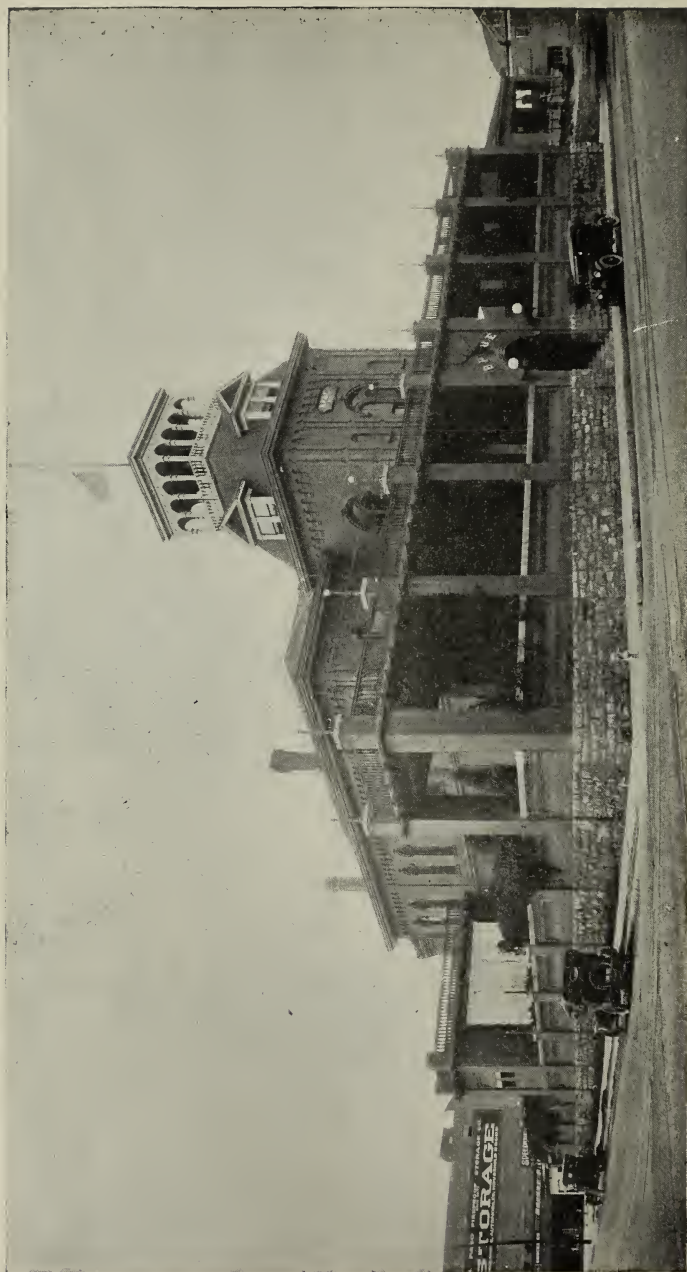
In the summer vacation following this second session, O. T. Bassett and John Dougher resigned from the board, and at a special election F. H. Andrews and G. W. Baines were elected to fill the vacancies. The newly organized board immediately took up the matter of erecting a school building, and in January, 1884, a contract calling for a structure to cost \$17,500 was closed with B. Schuster & Co. The work on this building, which is still standing at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Campbell street, and which is now the Elks Home, was begun at once and it was ready for occupancy by September first.

In the hurried outline that we have given above of the numerous activities that were crowded into a brief space of time, we have not been able to do real justice to any of them. Accomplishment—real, concrete, actual accomplishment, along constructive lines—was the order of the day in 1881 and 1882.

In the short period of eighteen months a few men and women who had ideas and vision and energy, and who were not afraid to tackle a job because it was a big one, broke the ground and laid the foundations for the city of El Paso.

When we compare the fearlessness and complete optimism of El Paso's early citizens with the cautiousness and doubt which characterize our leading citizens of today we are prone to wonder why it is that there is such a difference.

Are men less courageous and less adventurous in spirit than they used to be? We do not think they are. Men are as ready today to encounter physical dangers as they ever were. They are as careless today of their personal selves as they were in 1881, but in regard to their personal possessions they have an entirely different feeling. The mere fact that a man was the possessor of money could not, in 1881, win for him the respect of his fellow citizens.



EL PASO'S FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING, ERECTED 1884. NOW THE ELKS' CLUB

Men in those pioneer days placed less value upon wealth than they do at the present time. They were judged by what they were and not by what they had, and consequently there was more co-operation and less suspicion than there is at present.

Today, whenever anyone suggests that some new enterprise is coming into El Paso, or when some question regarding the rights and privileges of a public service corporation arises, we each one of us think that we are more important than our city, and we view our neighbor with distrust and discuss and argue back and forth until there seems to be no end to the disagreement.

Today, when we are paying our mayor and his aldermen large and adequate salaries and when every department in the city is conducted by an expert, it is safe to say that it takes about four times as long to get anything accomplished as it did when Joseph Magoffin was in the chair as El Paso's first real mayor.

When we say this we are not criticising the present system, nor are we trying to flatter Magoffin. It is merely that in his day conditions were very different from what they are now. There were then no bitter political antagonisms to make an official's term of office a period of torment; men were then more disposed to help than to criticise, and no individual felt that he had any God-given or other right to pass judgment on the moral conduct of his neighbor.

Conditions were such that men in all walks of life were much closer to each other and were more friendly than they are at the present time. The result was that whenever the good of El Paso was involved men forgot all else in an ardent co-operation that created what we now speak of as—referring to it as though it were a thing of the past—"the old El Paso spirit."

In the natural course of events troubles and dissensions came later. In fact, they came very soon. But in the beginning, as there was very little *discord*, there was a great deal of *progress*, and no matter what the state of our morals might have been at that time, we who are loyal El Pasoans really have a right to feel proud of the way in which we started out on our early municipal career.

NOTE.—The names of some of the children who were enrolled as students in El Paso's first public school are: A. Kaplan, Maud Rand, Edgar Campbell, A. Berliner. Lee Hills, Albert Steinbuck, Katie McKie, Eddie Ainsa, Hermann Hille, Harry Walz, Victoria Wood, Mary Sweeney, Jim Nicholson. Albert Loomis, John Borcharding, Mattie Tays, Angeline Marr, Jennie Schoonmaker, Philip Hague, Mary Terry, Will Rand, Stafford Campbell, Minnie Campbell, Alice Derr, Harley Irvin, Alexander Ainsa, Frank Ainsa, Will Julian, Rockwell Loomis, Emily Marr, Sam Bridgers, Sidney Majors, Joe Sweeney, Minnie Stacy, Eddie Mitchell, Minnie Mitchell, Charlie Julian, Lee Bridgers, John Saunders, and Comfort Terrey.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PASSING OF SToudenMIRE.

EL PASO, more than any other city that we know anything about, has always lived off of and profited by the fruits of industries with which it has no direct connection. From the very beginning of its municipal existence it began to exact toll from the surrounding territory and, like a regal mistress of the Southwest, it has kept on collecting it ever since.

All that we have heretofore said with reference to the rapidity with which El Paso came to the front can be repeated, in a less concentrated and less feverish degree, in regard to the entire Southwest. For several hundred miles in all directions the surrounding territory was being settled up at the same time that El Paso was, and no sooner had each resident located himself than he instinctively turned his eyes toward this place as the fountain-head for supplies and the one centre in which he could find a sufficient and gratifying amount of recreation.

Our local population also increased rapidly and as each newcomer arrived, and found his or her niche in our social life, all seem to have placed themselves immediately in one of two categories. They either did or did not sleep late in the morning, and from this simple statement it is easy to see that ours was what is called an "all-night town." At least one-half of our population was here for the purpose of entertaining and living off of the transients and the other half.

There was not a thing in the way of commercial accommodation or of excitement and lurid entertainment that El Paso

was not ready, as a kind hostess, to furnish to her guests. And, as all of these guests came into the town with their pockets full of money and their minds full of the thought that they were potential millionaires, it was no trouble at all for El Paso to collect her full dividend from each and every one of them.

We do not want to be understood as saying that we approve of this system of extortion. Today it would be unbecoming and indecorous for El Paso to reap a rich harvest by placing invitingly before its tourists, in addition to legitimate things, a complete collection of every known form of vice and wickedness and telling them to pay the price and take their choice.

But in the old days that is what we did, and it is a striking commentary on human nature—and a city is nothing but an aggregation of human beings—to note that the very vices which we invited our visitors to indulge in; the vices which we encouraged and which helped us pay our way in our youth, are today the basis of a quarrel which has been going on for a long time between us and our sister city across the Rio Grande.

Far be it from us to accuse anyone of being either insincere or hypocritical. We don't. We merely wish to call the readers' attention to the fact that it makes a vast deal of difference as to whose ox it is that is being gored. Just as long as a condition existed whereby El Paso reaped a substantial profit, taken from outsiders, from its halls of iniquity and its dens of vice, no efficient war was waged against them. The churches, of course, and people who were on the side of morality, attacked our vicious institutions and attacked them bitterly, but until the day arrived, as it eventually did, when the business men and the bankers could see that the parasites of the place were beginning to devour the citizen along with the stranger, no determined effort was made to drive these parasites out of the community.

At the time of which we are writing every saloon, restaurant and gambling house in the place stayed open twenty-four hours every day in the week. The gamblers who worked on the "graveyard shift"—two a. m. to six a. m.— had just as heavy a play to handle as did those who were on the job earlier in the night, and in short, El Paso could have advertised, as Creede, Colorado, did: "That it's day all day in the daytime and we have no night at all."

Naturally the great majority of the men who came into the Southwest when the country was young and rough and untamed were men who were in search of just the kind of an atmosphere that they found. They themselves, although they were not all rough, were young and untamed. Many came here ambitious to succeed and did so by sticking to work and taking advantage of their opportunities, but many others there were who fell by the wayside and were carried away in a whirlpool of licentiousness and vice.

For many years, even after 1881, El Paso did its part, we regret to say, in bringing about the ruination of young men, but even from this fact we have always been able to derive a grain of comfort. The men who succeeded, the men who came here and stuck it out and who resisted the temptations that surrounded them, emerged from the test each one of them ten times better than any one of the weaklings would have been.

In her own way the Southwest in the old days, when she began to put on the garb of civilization, weeded her own garden, and thus found out for herself who the men were to whom she could entrust the task of developing her wonderful resources.

It was the knowledge that these resources existed that not only brought men into the country, but which had, in the beginning, brought the railroads themselves. Not a single one of the four trunk lines which terminated at El Paso had come

here in the hope of securing any business which was here at the time. There was none. Everything in the Southwest, just as El Paso had to do, had to begin at the beginning and practically at the same time.

East of El Paso, as far as the Pecos river and away up into the Texas panhandle, men went into the cattle business. Prior to this time this industry had been one in which the dangers and the hardships were out of all proportion to the profits. Cattle had to be driven to market over a trail a thousand miles and three months long, and in addition to this the Indians had presented themselves as an almost continuous menace.

The advent of the railroad, however, changed these conditions. The Indians, who had been more than willing to take their chances against men who would meet them in the open, mounted on flesh and blood animals, gave up the fight when they were confronted by steel, steam-driven monsters. These same steel monsters transported the cattle to market in a space of time that was measured by days instead of by months.

As we have said, far back in another chapter, although El Paso is not a logical centre for the cattle business, it became, because of its peculiar attractions and its commercial facilities, the trading and the recreational centre for the cow-men. Both in the quantity and quality of its stores and in the number and ornateness of its saloons, dance halls, sporting houses and variety theatres, El Paso was supreme mistress of the border. She was both hospitable and business-like, and the result was that she won and retained the friendship of all who came in at her gates, even though a good many went out of them carrying only an empty pocket-book and a hazy memory of a very glorious and gaudy week.

But the cow-men from west of the Pecos were not the only visitors from her trade territory whom El Paso welcomed and to whom she was kind.

To the north and west, in New Mexico and Arizona, the principal occupation to which men first turned their attention was that of mining. Properties which had been known to exist for many years, but which had been non-productive because of lack of transportation, such as the mines of Santa Rita, were now opened up and extensive development work undertaken. Several silver discoveries, and a few gold ones, which attracted a great many men to the district, were made in New Mexico, and the great copper deposits of Arizona, which had been discovered in the 70's, began to be worked at a profit.

All of these things, taking place simultaneously, had a beneficial effect upon the industries of El Paso. The merchants of the town, who had largely increased in number, began to carry extensive and valuable stocks of merchandise, and as freight rates at that time were favorable to this point, it became a jobbing center. El Paso's two banks also prospered and, extending the fields of their operations into the surrounding territory, gradually laid the foundation upon which the city eventually built its financial supremacy.

In all the institutions in the city the newness and the prosperity of the Southwest was reflected, but in none so much as in the gambling and sporting houses, the variety theatres and the saloons. Men from all directions, even from Mexico, came to El Paso to indulge themselves in the questionable delights of getting drunk, losing their money and associating with women of easy virtue.

The saloons and dance-halls were nightly crowded with reckless, improvident men who cared little for money when they were in search of pleasure, and who thus rendered themselves easy victims to El Paso's newly acquired parasitical citizens.

The result of this lavishness on the part of those who worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus was that El Paso's bar-rooms and bar-tenders soon assumed an entirely different aspect from

the one they had worn only a year or two before. In place of a customer having his drinks shoved out to him over a pine bar by a flannel-shirted, unwashed individual, he was now served across polished mahogany, by a slick-looking gentleman wearing a spotless white jacket and, for his personal adornment, one or two thousand dollars' worth of real diamonds.

At the present time we are unable to say how many saloons were in operation in El Paso in the year 1882. We think, however, that it is safe to assert that the town was no better then than it was a few years later, and we know it to be a fact that at this later period there was a bar-room in the place for every 200 inhabitants, women and children included.

Under such conditions as these, notwithstanding its American ways, its churches, its government and its school, El Paso was still anything but a law-abiding and a peaceful community. Gun toting was still the common practice and shooting out the lights was a pastime which strangers could indulge in with only a minimum of fear.

Killings in the town were of frequent occurrence, but convictions for murder were few. Generally speaking the men who were the victims in these gun battles were either strangers in the community or were undesirable citizens of whom El Paso was glad to get rid. Hence justice was not meted out with the severity with which it would be today.

At this time the peace of the city was in the keeping of James B. Gillett, who had been appointed city marshal upon the resignation of Dallas Stoudenmire. When Gillett, who had made an enviable record for himself as a Texas ranger and also as Stoudenmire's assistant, received his appointment he says that Stoudenmire came over and took him by the hand and said: "Young man, I congratulate you on being city marshal, and at the same time I wish to warn you that you have more than a man's size job on your hands."

With this discouraging remark from the ex-marshal to cheer him up young Gillett assumed the duties of his office. From what we have seen of the lawless element in the town we can imagine that Marshal Gillett must have entered upon his official career with grave misgivings. Apparently, however, he had no great difficulty in curbing the dangerous element in the community. He was able to handle "bad men" even better than his predecessor had been and we think that we can attribute his success to the fact that he was not a bad man himself and consequently had few enemies, while Stoudenmire, who was a bully, had had no friends.

One of the things that perplexed Gillett when he first pinned on his badge of office was what to do about Stoudenmire. Stoudenmire, he knew, was going to remain in the town as a deputy United States marshal, and it would only be a matter of time until his presence here would result in serious trouble. Gillett himself, in the book which he has written, confesses that such were his feelings, and says: "Stoudenmire always treated me with the greatest consideration and courtesy and gave me trouble on only one occasion. I reproduce here a clipping from an El Paso paper of that time:

"Last Thursday night a shooting scrape in which ex-Marshal Stoudenmire and ex-Deputy Page played the leading parts occurred at the Acme saloon. It seems that early in the evening Page had a misunderstanding with Billy Bell. Stoudenmire acted as peacemaker in the matter. In doing so he carried Page to Doyle's concert hall, where the two remained an hour or so and got more or less intoxicated. About midnight they returned to the Acme and soon got into a quarrel. Stoudenmire drew his pistol and fired at Page; the latter, however, knocked the weapon upward and the ball went into the ceiling. Page then wrenched the pistol from Stoudenmire and the latter drew a second pistol and the two combatants

were about to perforate each other when Marshal Gillett appeared on the premises with a double-barrel shot-gun and corralled both of them. They were taken before court the following morning and fined \$25.00 each and Stoudenmire was placed under bond in the sum of \$250 to keep the peace.' "

This little episode, to which the El Paso papers of that day paid so little attention, and upon which Marshal Gillett makes no comment of his own, was merely one of a dozen similar disturbances which occurred every week.

But as a disturbing element in the community, and as a source of annoyance to Marshal Gillett, Stoudenmire was soon removed from the scene. Ever since the killing, two years before, of Campbell and Hale, and the attempted assassination of the marshal, there had been bad blood between Stoudenmire and his friends and the Manning brothers and their followers. Everybody in El Paso knew that sooner or later the climax of this enmity would be reached and a shooting affray would result. Time and again it had been imminent, but always the quarrels which arose had resulted in nothing more than battles of words which only served to increase the hatred already existing.

The end came unexpectedly and seems to have been brought about by Stoudenmire himself. Drinking one day with a few of his friends he said, suddenly, "Boys, let's go and see the Mannings and either square this thing or shoot it out." The men with Stoudenmire were agreeable and in a body went with the ex-marshal to talk it over with the Mannings. What took place at this conference is unknown to us and is of little consequence. Apparently everything between the two factions was peaceably arranged and, as no further trouble was anticipated, Stoudenmire's friends left him alone with Dr. Manning.

Between these two men there was a very striking contrast in every particular. Stoudenmire was large, over-bearing and

ill-tempered. Dr. Manning was small, refined and quiet. After their friends left them the two men came down El Paso street together and went into Uncle Ben Dowell's saloon to seal their newly-made pact of friendship with a social drink.

While they were standing at the bar some word dropped by Dr. Manning angered Stoudenmire who, without any warning, pulled his pistol and fired at the little man. The bullet missed its mark but wounded the doctor in the hand. With the other hand, which had been wounded in a previous gun fight, the doctor grappled with his opponent, and managing to draw his pistol shot Stoudenmire, killing him instantly.

In this manner Dallas Stoudenmire, one of the most notorious and picturesque characters of the early Southwest, passed out of the history of El Paso.

Dr. Manning was tried for having killed him and the jury, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of not guilty.

CHAPTER XIII.

EL PASO BECOMES THE COUNTY SEAT.

SO FAR in our history of El Paso it may have been noticed that we have not referred, except in a jocular way, to local politics. This was neither an omission nor an oversight on our part because, as a matter of fact there was no local politics in the place until the end of the year 1883.

At that time, although the citizens of El Paso had already accomplished a great many things and were very busy accomplishing many others, they suddenly decided that there was one distinguishing honor which their town must have.

In order to make El Paso's supremacy complete and perfect she must become the seat of county government.

Under the law of the state of Texas it was provided that in order to move a county seat five miles further away from the centre of the county it was necessary that two-thirds of the voters express themselves as in favor of the change.

From 1849 until 1878 San Elizario had held undisputed sway over the other towns in the county. In the latter year, however, Ysleta having acquired a large population, an election was ordered and she was able to poll votes numerous enough to take the prize away from her less progressive neighbor.

The seat of government having thus begun to move west, El Pasoans saw no reason why it should not continue that course until it arrived at the edge of the county. The year 1883, which marked the end of the five-year limit, was the first year in which it would have been legal to submit the question to

the voters, and so El Paso's leading citizens got together and discussed, pro and con, the question of asking for an election.

But after looking carefully into the matter it was decided that the best thing that could be done would be to drop the subject with as little publicity as possible. This decision was arrived at because it was found that the population of Ysleta was at least as large, if not really larger, than that of El Paso. For that reason the El Pasoans endeavored to suppress the issue, hoping that in another year, when the population had increased, they would be able to revive it and win a victory.

The citizens of Ysleta, however, were not all asleep. In that town there were a few up-to-date and live Americans, who were as partial to Ysleta as the El Pasoans were to El Paso, and as soon as these men learned what our politicians were about they determined to forestall them.

Acting on the same presumption that the El Pasoans were, which was that Ysleta could win an election in 1883, but would probably lose in 1884, the Ysleta citizens got together and filed a petition asking that the county commissioners hold an election for the purpose of taking the county seat away from their own town and giving it to El Paso. Under the law, if Ysleta could win in this election, five years would have to elapse before another could be called and, for that period of time at least, the little old stone court house which had been built in the Mexican town would continue to be the centre from which the county and district judges would issue their mandates.

All of this was good politics and sound reasoning, and the only mistake that the Ysleta enthusiasts made was that they did not take into consideration the versatility of El Paso's politicians and the voting strength of the city of Paso del Norte.

Once before in our pages it has been our duty to call the

reader's attention to the interest which the citizens of the city across the river took in American politics. The former occasion on which the majority of the male population of Paso del Norte had voted on this side of the river, was when they came across and voted in a body that they wanted to secede from the American Union; and now for the second time are they about to appear as a decisive element in an El Paso election.

The petition filed by the Ysleta citizens was readily granted by the commissioners, who were themselves favorably disposed toward Ysleta, and an election was ordered for December 3, 1883.

For some reason, probably an intuitive one, because El Pasoans had not then acquired as notorious a reputation for political finesse as they later gloried in, Ysleta was suspicious of what might happen and so, on election day, she sent several of her most trustworthy and trusted citizens up to this town to supervise the polls and see that no illegal voting was indulged in.

One of these supervisors was a large, heavy-set man named Charley Lutterloh. In later years we remember him as an even-tempered and temperate individual who conducted a small grocery store at the corner of San Antonio and Florence streets, but on the day in question he arrived in El Paso in a belligerent mood and with a most insatiable thirst. His mood was overlooked, but his thirst was immediately taken advantage of by El Paso's politicians. In the campaign fund, to which liberal donations had been made, there was plenty of money with which to buy drinks, and the result was that before the polls had been open an hour, Mr. Lutterloh was entirely oblivious to his surroundings and was gloriously indifferent as to the result of the election. At this stage of his inebriation Lutterloh was kidnapped by Mr. S. H. Sutherland, loaded into the depths of a city hack and driven out of town.

In the meantime Bernard Schuster, who had formerly been an alderman in the town of Paso del Norte, had been at work with his old constituents, and at about noon he came marching up El Paso street at the head of a battalion of Mexican citizens who were all determined that El Paso should and must become the seat of the government of El Paso county.

In addition to making use of this imported, foreign vote, with which to pile up its majority, El Paso also resorted to the plan of voting men as repeaters.

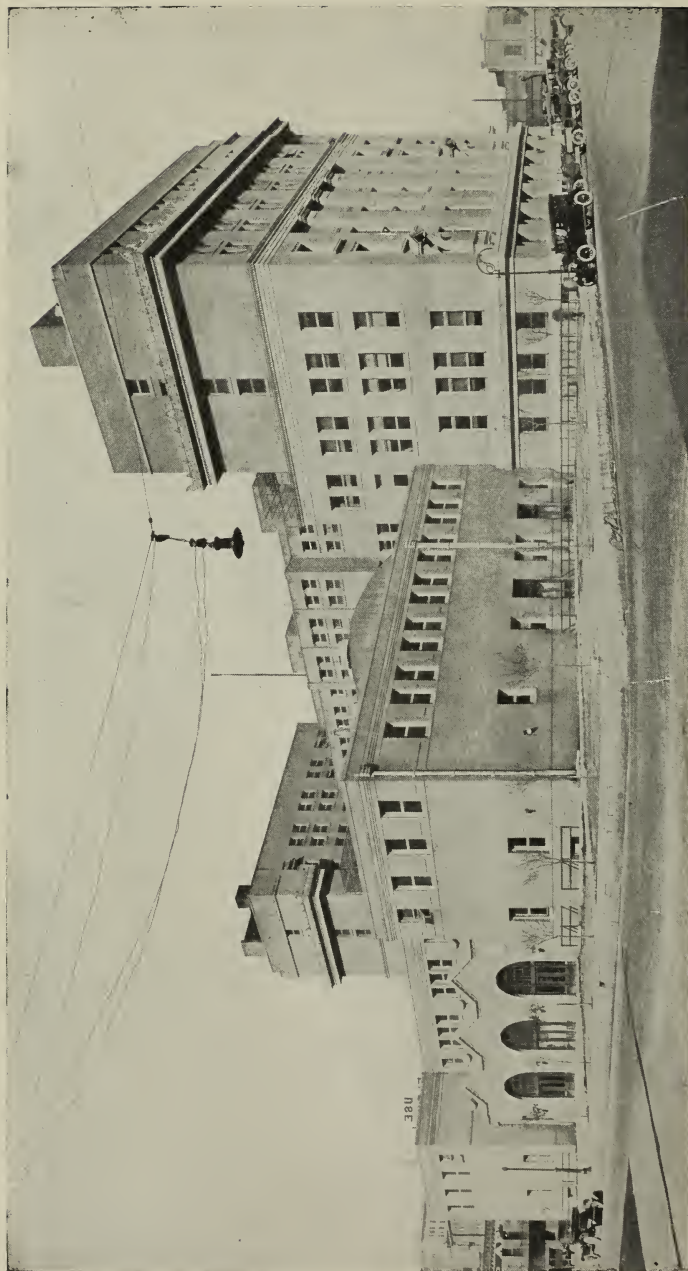
In a mining prospector who had lived unshaven and unshorn for many weeks out in the hills, and who fortuitously arrived in the town on election day, the ward-healers of El Paso at once saw great possibilities. History records it as a fact that this man voted twelve times during the day. He first voted at each one of the three precincts just as he was; he then had his whiskers trimmed, which produced such a change in his appearance that he was able to make the rounds once again without being challenged; the next transformation was effected by shaving his whiskers and leaving him with a mustache, and the fourth, and final one, showed him as a smooth-shaven individual, wearing a new suit of clothes which had been given him in return for his services.

The voting activities of this person, as well as those of a good many Mexicans, who were paid in proportion to the number of times they could cast a ballot, could not fail to be made note of. The total registered voting strength of El Paso was known to be about 300, but as 2,000 votes had been cast before two o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Ward B. Blanchard, from Ysleta, came to the conclusion that "there was something rotten in Denmark," and busied himself in making notes about it. Before the closing of the polls he had filled a large memorandum book with an account of the lawless methods that were being practiced. During the afternoon several ef-

forts had been made to get this book away from Blanchard, but as he, unlike Lutterloh, was a man who could resist temptation, none were successful. Finally, when the matter appeared hopeless and it looked as though Blanchard would be able to depart for Ysleta carrying with him the written evidence of El Paso's perfidy, Mr. W. H. Austin, cashier of the State National Bank, appeared on the scene. Without any argument or introductory remarks whatever, Austin walked up to Blanchard, jerked the book out of his hand, and tearing the leaves into small fragments, consigned the pages to the mercy of a providential wind-storm.

With the evidence thus destroyed there was nothing that Ysleta could do. The count showed that a miracle had been performed in El Paso; seven votes had grown where before there was only one. Of course there was a protest and an attempt made to indict Austin, but as the judges and the majority of the members of the grand jury happened at that time to be El Paso sympathizers nothing came of these efforts, and in February, 1884, the seat of the county government was moved to El Paso.

As El Paso at that time had no court house, a building located on El Paso—at about Second street—was rented by the county from W. J. Fewel. These rented quarters, however, were inadequate from the very beginning, and the commissioners almost immediately decided upon the erection of a court house. On August 15, 1884, the site on which the present million dollar county structure now stands was purchased from W. S. Hills, R. F. Campbell, B. H. Davis and C. A. Stanton. The consideration paid for this building site, which had been traded off a few years before for a wagon load of wood and a muzzle-loading shotgun, was \$10,000; and as a similar increase in real estate values had taken place in all of the business district, it is easy to see how quite a number of the "old timers" amassed fortunes so quickly.



EL PASO COUNTY COURT HOUSE. VIEW FROM REAR, SHOWING LIBERTY HALL

The county officials who were in office at that time, and who let the contract for the old red-brick court house with two tin figures of "Justice" adorning its parapet, were Marshall Rogers, county judge; M. E. Flores, county clerk; J. N. Gonzales, John Julian, Juan Armendariz, J. M. Garcia, commissioners; James H. White, sheriff; and John M. Dean, county attorney.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOCIAL ACTIVITY.

BY THE middle of 1884 El Paso had begun to breathe easy. The hardships of the pioneer days were over, some of the luxuries of life were available, and although gun-toters still walked the streets and the city jail nightly sheltered numbers of the drunk and disorderly, there was a feeling, nevertheless, among most of the citizens of the town that it was now time for them to get something real out of life.

Up to 1884, El Paso was a town without any form of legitimate amusement whatever. There were plenty of time-killing devices and institutions in the city, but as these were all of a nature which not only destroyed time but character as well, they lacked in appeal, even to a good many members of the sporting fraternity.

What El Paso needed was something healthy in the way of recreation, and when the baseball craze of 1884 swept over the country, the entire population of the town welcomed it as a providential opportunity and devoted itself heart and soul to the work of organizing an invincible team.

Fortunately there was plenty of talent in the town, and that it must have been good talent is demonstrated by the fact that even now, without referring to any record other than our memory, we think we can name the members of El Paso's "never defeated" baseball team. They were: Waters Davis, first base; Danny Creelan, second base; "Dago" Burlan, short stop; Maury Edwards, third base; "Red" Ehret, pitcher (afterwards in the big league); Henry Beneke, catcher; Ed Hawley, right field; Dan Kelly, center field, and Juan Hart, left field.

For the first few years after the organization of this ball team, which was, of course, an amateur organization drawing its players from all walks of life,—from Creelan, the bartender, and Ed Hawley, the driver of a beer wagon, to Juan Hart, the editor, and Waters Davis, the legal luminary—the people of El Paso spent their summers in a perpetual baseball frenzy.

In years past we have, and in years to come we probably will again, worship at the shrine of great men; but never, we are confident, will our ambitions soar to the altitude to which they ascended in the years of '86, '87 and '88. To our boyish fancy it seemed that the acme of human greatness would be attained when we could walk up to the plate, grasp a long bat and smash out a home run, as we were in the habit of seeing Waters Davis do in nearly every game. Next to that the best thing that could have happened would have been for us to grab the hot ones off the ground and peg them to first with Maury Edwards' unerring accuracy.

But we were not alone in our admiration of these men. All of El Paso was worshipping at the same shrine, and the people supported their home team with as much enthusiasm as they had formerly shown in bringing about the constructive development of their town.

The history of El Paso's early baseball activity would disclose the fact that from 1884 to 1894 many of the town's most prominent men were on the team and a detailed story of the games played would indicate that they were just as successful as ball players as they were along medical, legal, mercantile or "mixology" lines.

But not alone in athletic activity did El Paso come to the front. Other men of refined and aesthetic tastes began to appear in our midst and make their influence felt. Among these were such choice souls as F. E. Hunter, Joe Pollard,

Johnny Brinck, B. A. Nebeker, J. H. Russell and several others, some of whom being musically (?) inclined, decided to uplift the town by organizing a music and dramatic club.

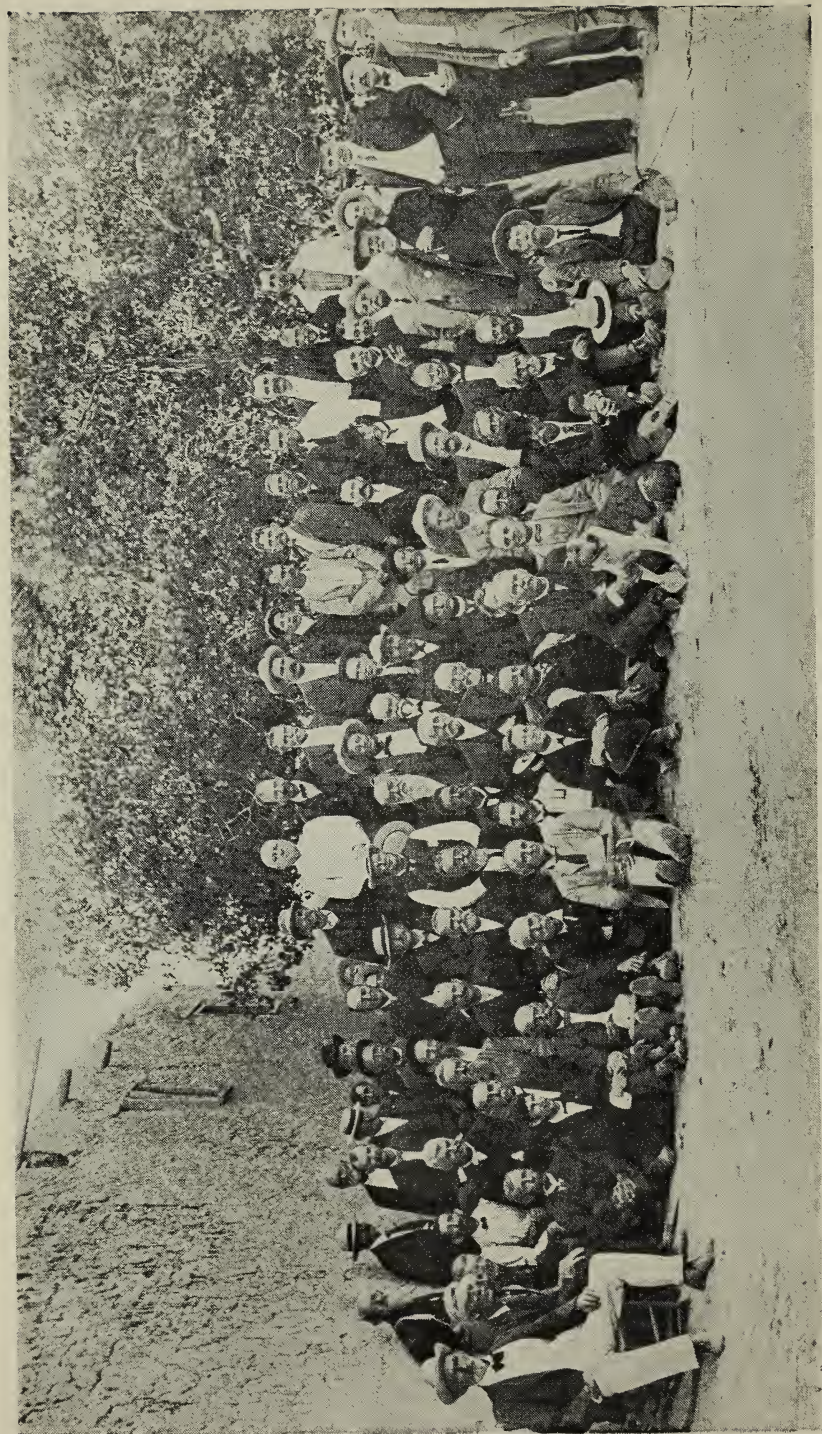
In order that the public might have some incentive—other than a willingness to be tortured—which would tempt it to attend its entertainments, the club, which had named itself “The Howlers,” advertised that the proceeds derived from the exhibitions which it would make of itself were to be devoted to the purchase of a town clock.

Charity and modesty both forbid us from going any further in our description of The Howlers. We will only say that history holds a record of one performance in which Judge F. E. Hunter, who took the part of a young and innocent female, was forced to retire from the stage in the middle of his act because he had lost all his clothes except his hoop skirt.

The Howlers Club endured—or rather was endured—for only a short time, but during its brief existence it paved the way for better and bigger things. After its demise its place was taken by an organization known as the Heronimus Club which, in its turn, led to the formation of the celebrated McGinty Club. The McGinty Club, which was the result of the expansive mirth of D. W. Reckhart, “Peg” Grandover and J. J. Watts, and the real musical ability of Professor Carl Spitzer and E. H. Offley, was organized in 1889.

The avowed objects of the McGinty Club, which derived its name from that of the hero of a popular song of the time, were to protect the city, “put down liquor,” promote badger fights and provide other kinds of high-class entertainment for visiting strangers. The principal stronghold of the club, where it gave its entertainments, was a pavilion known as the Mesa Garden, which stood upon the highest hill in what is now Sunset Heights.

Upon the slightest provocation the entire McGinty mem-



OLD TIMERS AT HART'S MILL

bership would sally forth in a body and parade through the streets of the town, turning them into a blaze of pyrotechnic glory. At the conclusion of each parade the club, followed by nearly the entire male population of El Paso, would return to the pavilion, where entertainments, such as could not be seen anywhere else in the civilized world, would be produced.

The McGinty Club's parades and entertainments were seriously expensive; but, during the years that the organization was at the height of its glory, money in El Paso was a commodity and not a luxury. A few thousand dollars for red fire and roman candles, and a few thousand more for the embellishments of a feast, were trivial considerations, provided the town got a laugh. And the town always did. Here is an example:

In 1891 or 1892, El Paso was suffering from a severe drought. Not one of these legislatively produced droughts, but a long dry spell which burnt up the grass and killed the cattle. It was a season when anybody was ready to try anything once, and consequently, when somebody in Washington announced that rain making was a possibility El Paso was ready to listen.

In the Department of Agriculture or in the Weather Bureau or somewhere else in the ramifications of the National Government a cult had made its appearance which had abandoned the old, time-honored custom of praying for rain and had substituted therefor a system of bombarding the Heavens, which was just naturally guaranteed to call the attention of the Almighty, no matter what He might be doing at the time, to the fact that somebody was knocking.

The city council of El Paso and the board of county commissioners, both of those bodies being much freer with money than they are now, heard of this Washington plan of salvation and, at an exorbitant price, imported a battalion of rain makers, gave them the keys to the city and told them

to go to it. They went. That is a memorable day in the history of the town. From early morning until after sundown the scientific gentlemen from Washington stormed the portals of Heaven with every explosive device that, up to that time, had ever been invented. They exploded hydrogen balloons at the foot of the Celestial Throne; they rocked El Paso's tall buildings, one story adobes and all; they broke window panes by the score; they caused the dismissal of the schools, because the children and the teachers couldn't hear each other; and yet not a cloud as large as a man's hand appeared in the sky.

The rain-makers scored a complete failure. Either there was something wrong with their system or else El Paso was basking permanently in the arid displeasure of the Lord.

Then the McGinty Club came to the rescue. Recognizing the humor of the situation, and sympathizing with the chagrin of the scientific gentlemen from Washington, the Club invited these men, and also about half of the population of El Paso, to attend a meeting at their pavilion, their invitation being accompanied by a guarantee that there would be plenty of moisture. It was a fine occasion. There were fire-works, speeches and music and then, suddenly, there came a terrific clap of thunder followed by a deluge of rain which literally soaked the rain-makers but which, miraculously, missed everybody else.

The scientific gentlemen had been carefully seated just where they would receive the full benefit of the down-pour from the eaves of the pavilion; and, when the thunder crashed, and several barrels of water were suddenly turned over on the roof, they got a most thorough ducking.

It was also during these fruitful years that El Paso's Fire Department became a popular and well-manned organization. It is true that in those days El Paso had few fires, but the

surplus energy of some of the citizens needed an outlet which membership in the fire department amply afforded. The organization gave picnics, dances and other entertainments, and besides having the privilege of attending these social functions there were certain other advantages which went with a membership in a hose company or a hook and ladder outfit that were highly prized.

A later and less wise city council than the one of 1882 had finally been induced by the fire fighters to install an alarm bell, and whenever that bell rang, most of the prominent citizens could be seen rushing into the street, each one carrying a red shirt in one hand and a fore-and-aft helmet in the other. Once in the street the nearest conveyance, public or private, would be pressed into service and the owner thereof ordered to drive at full speed to the scene of the conflagration. Enroute the prominent citizen would slip on the red shirt, strap his helmet under his chin and generally prepare for action. Upon arrival at the fire the "action" consisted in reporting with all haste to the "chief," and after having thus assured himself that a proper notation of his attendance was made, the prominent citizen would then, his duty having been fully performed, retire to the side lines and "watch her burn," meanwhile rendering devout thanks to a beneficent providence for the destruction of another eye-sore.

The volunteer fireman naturally was a hero. His wife glorified him, the small boy envied him and the public print praised him. But it was not for these things, and neither was it for the costume privileges which they enjoyed, that the business men of El Paso all belonged, or aspired to belong, to the fire department. Membership in the organization was of real value. In addition to the social privileges which it gave a man, it exempted him from doing jury duty, and as watching a man's house burn seems to have been considered a less

waste of time than sitting in a jury box and trying him for a crime, there was always a long waiting list of men who wanted to join either the hook and ladder or the hose company.

The first hose reel which the city of El Paso purchased—for the purpose of exempting its citizens from their constitutional rights—was kept in a shed on Mesa avenue, where the Popular building now stands. No regular fire horses were kept, but a reward of \$3.00 was paid to any driver of an express wagon who would tow the machine to a fire. The sound of an alarm was always the signal for a race. Every man who owned a wagon, and was within half a mile of the “fire station” when the bell tapped, would forget everything else and scourge his team to its utmost speed in his effort to get there and hook onto the primitive piece of apparatus and thereby earn the reward.

The writer thinks that it is on record that Mr. Heid’s team scored more firsts than any other team in El Paso. Mr. Heid was the father of Ed and Joe.

In the beginning the only water pressure that the firemen had was derived from gravity. The reservoir which furnished the city with water is the one that is now used as the Sunset swimming pool, and as it is located at no great height above the city, it was impossible to raise water to much of an elevation. For ordinary fires, however, the supply of water and the pressure were both adequate. In fact, no great effort was made to put out most of the fires of early days, because the results were generally more beneficial than otherwise. From 1881 to 1891 there was only one building in El Paso which had attained a height which placed it beyond the reach of the firemen. This building was the new Grand Central hotel; and, in 1892, when its turn came to burn up, it was found that the water pressure was not strong enough to enable the valiant fire chief and his numerous assistants, who on this

occasion felt vastly important, to do any effective work. With only one line of hose working, there was enough pressure to throw a stream of water up to the third story windows, but not to the roof of the building; when two or three lines were put into commission only a bare trickle came from each one of them.

Under these circumstances, everybody in El Paso who attended the fire—by that we mean the entire population—knew at once that El Paso's largest and most expensive structure was doomed. It was but natural that they were chagrined and heart-broken at the thought of losing a building which was the pride and glory of the entire Southwest; but, as they were at the same time all lovers of excitement, they derived a great deal of pleasure from watching it burn.

The fire started at about two o'clock in the morning, and as every room in it was occupied, the assembled multitude was naturally much interested in noticing the manner and the apparel of the guests as they came down into the street, bringing with them such of their worldly goods as they had been able to gather hastily together.

Of course all of the children of the town who were old enough to walk went to the fire; and, as Miss Ella B. Meekins, principal of El Paso's central school, was residing in the hotel, they were naturally more interested in noting the manner of her escape than in anything else. She emerged clad only in a thin night gown and a pair of slippers, and as all of her belongings—as she expressed it, "Everything I possess in the world"—were destroyed, she was forced to appear in school the next day arrayed in borrowed garments. And we regret to say that the poor lady's plight appealed more to the humor of her pupils than it did to their sympathies. Such unappreciative youths as James Marr, Maury Kemp and the writer, and such ungrateful young women as Marie Shelton,

Lelia Trumble, Susie Cherry and Emma Ullman all seemed to experience a fiendish pleasure in the discomfiture of the kind teacher who had for years been endeavoring—with imperfect success—to force them to partake of the cup of learning.

Miss Meekins, Professor Esterly, Professor Savage, Mrs. Bessie B. Bailey, Miss Mary Gates, Miss Florence Thornton and Mrs. Perry are figures that stand out prominently in the history of education in El Paso. These men and women had a remarkable influence in shaping the character and determining the course in life which was to be followed by many of El Paso's prominent citizens of today.

We are aware that we are all prone to look back at our own youth through rosy tinted glasses. When we have arrived at maturity ourselves we always, for some reason, seem to think that the things of our youth were better than the things of the youth of today. We hope that no such prejudice is actuating us now when we say that it is our firm conviction that the education which was imparted to El Paso students by the teachers whom we have named was imparted more efficiently and was received with less protest than is the case in El Paso schools today.

Between 1884 and 1894 the city of El Paso had enlarged its educational facilities to a great extent. In addition to the Central school, which was the name given to the first school building, three other school buildings, the Mesa school, the Franklin school, and the Douglas (colored) school had been built, and there was an enrollment of approximately a thousand pupils.

The town also had another large hotel, the Pierson, which stood at the corner of Kansas and Mills streets, and a commodious and up-to-date opera house, which occupied part of the long block on El Paso street, between Overland and Second.

As can be readily surmised, from the recital of facts which we have given in this chapter in regard to the social and physical changes which took place between 1884 and 1894, the town was assuming all the time more and more the aspect of a city. Naturally political changes began to take place and party lines began to be drawn.

Nominally parties were, of course, Republican and Democratic, but in practise El Paso's first few real elections were waged along personal lines. The men themselves, more than the measures they represented, were urged upon the voters, and as no fights can be as bitter as individual ones, the elections in the town were poisoned with venom and characterized by crookedness.

The elections of 1883 and 1885 were held without the development of any undue amount of hostility. In 1883 Joseph Magoffin succeeded himself as mayor, and in 1885 R. C. Lightbody, who had established El Paso's first men's clothing store, was elected. In 1887 Mr. Lightbody was re-elected and through his second term he held office with no more than the usual vicissitudes.

In the campaign which was to decide who would succeed Mr. Lightbody, the Democrats, who had been almost uniformly successful, nominated C. R. Morehead, president of the State National bank, as their candidate. The Republican nominee was Adolph Krakauer, and the fight which was waged was one that was marked by a great deal of bitterness and a very lavish expenditure of money. In fact, it was money that won, and as the Republicans had more of it than their Democratic opponents, Krakauer polled a much larger vote than Morehead.

In this election both sides openly bought votes; and, for the third time, the entire male citizenship from across the river was invited to come over and participate in our local politics. Both Democrats and Republicans were open-handed in the

welcome which they extended to the elements from abroad. On the afternoon preceding the day of the election several dance halls and two or three large vacant store rooms were rented and in them the festivities were begun. The Krakauer supporters vied with the Morehead followers, and outdid them in the end, in the matter of furnishing free beer and entertainment to prospective voters. The entertainments given took the form of *bailes* at which all of the dance hall girls of both El Paso and Paso del Norte were present. The festivities, which began in the afternoon of the day before the election, were kept up all night. When morning dawned the guests who had come to drink and dance found that, whether they would or not, they had to remain to vote. The doors of the dance halls were securely locked and were kept so until the polls opened at seven o'clock in the morning. At this time the revelers were formed into a marching column and, under guard, were conducted to the voting precincts. As each man went in to vote he was handed a ballot that had been properly prepared, and when he came out, after having voted, he was handed three dollars.

All this was done above-board and in the open. One party was equally as guilty as the other, and hence it was a foregone conclusion that victory was bound to perch upon the banner of the leader whose supporters were willing to spend the most money.

The victor, as we have already stated, was A. Krakauer. His majority was astounding and overwhelming, and the Democrats, to whom defeat was a new sensation, decided to enter a protest. This they did by filing affidavits challenging the legality of several hundred Republican votes. As the outgoing council, which would have to decide the issues, was composed mainly of Democrats, they felt confident that their protest would be upheld. The Republicans, however, who were

extremely well organized and were acting under very astute political leadership, did a peculiar thing. Immediately after the election they had practically seized the reins of the city government. By force they had invaded the city hall, which was then at the corner of West Overland and Santa Fe streets, and taken charge of the administrative offices. Although they were holding their position with arms, they were not inclined to resort to violence when strategy would do as well.

As the Republicans were in possession of the machinery of government the petition of protest, which had been filed by the Democrats, naturally came into their possession. They read it over and, chuckling with delight, at once made up a petition of their own, asking for a recount and alleging that several hundred votes, which they knew had been cast for Krakauer, were illegal. The list which the Republicans submitted was practically the same as the one that had been submitted by the Democrats, and when these latter found that such was the case they withdrew their protest as against these names. When the Democrats did this the council which was, as we have said, composed of Democrats, refused to throw out the names challenged by the Republicans, thinking that by so doing they would be sure of a majority for Morehead. The recount, however, showed that strategy had gained the victory, and it was again decided that Krakauer was elected.

But at this point an insurmountable difficulty arose. Some industrious Democrats suddenly discovered that although Krakauer had taken out his first naturalization papers, which would entitle him to the privilege of voting, he had not taken out his final ones, and was therefore not eligible to hold office.

When this fact, which could not be denied by the Republicans, became generally known there was great rejoicing in the camp of the Democrats, but under the circumstances their rejoicing was fruitless and of little avail.

The Republicans were entrenched in the strongholds of the government; they were holding the city hall, armed with Winchester and six-shooters, and bloodshed was imminent. At this stage of the proceedings Mayor R. C. Lightbody, whose duty it was to remain in office until his successor was installed, being a man of peace, deliberately washed his hands of the whole thing and quit his job.

As the town was now without a mayor and something had to be done to pacify the warring factions, a mass meeting of citizens was called, at which G. E. Hubbard, a large, placid and forceful man, was elected to temporarily head the city government. Up to this time the Republicans in possession of the city hall had not been challenged or disturbed. Mr. Hubbard, however, determined upon an aggressive policy, and sending for James H. White, a good Democrat, who had formerly been sheriff of the county, asked him if he would be willing to undertake the task of capturing the Republican stronghold. White, whose knowledge of men and mobs had been gained by experience, agreed to go single-handed and take possession of the city hall in the name of the acting mayor and in behalf of the law and order of the community. White did exactly as he agreed to do. Refusing the assistance of a number of men who offered to accompany him, he went to the council chamber, knocked upon the door thereof with the butt of his six-shooter, and demanded admittance. When it was granted, instead of shooting White as full of holes as they had promised to do, the Republicans listened to the arguments which he presented, laid down their arms and walked out of the building.

Hubbard now assumed charge of the city government and trouble started all over again. With Krakauer disqualified and Morehead defeated, both sides were forced to name candidates for another election. The Republican nominee was

S. H. Buchanan and the Democratic candidate was Richard Caples. The special election to decide which of these two men would be mayor of El Paso was scheduled for June 28th, but on June 27th a Republican who had an inquiring turn of mind made the interesting discovery that Richard Caples, the Democratic candidate, was suffering from the same disability that prevented A. Krakauer from holding office.

We cannot help but think that the Republican who made this discovery was suffering from some sort of mental impediment. Instead of keeping the information to himself and using it later to disqualify Caples, in case of his election, he made it publicly known in time for candidate Caples to rush to the district court and hurry through his citizenship papers late in the afternoon before election.

On June 28th, 1889, Richard Caples, who on June 27th had been an Irishman, became a full-fledged American, and was elected mayor of the town which for four years thereafter he served faithfully and well as its chief executive.

During Caples' second term of office the mayor and his aldermen were placed upon the city payroll, the mayor receiving a salary of \$50 a month, and the aldermen \$25 each.

CHAPTER XV.

THE END OF OPEN GAMBLING.

FOR the four years that Richard Caples served as mayor of El Paso the town made but little material progress.

The population increased considerably, but the assessed valuation did not. In fact, for two years during Caples' administration, there was a marked decrease in valuation, but this apparent contradictory state of affairs is one that can be readily accounted for. El Paso and the entire Southwest was suffering from the same malady. They had both grown so rapidly along commercial and industrial lines that they had to stop for awhile in these two directions in order to let the population catch up. And this the population did by adding to itself a class of people who were not capitalists and who brought nothing, except their presence and their potential producing power, to the wealth of either El Paso or her trade territories.

This condition, however, which is one that all new countries must face, did not prove discouraging to El Pasoans. In reality it was beneficial to them, as it gave them an opportunity to take stock of themselves and their municipal possessions, and find out wherein they were lacking and wherein they were over-supplied.

We surmise that this must have been the case and that this must also have been what El Paso's people did, because we find them in 1894, for the first time, beginning to express themselves as being dissatisfied. Up to this time El Pasoans had not complained, because they had progressed so rapidly that they had not had time to take note of the real quality and

worth of their accomplishments. But when the digestive season arrived—the season wherein the town had to increase its population in order to properly assimilate its material assets—the people found that while they were lacking in some respects they were over-supplied in others.

In checking up their town they found that they had poor streets—in fact they had no streets at all—an unsatisfactory water supply and a poor street lighting system. These were faults which could be and which were remedied gradually by successive city administrations, but it is an interesting fact that they all came up for discussion at about the same time.

Another thing, also, which seems to have now made its initial impression upon the general consciousness of the community was that the town contained a great number of people who were large consumers but non-producers.

In other words, the sporting element, which had always been looked upon as necessary to the town's prosperity, began to be questioned. Some few men and a large number of women began to advance the idea that El Paso would be better off if it was a cleaner and more moral city.

The idea, however, as we will see later, made little progress. It had its birth, as all such ideas do, in the minds of individuals who were more interested in the spiritual than in the material welfare of the town. Of course in the end it was bound to win. Moral movements always do win when they are properly directed. But at the time that the cleansing of El Paso was first advocated, the advocates of the movement were not strong enough to do anything more than create opposition. The business men of El Paso were opposed to abolishing the gambling houses and the saloons, and with the business interests behind them, these institutions, for the time being at least, had little to fear. The agitation though, slight as it was, had the effect at which we have already hinted.

Vice, when it is threatened, has always prepared for its defense by espousing and supporting some political faction, hoping thereby to create an obligation of which it can make use.

This was the case in El Paso, but in order to understand the situation fully we must turn back for a few years and take note of a municipal power that had been growing up in the city.

Ever since the organization of the State National bank in 1881, the president of that institution had wielded an immense amount of influence in the community. Only once had he been induced to run for office when—as we have already seen—he was defeated in the race for mayor by A. Krakauer. But as the deciding factors in this election had been money and foreign voters his defeat had carried with it no loss of prestige. Behind him, as their municipal leader, was grouped a class of business and professional men who had El Paso's material welfare deeply at heart. In their opinion, and we think we are stating their attitude correctly, El Paso as a frontier town had to sow its wild oats and reap a harvest therefrom before it would be ready to be reformed. These men were not opposed to reform, they were opposed to radicalism, and they believed that to control vice in a community would be better than to endeavor to throttle it prematurely. Their sympathies were not actually with the sporting element, but as they were not openly antagonistic to it, it was but natural that the saloon men and the gamblers gave them their allegiance and added to their strength in the community.

During the years that the edicts which controlled El Paso's politics continued to issue from the back room of the State National bank, we lived, so to speak, in the camp of the enemy. Consequently we arrived, not at the voting age, but at the age of maturity, firm in the conviction that some day or

another an order would come forth from the leader of the "ring forces" which would call for the total moral destruction of the city of El Paso. It was in just such a light as this that the president of the State National bank and his friends were held up to the gaze of the public by the radical element. We can clearly recall having heard almost every crime that it would be possible to commit, or plan to commit—even attempted assassination—laid at the door of these men. In spite of this, however, they continued to win elections and retain the support and the confidence of the majority of the people.

As we look back at this period, which extended over a number of years, and which can rightly be called the formulative one of El Paso's politics, we are thoroughly inclined to believe that the business men were right and that the radicals were wrong. We are fully convinced that Mr. Morehead and his associates saw the hand-writing on the wall, and knew that eventually the sporting proclivities of El Paso would have to be materially curbed. But they also knew—and this is wherein we think they were correct in their judgment—that it would not do to give the town a too-severe and sudden moral drenching. The municipal system was not strong enough to stand it, and for that reason they advocated a policy of "watchful waiting," which in the end brought about the desired results, and did so without disturbing the economic situation of the town to any great extent.

Between the years of 1894, in which the reform idea was born, and 1904, when the issue came up decisively to the people, we see a very marked change in the general condition of El Paso. In these ten years the town has grown to such an extent that there is almost as much difference between it and the town of 1884 as there was between the town of 1884 and the one of 1859.

The conveniences that the people had found that they were

in need of when they took their inventory in 1894 have been supplied. The city has fairly good, although unpaved, streets; it has a fairly good water supply, a good street lighting system, and, above all, an up-to-date and efficient electric car service.

Far back in the 80's, before any such thing as a relationship between a street car and a light plant had even been thought of, Zach White, Joseph Magoffin, Anson Mills and other pioneer El Pasoans had interested themselves in developing both of these public utilities in the town. But the public demand for the service which these utilities could render was greater than they could supply. More capital than El Paso could furnish out of its own pocket was needed in order to give the city an adequate transportation and lighting system, and as it was evident that capital so invested would yield a good profit, eastern financiers soon became interested in securing the franchises held by Mr. White and his associates.

After some manipulation, and after one or two astute individuals who acted as go-betweens had reaped quite a large harvest of profit at a minimum of endeavor, the franchises for these two of El Paso's greatest public utilities passed into the hands of the Stone & Webster Company, of Boston.

This was in 1901, and on the morning of January 11th, 1902, after having held El Paso in a ferment of expectation for almost a year, the first electric cars which were ever run in the town started out from Pioneer Plaza.

When the hands of the old town clock, which had been purchased by "The Howlers" years before, pointed their wabbling fingers unreliably to eleven o'clock, Mandy, the oldest employe of the old street car company, made her last trip over the line. This time, however, the old gray mule was not pulling the car. In place of that she was riding in state in a coach that had been specially prepared for her benefit, and along

with her there went a twelve-piece "McGinty" band and all the officials of the two cities on the north and the south side of the Rio Grande.

Mandy's ride marked the emancipation of the mule as the motive power of El Paso's street cars, and it also marked the emancipation of the city, as it took away from it the restrictions that had been placed upon it by limited boundaries. The installation of electric car service enabled El Paso to spread out. One addition after another was made to the town, and as these were soon dotted with homes the street car company, from the very first, realized a good return on its investment. During the initial year of its operation the company had four miles of track, and carried 2,154,035 passengers, and in 1922 it had forty-three miles of track, and carried 19,649,530 passengers. In other words, the trackage and the number of passengers carried have increased, over a period of twenty years, in almost exactly the same ratio. And this coincidence causes us to wonder whether El Paso has grown in accordance with the dictates of the street car company, or whether the street car company has increased its facilities in compliance with the demands of El Paso.

At the time the street railway company secured its franchise, built its lines and thus made El Paso look more like a city than ever, B. F. Hammett, who had come to the town some years before from St. Louis, and who had invested heavily in local real estate, was mayor of the city. He had been chosen mayor in 1901 in an election which stands on record as being the most peaceful and uneventful of any in El Paso's history. His opponent in this election was H. Feisst, a German socialist druggist, who wore carpet slippers, and who received only 168 votes out of the total of 1901 which were cast.

But the harmony that existed in El Paso in 1901 can not be

taken as a criterion by which to judge future events. It was in reality only the lull before the storm. For a long time the reform element of the community had been gathering its strength for a final effort. On the other hand the conservatives, with C. R. Morehead as their leader, and with the unanimous backing of the sporting element of the town, had been conducting municipal affairs practically to suit themselves. In carrying out their plans for remaining in the city the saloon keepers and the gamblers had been partially successful. They had always been able to keep one or more of their number on the city council, and in the distribution of the political pie one or more of their ward heelers had always been remembered.

Before the close of the Hammett administration it was clearly apparent that the fight as to who would become his successor would be a bitter and decisive one.

The Dwyer brothers, saloon keepers and ward heelers, Louis Vidal, dance hall proprietor, and H. B. Charman, conductor of a pool hall, and also city scavenger, represented the principal issues which were publicly raised preceding the local campaign of 1903. For some years these men, together with a few others, whose usefulness to the community was equally doubtful, had been waxing financially fat through favors shown them by the city administration. With a good deal of justice on their side, the people of the town who were opposed to the "ring rule," claimed that this could not have been the case—that these men could not have had their hands in the public purse—except it was by and with the consent of C. R. Morehead.

Whether this was true or not is a matter of little moment at the present time. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Morehead and his friends were eloquently and feelingly accused of having done everything they possibly could to bring disgrace and ruin

upon the city of El Paso. These accusations were made hoping that they would have the effect of bringing Mr. Morehead out openly into the field as a candidate for the office of mayor. The reform element was successful, Morehead announced himself as a candidate, and a great wave of jubilation swept over his opponents. In the high pitch of enthusiasm to which their semi-religious indignation at the state of the city's morals had roused them, they felt confident that they would be able to administer a wholesome defeat to the "ring" candidate.

In opposition to Mr. Morehead they nominated James H. White, spoken of in a previous chapter as the man who had single-handed and alone wrested the city government from the grasp of the Republicans. Against the character of Mr. White there never had been a breath of suspicion. His friends and his supporters loved and admired him; his opponents—for he had no enemies—admired and feared him, and, for their purpose, there was no better man that the reform element could have chosen.

For several weeks prior to the day of election the people of the town did nothing but breathe, eat and sleep politics. It was early a foregone conclusion that all previous elections which had been held in the town were destined to become tame and uninteresting by comparison.

The air was filled with rumors in regard to the presence in the city of paid gun-men brought here for the purpose of assassinating prominent citizens. Feeling immensely important, the citizens whose lives were said to be sought went about the streets escorted by body-guards of their friends. A dozen fistic battles a day were indulged in by supporters of the contending factions, and, as the campaign funds were large and the candidates were liberal, an unusual amount of liquor, even for El Paso, was consumed.

During this campaign the women, and even the children, became deeply interested, and on the night preceding the election, when a mass meeting was held in the Myar opera house by the White forces, the building could not contain one-half of the people who tried to gain admittance. It is just possible, however, that the enormous attendance on this occasion can be attributed as much to morbid curiosity as it can to political feeling. During the preceding two weeks of the campaign a young, fearless and eloquent attorney had been making speeches in which he bitterly and unfeelingly assailed Morehead. Whether or not Morehead took the remarks of the attorney deeply to heart is a question. During the entire fight the "ring" candidate preserved a grave and quiet demeanor, but some of his friends were not equally self-contained. Some of the younger men were especially resentful, and when the call for the mass meeting at the opera house was published, a warning was sent to the young attorney, who was advertised as one of the speakers of the occasion. This warning was to the effect that if he, the young attorney, dared to utter a word that was critical of, or derogatory to, the character of C. R. Morehead he would be shot down upon the platform.

The public knew all about this warning, in fact the public knew all about everything pertaining to the campaign, and the result was that a capacity house greeted the young attorney when he arose to speak. As far as it was in his power to do so this young lawyer justified the people for the trouble they had taken in coming out to hear him.

A good many years have passed since that occasion, and in those years it has often been our privilege to hear various public characters vindictively and mercilessly attacked. But never have we listened to public utterances which carried with them as severe an indictment as was poured into the ears of his audience that night by Mr. W. H. Burges. His part of the

performance was carried off creditably and to the entire satisfaction of all his friends, but the part which the other young men had scheduled themselves to play failed to materialize. No shot, fired to vindicate the character of the "ring" candidate, rang out from the gallery; no young attorney lay sweltering in his own blood on the stage of the opera house, and those of the audience who, filled with gory anticipation and hoping to see a tragedy, had attended the meeting, went home disappointed and heart-sore.

The size of this meeting, which had been attended by hundreds who were actuated by a desire to see blood spilled, deceived the White supporters, and at its conclusion they felt confident that on the morrow virtue would be triumphant and that vice would be humbled to the dust.

Election day was a repetition, on a larger scale, of the previous election in which Mr. Morehead had figured.

Both parties voted every voter as early and as often as was possible; both parties brought over as many of the citizens of Mexico as they could and voted them; both parties endeavored to intimidate and coerce election officials; and both were so confident of victory that thousands of dollars were wagered upon the result.

The final count showed that Morehead, the man who had been abused, maligned and attacked, had won a decisive victory over an adversary who was without reproach, and if this result can be taken as indicative of anything at all, it is that the "ring" leaders had been right up to that time and that the reformers had been wrong. They had been wrong, but not wrong in principle. The mistake that they had made was not in advocating a clean town but in advocating it in advance of the time when it was a possibility.

The reform element had, however, even though it had gone down in defeat, done great things for itself. It had, to use

the vernacular of the time, put the fear of God into the souls of the vice leaders in El Paso, and had also brought about the election of a man who, whatever else was said of him, was recognized as an executive of rare ability.

Mr. Morehead's administration was one that was characterized by several radical changes. He justified the confidence of his friends and astonished his enemies by giving El Paso as good a government as she had ever had up to that time, and during the two years that he was in office he paved the way for the coming in of the most progressive administration that the town had enjoyed since 1882.

One of the essential things which the citizens had expressed a desire for, which the Morehead administration gave them, was an ample supply of pure water.

From 1882 until 1902, the water company had been owned and operated under the original franchise granted it by the first Magoffin council. According to the terms of this franchise the company was allowed to pump water from wells in the bed of the river or from the river itself. The water was forced up to the reservoir, which is now used as a swimming pool, was allowed to settle until it was passably clear and then, by gravity alone, was carried through the mains. This system was unsatisfactory and unsanitary. When the river was high water was muddy and plentiful; when the river was low it was scarce and clear, and at all times, regardless of quantity, the quality was doubtful. At more or less frequently recurring intervals it was the habit of the water company to notify its customers throughout the city that it would be necessary for them to prepare for a drought of a day or two by filling up all the available containers they had on hand. On such occasions it was generally understood that the company was cleaning its reservoir and what they got out of it was generally more or less a source of personal interest to the people

in the community. Mild protest had been registered with the city from time to time when it was learned that such unpalatable things as old shoes, cast-off articles of clothing, tin cans and medicine bottles had been resurrected from the slimy depths of the reservoir. But the climax was reached, public patience came to an end and an epidemic of nausea spread over the city when it was reported that a Chinaman, long dead, had been found contaminating El Paso's supply of drinking water.

Whether or not the finding of the remains of this Celestial had anything to do with Mayor Morehead's attitude we are not prepared to say, but we think that we can assert without fear of contradiction that it added great strength to the argument which he had been advancing for years. Mr. Morehead had always been an advocate of the plan of going out on the Mesa for a supply of water, and during his administration he succeeded in putting his plan into effect.

In 1902 the Watts Company had sold its franchise and its plant to the International Water Company, a subsidiary concern of the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad, and as this new organization was progressive and financially strong enough to do so, they bored deep wells out on the Mesa and entirely abandoned the old Watts system.

It was also during the Morehead administration that the question of street paving came up and was seriously discussed in the council. Discussion, however, was all that came of it. The city's finances, as indicated by a comparative table of the valuations in the town, were not in such a state as to have justified the council in going ahead and spending the amount of money necessary to pave the streets. Public sentiment was in favor of street paving, but the public purse was not able to stand the strain, and although Morehead and his associates were severely criticised for not taking definite action in the matter, nothing was done.

But in the meantime El Paso was growing rapidly. The installation of the electric street car system had had a very marked effect not only upon the appearance but upon the actual prosperity of the place. In 1903 the Union station, at the end of San Francisco street, had been built. The car service had, of course, been extended to the doors of the station, and naturally both tourists and homeseekers were much more favorably impressed with El Paso, with its electric cars, than they would have been with the town and its mule driven system. The town had an up-to-date look that made it attractive and the result was that many people who would otherwise have passed on to other localities stopped here and made their homes.

During this same period El Paso also drew largely upon its trade territory for permanent residents. Many men with families who had, by years of struggle in Arizona and New Mexico, amassed enough money to enable them to gratify their wives' desire for a metropolitan life, and who also saw the necessity of giving their children proper educational advantages, came to El Paso and embarked in business enterprises of many kinds.

The climate, too, which had always been El Paso's greatest asset, and which had been responsible for the coming here of many of its leading citizens, began to acquire a national reputation which did much to bring our city into prominence.

As a home town, also, a town in which a mother could raise her sons without being perpetually in fear that they would be morally ruined, El Paso underwent a marked improvement. Much to the surprise of the reform element of the town, and to the intense disgust and disappointment of some who had supported him in his campaign, C. R. Morehead issued an order to his chief of police instructing him to close up every dance hall in the city. The issuance of this order marked the passing

away of a form of licentious amusement that had characterized the night life of El Paso for almost fifty years. It was in these dance halls that the traffic in liquor and women was presented to men in all of its tawdry attractiveness, and it was to the dance halls that the cow-puncher in town for a week's spree, the miner from old or New Mexico, or the tenderfoot from the east naturally drifted. The female habitués of these places, "the girls," were women who were long since dead to all sense of shame, decency and honor. Many of them were attractive and good to look upon, and in exercising their lures and wiles upon the men who came to them seeking pleasure, they frequently created jealousies and inflamed passions which led to gun fights and killings.

The system of the dance halls was one that was based entirely upon the weaknesses of the male and the depravity of the female. The customers of the place, who were all men, of course, would pay a girl so much for the privilege of a dance; at the conclusion of the dance he would lead his partner to the bar and buy a drink, sometimes more than one, because for each drink that the girl could sell she received a check from the bartender which represented her commission. As she also received a commission upon each drink which she, herself, took (which was paid for by her partner) it naturally followed that if business was good and she had been successful in attracting the attention of numerous men, two o'clock in the morning would generally find her in such a state of drunkenness that it would be necessary for "the proprietor" to have her dragged out of the place and thrown either into the alley or the street. This, however, only happened in case the girl had failed during her night's work to induce some one of her liquor-blinded dancing partners to accompany her to the "crib" which she called home.

For years these dance halls had been the breeding place and

the source of most of the crime and disease of El Paso, and when the order abolishing them was issued by the council it was hailed by the reformers as the beginning of a great and salutary victory.

Whether the motive which prompted the Morehead council to abolish the dance halls was one of high-minded morality or whether the mayor and his aldermen yielded to the pressure of public opinion are matters which we are not prepared to discuss. Under any circumstances all that we could do would be to venture a personal opinion, and as our personal opinions are of no value so far as the history of El Paso goes, we will refrain from making any comments and will allow the reader to draw his or her own conclusions.

The closing of the dance halls of course stimulated the activity of the reform element, and an organized attack was at once made upon gambling. In the first part of this chapter we have referred to the fact that in 1894 a reform movement was started, and without going into any detail we have said that the movement did not amount to anything. Briefly sketched, the story is as follows: R. F. Johnson, a wholesale liquor dealer, but an honorable man none the less, was mayor of the city, and William H. Burges was city attorney. At the request of a large number of citizens, the mayor and city council made a temporarily successful attempt to close the gambling resorts in the town. Evidently the city authorities acted alone in the matter, without calling upon the county or the state for help. A man by the name of J. D. Milton, who had a good many of the characteristics of Dallas Stoudenmire, and who was certainly fearless, was made chief of police, and it is said that when he was told that he was expected to close up gambling he asked: "What authority is there behind me?" Burges replied: The authority of the city of El Paso, Bob Johnson and myself." "That's sufficient," an-

swered Milton, "every gambling house in this town will be closed by night."

Nobody, not even W. H. Burges himself, believed that it could be done. But it was! Within twelve hours after Milton had his orders there was not a roulette wheel spinning, a card turned or a pair of dice being rolled in the city. For about two months this was a closed town in so far as games of chance were concerned, but as the condition was one which hurt business it was not allowed to continue. Public sentiment then, even as it is today, was governed largely by the state of the public pocketbook, and therefore the gamblers were allowed to gradually reopen their establishments. From that time in 1894 to the closing months of the Morehead administration in 1904, no effective efforts were made to rid El Paso of the slick-fingered gentlemen who earned a maximum of money at a minimum of effort.

During the Morehead campaign the gamblers had been very heavy contributors to the Morehead fund, and their success in electing him gave them a false sense of security which definitely marked their undoing. Thinking that they had an era of undisturbed prosperity before them, many new gambling houses were opened—there were sixty-two operating here at one time—and the consequence was that not even the old established games made a profit, leaving the proprietors unable to pay the amounts set opposite their names on the Democratic campaign fund subscription.

The gamblers, however, struggled along as best they could for about a year, and then came the disaster. The reform element in the city, headed by such men as Richard F. Burges, J. A. Smith, Horace B. Stevens, Waters Davis and many others, had some time before formed an organization known as the Citizens' League, of which Waters Davis was president.

Encouraged by the suppression of the dance hall vice, the

Citizens' League about the middle of 1904, prior to the fall county election, launched a campaign against the gamblers. A petition, in which it was requested that the sheriff enforce the state law against gaming was circulated, and it is interesting to note the cautious manner in which the citizens went about affixing their names thereto. At first it was difficult to obtain the signatures of the business men for the reason that, although many of them felt confident that open gambling was hurting their profits, they were fearful that the movement would fail. If it should be a success all would be well, so the business men figured, but if it failed and it became known that their names were on the petition, they would be marked down on the gamblers' black-list and deprived of their future patronage. For that reason the task of securing the first hundred signers was an extremely difficult one, but after that many names had been affixed to the petition the movement suddenly gathered an irresistible and impetuous force. At first the fear that they would be black-listed by the gambling fraternity had prevented men from signing, and now a similar motive, the fear that they would be black-listed by the reform element, prompted them to join the movement.

During the time that the petition was being circulated the two county conventions had been held and candidates for public offices had been nominated by both the Republicans and the Democrats. In the election which followed the conventions, J. H. Boone, Democrat, who was known to be in sympathy with the gamblers, was elected sheriff. His sympathy for the sporting element, however, availed it nothing. Shortly after his election the Citizens League presented to him its petition, bearing the names of fifteen hundred of the town's most prominent citizens, all of whom were voters and a majority of whom had voted for him.

Much against his will, the sheriff was forced to admit that

it was his duty to enforce the law, but in order to show the disgust that he felt at having to perform his duty, he told the citizens that he would give them an overdose of their own medicine.

Sheriff Boone said that if he had to close the gambling he was also going to close up everything else. He asserted that everything that ran on Sunday had to stop; that the street cars had to remain idle; that the smelter had to shut down; that the newspapers could not be printed and sold; that a cigar or a glass of soda water could not be purchased, and, in short, remarked the sheriff: "If the reformers are going to make me reform the gamblers, then I am going to reform the reformers, also."

All that the sheriff got in reply to this witticism was a laugh. The people told him to go to it—to close everything in the town if he wanted to, and that they would stand for it, provided he closed gambling first. As the anti-gambling laws on the statute books of the state of Texas are very clear and comprehensive, there was no loop-hole by which either the sheriff or his friends could escape. Sadly the official representative of the law sent the word around to his former constituents and supporters that the law must be obeyed; sadly the word was received, and then sadly did the gamblers roll up their green cloths, stick their dice in their pockets, box up their roulette wheels and silently fade away.

By 1905 the reform element had won in El Paso. During the administration of a man who had for years been recognized as the political boss of the town, and who had received his support largely from the sporting element, this same sporting element was driven out of the community, and a new era dawned upon the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

BUT abolishing dance halls and suppressing gambling houses were not the only things that the citizens of El Paso undertook to do in the years of 1904-5-6.

The Rio Grande, which we have frequently referred to as an unreliable boundary, had, as Colorado and New Mexico filled up with settlers, become unreliable in another respect. In the early times when Zebulon Pike—and even later when Colonel Doniphan—saw the stream at El Paso, it was a constantly flowing river, which for twelve months in the year, furnished the people along its banks with an ample supply of water for irrigation. But as the two northern states became populated and more and more land was put under cultivation, water therefor being taken out of the river, the flow at this point gradually diminished until there came to be occasional seasons in which the bed of the stream would be entirely dry.

By 1888 these seasons of drought had become of such frequent occurrence as to cause serious alarm to the people in El Paso. And in that year the city council, after George Ade had called its attention to the fact that the Rio Grande was the only river in the world that was bottom-side up, went to Anson Mills and asked him to devise some remedy for the situation.

Mills, who then held the brevet rank of a lieutenant colonel, submitted to the Secretary of State a plan for the construction of an international dam to be located three miles above the city of El Paso.

The dam was to be international in its character because of a claim which Mexico had filed against the United States for the diversion of the waters of the Rio Grande. The construction of a dam at the point advocated by Mills, close to the boundary line, would allow citizens of both the United States and Mexico to make use of the stored water. In consideration for the construction of the dam by the United States, the Mexican government was to relinquish her claims for past damage, and for that reason Mills' project met with the approval of official Washington. The first communication which Mills made to the Secretary of State contains two interesting paragraphs, one in regard to El Paso and its future, and the other in reference to the eccentricities of the Rio Grande. These paragraphs which follow each other in Colonel Mills' statement are: "And, further, that El Paso, being now a city of over 11,000 population and having every indication of being a large manufacturing city at no distant date—there being no place within five hundred miles likely to compete with it—the subject of water power ought to enter into the problem, which of necessity is of such vast proportions as to require all incidental aid possible to attach to it to insure its success.

"It will be apparent, from what has been written, that the Rio Grande is one of the first magnitude, not only in length and breadth, but in short annual periods of devastating flow of water, and that its general characteristics, as compared with other rivers with reference to irrigation, are so abnormal as to require different or more heroic treatment."

Evidently, from the very beginning, Colonel Mills was impressed with the idea that the Rio Grande was not an easy river to tame, but he was later to find, as every one else connected with the project found, that natural difficulties were not the only ones that had to be overcome.

Just as soon as the citizens of New Mexico saw that there was a possibility, or even a probability, that a dam which would cause the submergence of a large area of New Mexico land, would be erected across the Rio Grande in Texas, they very naturally raised a protest.

While this controversy was going on, but not with any great degree of heat, however, a rather trivial incident in connection with the construction of an irrigation ditch at Fort Selden arose. This trivial incident finally secured for itself a hearing in Washington which resulted in the issuance of an order by the government restraining the people who contemplated building the ditch from carrying out their plans. This action on the part of the government so enraged Mr. W. H. H. Llewellyn that he sent a note to Anson Mills in which he said that if no ditch could be constructed at Fort Selden neither could any international dam ever be built at El Paso.

Just how much weight Llewellyn's influence carried in Washington is problematical—it probably carried none at all—but even so, it seems to us today that it is fortunate that something arose which prevented the original Mills plan from becoming effective.

At a somewhat later period, when a treaty was about to be arranged between the United States and Mexico whereby the construction of the international dam would have been assured, the New Mexicans once more disturbed the proceedings. The state of New Mexico, acting within what it considered its rights, granted a charter to Dr. Nathan Boyd conferring upon him the privilege of building a dam across the river at Elephant Butte, one hundred and twenty-five miles north of El Paso. When this charter was granted by the state of New Mexico, negotiations between the United States and Mexico at once came to a standstill. Mexico maintained, and rightly so, that the dam to the north of the proposed international

dam would impound all the water and prevent her citizens from securing their proper proportion of the flow of an international stream. Yielding to the Mexican contentions, the United States government issued an order restraining Boyd and his associates from building the dam at Elephant Butte. This controversy lasted for several years, and different phases of it were carried three times to the Supreme Court of the United States before a decision in favor of the government was finally obtained.

When this litigation was at last out of the way El Paso's citizens once more took up the question of building a dam, only to find that so much time had elapsed that they had to begin all over again. After a great deal of work that was nation-wide in its character, a joint commission composed of representatives from the United States, Mexico, Texas and New Mexico, was finally appointed to provide ways and means whereby the four-cornered controversy in regard to the waters of the Rio Grande could be settled.

In 1904 the National Irrigation Congress held its meeting in this city, and in addition to a great number of delegates from all parts of the country, the members of the joint commission were in attendance.

When the resolutions pertaining to the question of damming the Rio Grande were presented to the congress for its consideration, a general fight ensued. The delegates from Texas were naturally in favor of an international dam to be located close to El Paso; the New Mexicans were vehement and violent in advocating the Elephant Butte location, while the Mexicans were firm and determined on only one point, which was: that they were entitled to water, and that they were going to get it, regardless of where or how any dam was constructed.

The question as to the location of the dam was finally set-

tled by Engineer B. M. Hall. Mr. Hall, who had made a very exhaustive and expert study of the entire topographical situation, read a paper before the convention which was so clear and logical in its findings that everyone became convinced, even the Texans themselves, that Elephant Butte was preferable to any other site. But when this controversy was out of the way another one arose which was even more bitterly contested. This contention was in regard to the distribution of the water; and, as we look back at it now, it seems rather comical that intelligent men should have argued and quarreled about the division of a thing which none of them possessed, and which was not yet even in existence. The arguments, pro and con, had been heatedly carried on for several hours, when a rather unusual and entirely unparliamentary thing happened, which poured oil on the troubled waters and brought peace to the warring factions.

Richard F. Burges and Julius Krakauer were not delegates to the convention and neither were they members of the joint commission. They were merely interested spectators. When the argument in regard to the division of an intangible and non-existent thing had gone on for several hours, Burges leaned over and whispered to Krakauer that he thought he knew how he could settle the whole controversy. "Why don't you do it?" said Krakauer. "Because I am not a delegate to this convention," replied Burges. "That doesn't make any difference," was Krakauer's answer, "nobody will know it; get up and make a speech." Whereupon Richard Burges, who was what might be called a rank outsider, rose to his feet, secured the recognition of the chair, and offered a resolution to the effect that the government of the United States be allowed to exercise its discretion and make an equitable distribution of the waters of the Rio Grande.

This resolution was adopted unanimously. It settled a

controversy that had been going on, intermittently, for sixteen years, and it is interesting to note that an entire stranger to the proceedings should have been able, with a word, to bring about the amicable settlement of a dispute that was both inter-state and international.

From this time on there was never any doubt either as to the ultimate construction of the dam or as to its location. Just as it had been a foregone conclusion from the very beginning that the building of the railroads would bring prosperity to El Paso, so it now became a certainty that the construction of the dam would bring an equal or even greater prosperity to the Rio Grande valley.

For years—in fact, ever since the first Spanish settlements had been made in the valley—irrigation had been carried on along the primitive lines which the priests originally taught to the Indians. El Paso in its infancy had been a network of small or large *acequias*, which, as we have already seen, had been the principal sources of annoyance to the first two city councils. But in the years that had passed the encroachments of civilization had driven the farmers out of the city limits, and the *acequias*, once such a prominent feature in the civic landscape, had been done away with.

At the time that the United States obligated itself to the construction of the dam at Elephant Butte, irrigation in the valley, below El Paso, was carried on by means of a canal which followed the same course as the one which is now in use by the Reclamation Service.

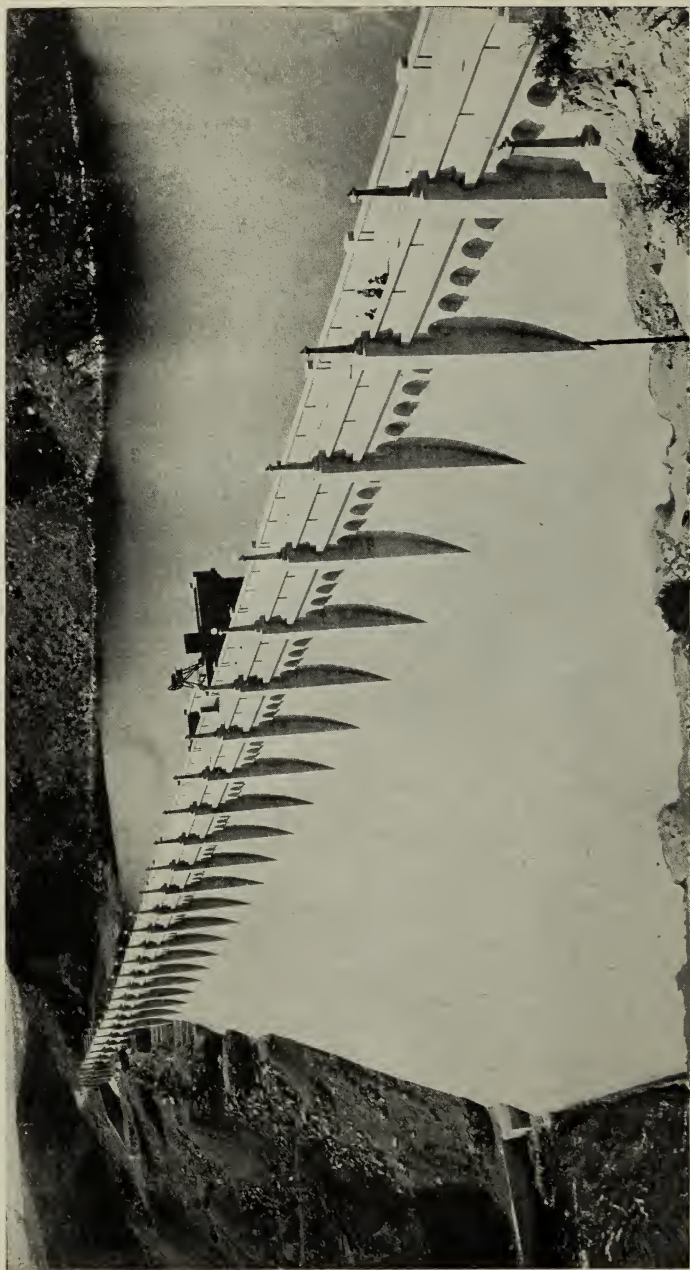
This canal had been built by private capital, but had never been a source of great profit to its owners because of the increasing frequency with which dry years occurred. Immediately upon its assuming the obligation of delivering water to Mexico the United States took over the operation and control of this privately owned canal, but no real benefit accrued

to the farmers from the change until after the dam at Elephant Butte had been completed and a continual flow of stored water became available.

Somewhat in advance of our story, but in order that we may not have to come back to the subject again, we will say that the construction of the Elephant Butte dam has not proved to be an unmixed benefit to the farmers in the Rio Grande valley.

For the first few years after the stored water, in unlimited quantities, was available for irrigation, the farmers who were unaccustomed to such an abundance, literally flooded their lands, covering them over with an amount of water that was out of all proportion to their real needs. The result of this was that thousands and thousands of acres of valuable land became waterlogged. The underground water, seeking the elevation of its source, rose to within a few feet of the surface of the ground, thereby killing orchards and ruining alfalfa fields. The losses which the farmers had to suffer from this cause ran into millions of dollars, and a controversy as to who was entirely to blame for this condition, which has now been remedied by drainage, is still and probably always will be unsettled. The farmers claim that the government engineers, who knew from former experience what would happen, should have constructed the drainage ditches before they turned loose an inexhaustible supply of water. In reply the engineers assert that the farmers should have displayed some common sense in the use of the water, and they also say, somewhat in the nature of a plea in confession and avoidance, that they did tell the farmers in advance what would happen and that the farmers would not take their advice.

Another disastrous result that the construction of the Elephant Butte dam has had, has been to rob the waters of the Rio Grande of the fertile properties that they formerly pos-



ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM—IMPOUNDING THE LARGEST ARTIFICIAL BODY OF WATER IN THE WORLD

sessed. Prior to the time that man interfered with the course of nature by obstructing the flow of a primeval stream, the Rio Grande carried in its waters an immense amount of alluvial silt. In this respect the Rio Grande valley was comparable to that of the Nile. The use of artificial fertilizer was unknown because it was unnecessary. Lands could be leveled by merely flooding them with the muddy river water for a season or two, and lands that were so leveled were exceptionally fertile and productive. Since construction of the storage dam, however, this condition has entirely changed. A settling process takes place in the still waters of the lake which the dam has formed and the waters which now reach the farmer are almost clear and carry with them no elements of fertility. In consequence of this the purchase and use of commercial fertilizer is now necessary, and the cost of agriculture is thereby greatly increased.

Also, as the dam and its comprehensive system of canals has been built by the government, with funds which have been advanced to the farmers in the nature of a loan, every acre of land which comes under the project has been mortgaged to the government as security for the loan. Payments on these mortgages are to be made in a stipulated amount each year over a period of forty years, and the burden which is thus placed upon the land is one which is intended to reach over into the coming generation.

As we have said before, it does not seem to us that personal opinions have any real place in these pages, but in this instance we cannot refrain from expressing ours. We think that in all justice to the people of the Rio Grande valley, the government of the United States should assume the obligation and pay for the construction of the Elephant Butte dam and its allied canal system. We can see no justice in the present arrangement. The United States did no more than

its moral obligation toward Mexico demanded when it built the dam. By building the dam it settled an outstanding claim against it—which Mexico was prepared to press to the limit—of an amount several times greater than the cost of the dam. These considerations, it seems to us, furnish ample grounds for a continuing protest, and if the fight is not won during the life of the present generation, it should be carried on and won by our successors.

The general beneficial results that the construction of the dam has brought about have, of course, been enormous. The fact that modern methods of irrigation have been applied to the farm lands in the valley has resulted in the lands being settled up by men whose ideals and ambitions are entirely different from those of the old Mexican farmer. The farmer of the old days was recognized only as a man who could furnish an uncertain supply of vegetables and who was able, after a year or two of prosperity, to pay off some of his debts. Today, however, the farmer is looked upon as a part of the commercial entity of El Paso. With his products he produces a large part of El Paso's wealth, and in the years to come he will produce a much larger part.

But now to go back to the year 1904. In that year, as Mr. Morehead's term as mayor drew near the close, men began to look about for some one to succeed him in office.

El Paso had become a different town. In addition to having secured advantages for itself, it had also gotten rid of its disadvantages, and the citizens took more pride in their community than they had ever taken before. The one thing that hurt their pride, that jarred their sensibilities and their back teeth, and made them almost ashamed to look a tourist in the face, was the condition of their streets.

Ever since Cabeza de Vaca had wandered through the place, the streets had been, except for an occasional abortive

attempt at macadamizing, just as God had made them. In the business part of the town large, flat stones, which were a peril to vehicles and the cause of much hack drivers' profanity, were laid at street crossings for the use of pedestrians. Down the middle of the streets ran the tracks of the El Paso Electric Railway Company, and the rectangles, which were thus formed in every block, became veritable seas of muddy water whenever it rained. There were no storm sewers in the town, and at the season of the summer thunder storms, and in the period of winter rains, the waters would rush down Oregon street and Mesa avenue in a rapid and irresistible flood and turn the business portion of the town into a lake.

For days after a heavy storm the streets of El Paso would be almost impassable, and as Captain Charles Davis was the one citizen who complained the most loudly of this intolerable state of affairs, he was naturally looked upon as the man who was the most able to remedy it. Consequently it was to Captain Davis that El Paso looked when it selected a successor for C. R. Morehead. Captain Davis was elected mayor on April 11, 1905, and almost immediately he and his councilmen, who were J. B. Badger, George Look, G. L. Hitt, W. J. Fewel, J. T. Grant, B. F. Hammett, W. J. Rand and Richard Caples, took up the matter of street paving.

The job was the biggest one that had ever been undertaken by the city council. It required the expenditure of more of the city's money than had ever been spent before, and consequently the council meetings were largely attended and were of great interest to the public.

The mayor and his aldermen were all of one mind in regard to paving. The paving had to be done, and the only questions which the council set about conscientiously deciding, were those necessary ones pertaining to the kind of pavement to be adopted and the price to be paid for it.

In regard to the kind of pavement to be used there was a good deal of argument; and the presence in the city of men from all parts of the United States, representing different paving companies, naturally caused the arguments to be rather heated.

While the discussion, which lasted over a period of several months, was at its height, a series of rainy days put the streets in such a condition that citizens began to demand action. San Antonio street, from Oregon to El Paso, represented a veritable slough of despond, and some practical joker placed a sign in the middle of it which read: "No boating here, by order of W. J. Fewel, Chairman Street and Grade Committee." Of all the members of the council, including even the mayor, Major Fewel was the most ardent advocate that the paving movement had. In years gone by he had, at his own expense, been the first man ever to grade any street in El Paso, and he had also, from time to time, spent his own money in filling up dangerous holes in some of the city's so-called thoroughfares.

The sign incident, started as a joke, ended as a benefit. The sight of it enraged Major Fewel to such an extent that had he been merely an ordinarily gifted individual, he could not have expressed himself; and, in an exaggerated way, it brought home to the council the idea that it was time to substitute definite action for indefinite conversation; consequently prompt steps were taken.

The council divided itself into committees, and went east, west and north, for the purpose of examining pavements which were being used in other cities. When these various committees returned and compared their findings and observations, they were not long in deciding upon the paving to be used, and work was begun immediately.

From that day to the present time the city has always man-

aged to keep itself paved a little in advance of its actual needs. Succeeding councils, in several instances, have gone after false gods and experimented with various pavements of a kind different from that which had been adopted by the Davis administration. The result of these experiments is plainly evident. What was then cheaply bought is now being dearly paid for, and if there is any truth in the old saying, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," then El Paso has unquestionably proved to her own satisfaction that, where streets are concerned, the best is the cheapest.

During the Davis administration the police force of the town was reorganized and rendered more efficient than it ever had been; the personnel and equipment of the fire department was largely increased, and the general welfare of the city was looked after in a manner that was new to the tax payers. These improvements were due to two causes. The first was that the mayor and aldermen were conscientiously performing their duty, and the second, that the people of the town were daily increasing in self-respect and civic pride. It was a comfort to the citizens to be able to ride or drive over good streets, through a city that was becoming daily and daily better to live in, from either a civic or a moral point of view, while the satisfaction with which their accomplishments were received stimulated the ambition of the administration in its work for the welfare of the town.

The assessed valuations of the city from 1905 to 1907 jumped from \$13,797,870 to \$24,907,833, and the tax rate in the same period decreased from \$1.86 to \$1.66. At this time El Paso was in excellent financial condition, the tax rate was low, assessments were made on an equitable basis; and, with the people of the city behind it, the council felt justified in taking one other very important step.

The question of municipal ownership of the city water works

had for a long time been discussed by the people, but never, until 1907, had there been money enough on hand with which to consummate its purchase. In this year, however, notwithstanding the fact that the city had already obligated itself to pay out large sums for paving, there was a surplus of money on hand, and the plant of the International Water Company, together with its mains and all its equipment, was bought by the city. The consideration paid was \$952,000—\$377,000 in cash, and \$475,000 in bonds. In this connection it is interesting to note that within the present year of 1923 the water company has assumed the entire burden of caring for its own indebtedness. In fact, it has done more than that. It pays interest on its bonds, provides its own sinking fund, pays all maintenance, upkeep and extension charges, and is prepared to turn over a substantial sum to the general fund of the city.

For the carrying out of measures and the accomplishing of ends which the test of time has proved to be of lasting benefit to the people of El Paso, the administration of Charles Davis, Sr., as mayor is without an equal in the history of El Paso.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT 1900-1910.

IN THE foregoing pages, without carrying into effect any preconceived plan and without doing more than following a rather irregular chronological course, we have endeavored to tell a story of the founding and the growth of our city. All through the period of our labor as a historian we have become more and more impressed with the idea that the development of a town is, in nearly all things, comparable to the development of an individual.

El Paso, in the earliest days of its infancy, derived its first sustenance at the breast of its mother city across the Rio Grande; as it grew older and opened its eyes and stretched its limbs it began to make childish efforts, in a primitive, instinctive way, to support itself. Then came the years of real, youthful adolescence, the years of imagination and dreams; the years in which it thought about what it would do and what it would become, and following these came developed youth with its demand for strenuous work, strenuous play and strenuous accomplishment.

Through these three periods we have traced the life of El Paso. From nothing at all, except a group of mud huts, we have seen a modern city, equipped with modern conveniences, spring up out of the desert, and become the home of an intelligent, progressive and peaceful community.

When a city reaches this stage in its life development it acquires the characteristics and habits of a middle-aged person; it acquires dignity and begins to take itself seriously. This is what El Paso, with its new and shiny morality, its

electric cars, its paved streets, its municipal water works and its union station, did in the year 1907.

In that year El Paso blossomed out into the metropolitan phase of its career and simultaneously with its appreciation of itself came the appreciation of the Southwest, which now, more than ever before, began to render homage to the city. In the development of commercial, social and civic conveniences El Paso had so far outstripped every town within a radius of seven hundred miles that she had become the undisputed mistress of a territory that large. But, as we have said before, the growth and prosperity of our city was nothing more than a reflection of the growth and prosperity of the surrounding district.

In the cattle country where men had, in former years, counted their herds by the hundreds, they now numbered them by the thousands. Former cow-punchers, who in years gone by had been happy to sit on their heels and "roll their own," now smoked Marie Antoinette cigars and lolled back in affluent ease in their leather upholstered chairs at directors' meetings. Other of our citizens who had in the beginning weighed out nails by the pound, or quarreled with nickel customers over the price of beans and *chile*, now paid attention to nothing less than car load lots, and figured on government contracts with as much nonchalance as they previously displayed in selling a sack of flour.

Out in Arizona prospect holes had become mines, and prospectors millionaires. Men who in the early 80's had owned nothing under the blue vault of heaven except a frying pan, a prospector's hammer and an obstinate burro, now calculated their wealth in terms of six figures, or more, and instead of spending their summers in the rock-ribbed mountains of Arizona, sought their amusements amid the vine-clad hills of Italy.

Youngsters who had started out in life fifteen years before as bank clerks, perched on high stools and wearing a pen behind each ear, had now developed into presidents, vice-presidents and cashiers. Conversely as these boys had gone up in position they had gone down in temperature. Where before they had greeted their friends warmly and had slipped them a dollar or two when occasion demanded, they now looked them coldly in the eye, made them feel as if ear-muffs and furlined gloves would add to their comfort, and unfeelingly demanded collateral for anything bigger than a five-spot.

The sudden rise in real estate also had its effect upon the business and social environment in which El Pasoans lived. Scions of old families whose forefathers had acquired real estate at a minimum of cost held on to it for a maximum of profit. Where land had in the past been measured by the acre it was now parsimoniously parceled out by the foot, providing benefits and luxuries for its owners which had not been dreamed of or contemplated by their parents.

But the heirs of the "old-timers" were not the only ones who reaped a golden harvest from the increasing value of corner lots. Many men who came here, as late as 1900, and embarked in the real estate business saw themselves growing rich, and, strangely enough, nearly all of these have taken unto themselves great credit for their astuteness and ability, and claim that they are entitled to much credit for having helped to make El Paso, when in reality El Paso has made them.

In other words, as El Paso began to acquire dignity and demand respect, its citizens began to acquire wealth and demand recognition; and, partly because it was demanded and partly because El Paso's location made it impossible for it to be overlooked, recognition came and the town acquired a nation-wide reputation.

For twenty years El Paso's greatest three publicity assets

have been the copper mines of Arizona, the irrigation possibilities of the Rio Grande valley, and the fact that the town is located at the natural gateway to Mexico.

But El Paso has one other asset which is bigger, better and worth more to it than all of the three mentioned combined. This is its climate; but as it has never been, up to the date of this writing, properly advertised, it has not had the bearing on the growth of the town that it might have had. It is true that hundreds, yes, thousands of the people who live here today, do so because either they themselves, or some member of their family, originally came in search of health. But where hundreds of health seekers have come here, thousands have gone to other places in the Southwest, passing our town by and ignoring our sunshine, merely because our citizens have failed to advertise the town's health-producing qualities with as much persistency and assiduity as they have advertised its wealth-producing ones.

Comparatively early in the industrial development of the Southwest, El Paso was recognized, because of its exceptional railroad facilities, as a logical point at which to erect a smelter. In 1892 the Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company built a small plant on the site now occupied by the Guggenheim smelter. This smelter drew its custom from Arizona, and from both old and New Mexico, and within a few years had increased the volume of business handled to such an extent that it became the largest custom smelter in the world. From the time that it "blew in" up to the present day it has treated all classes of ore, and in spite of business vicissitudes, Mexican revolutions, low prices of metal, and shut-downs in Arizona, it has operated almost continuously, always benefiting El Paso both through its payroll and the stimulus which it gives to the mining industry in its territory.

In Arizona, however, mining never reached its complete development until after the completion of the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad, and as the welfare of this road is intimately connected with that of El Paso, it is worth our while to cast a hurried glance over its history.

As far back as 1886, when El Paso had four railroads and was in its youthfully adolescent stage, it began to conceive the idea that it needed a fifth one. The fifth road which was then contemplated, and the building of which was very much agitated, was one to connect El Paso with the coal fields at White Oaks, New Mexico. "Cheap fuel" was the cry then even as it is today, and several endeavors were made to finance a company and build a road which could transport coal to El Paso at a minimum of cost. This road, which at a number of different times threatened to materialize, was known on paper as the White Oaks Railroad, and, in the minds of its projectors, it was to follow substantially the route now followed by the El Paso & Southwestern.

After two or three different organizations had almost, but not quite, succeeded in their plans, Mr. C. B. Eddy, who had successfully located and started the towns of Roswell and Hagerman, New Mexico—and had thereby made a considerable fortune—came to El Paso and interested himself in the White Oaks project.

The ideas of Mr. Eddy, however, were more comprehensive and had something more to them than those which had been fostered by the local promoters.

Mr. Eddy, who was possessed of that keen insight which enables some men to grasp the possibilities of an immense situation at a glance, conceived the plan of turning the White Oaks Railroad into a connecting link which would bring another great trunk line into El Paso. His idea, which was eventually carried out, was to build his road through to connect with

the Rock Island. Under the name of El Paso & Northeastern, work was begun in 1901, and progressed steadily until a junction was made with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific at Tucumcari, New Mexico. For the space of a few years trains were operated from Chicago to the Pacific coast via the combined tracks of these roads, and the Southern Pacific.

In the meantime, the Phelps-Dodge interests, of Boston, had acquired control of big copper properties in Arizona, but because of the fact that there was not competitive railroad service, they were not making the profits that they considered themselves justly entitled to. Under these conditions the dictates of good business demanded that they equip themselves with a road of their own which would free them from the oppressive tactics that the Southern Pacific had been practicing in Arizona for years.

When the El Paso & Northeastern had completed its connection with the Rock Island, and through trains were being operated to El Paso, the Phelps-Dodge people saw their opportunity. Paying a handsome profit to C. B. Eddy and his associates, they purchased the El Paso & Northeastern Railway and began the construction of a line paralleling that of the Southern Pacific west of El Paso to the great copper districts of Arizona. No sooner was this road completed and in operation than a new wave of substantial prosperity swept over the Southwest. Such towns as Douglas and Bisbee, which before had been nothing but mining camps, grew suddenly into prosperous cities; smelters for the local treatment of ores were erected, new mines which proved to be enormous producers were developed, and thousands of men were given employment.

As all of this happened within El Paso's acknowledged trade territory, it naturally tended to react favorably upon the wealth and prosperity of our town. Many of our citizens who

had accumulated moderate fortunes by hard work and application, and some who had secured them, as we have seen, by the favorable turn of the wheel of fortune, increased their wealth by investing a part of it in Arizona copper stocks. Personally, and in a business way, the citizens of El Paso, and the town itself, derived a direct benefit from what the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad had done for the Southwest. But this was not all. Once again El Paso's commanding geographical location won recognition for the town. The Phelps-Dodge Corporation, if we may say so without wounding the pride, and offending the dignity of El Paso's prominent citizens, took our city under its wing and decided to help us out.

As has already been noted, this corporation took over the old and unsatisfactory equipment of the Watts Water Company, remodeled it, changed the source of water supply from the river bed to the mesa, and then sold the plant back to the city on terms which the tax-payers were able to meet conveniently.

In conducting its business the El Paso & Southwestern maintains its general offices here and, to house them, has erected one of the largest, finest and most modern office buildings in the west. To every civic and business enterprise that has been launched in El Paso for the last ten years, which has for its purpose the betterment of the town, this company has given its whole-hearted, moral and financial support, and during this period has contributed more to the upbuilding of the town than any other single factor.

As we are writing this chapter conditions in the Southwest are, of course, undergoing a change. The towns in Arizona which have, up to within the past few years, looked upon El Paso as their trade center, as their parent city, are now beginning to grow into their independence. They do not look

to us, as formerly, for all things commercial, but they do continue to revere and respect us and they only assert their freedom because, in their own opinion, they are now big enough to maintain it.

All of these things working together,—increased wealth, combinations of business, personal advancement and enlarged social intercourse, naturally made men feel differently toward their fellows. Money distinguishes the man who possesses it from the man who does not. Consequently some of those of the classes we have already mentioned, along in these fat years of prosperity, began to feel the distinction. In their hearts they felt that they were entitled to practice an aloofness which, ten years before, they would not have dared even to think of. Just one decade has passed, but in that one decade what a change has come about!

Men who had been cow-punchers, hardware, grocery and bank clerks, and even some who had driven ice and butcher wagons and had patronized the back doors of the best families, had now arrived at the private office stage of their existence. When men get to this point in their business career, that is, when they get to the stage where they have to write their letters and sign their checks in private, they almost always seem to become obsessed with the thought that there is one other thing,—their drinking,—which must be indulged in far from the prying eyes and plebian association of the common herd.

At just about the time that the El Paso & Northeastern Railroad was completed, this change in the bibulous habits of El Paso's business men and bankers made itself apparent. Suddenly, and without warning, these men who had for years been in the habit of calling bar-tenders by their first names, and consummating many of their large deals with their foot on the rail, acquired a distaste for convivial publicity; and,

under the leadership of Mr. H. L. Newman, who was then conducting a private bank, Mr. Britton Davis, who represented large cattle and mining interests in Mexico, and Mr. J. Arthur Eddy, whose chief claim to distinction lay in the fact that he was the brother of C. B., organized the Toltec Club.

Some day, when time is not pressing, and we have acquired such a distaste for life as to render us regardless of consequences, we intend to write a full and complete history of the Toltec Club. In these pages, however, it would be unfitting for us to comment at length upon an organization for which we entertain so deep and undying an affection. From the very day that the founders of the Toltec eschewed the publicity of the bar-room and sought the privacy of the club, the organization has prospered unceasingly.

In a large and wholesome way the club has worked to promote clean social and business relations between men who are prominent in the business and social world. It has advocated and lent its support to those things which have been beneficial to the welfare of the city, and has always provided for the town a place in which visitors prominent in military, political or financial matters could be suitably entertained.

Prior to the adoption of the 18th amendment to the Constitution of the United States,—which amendment took all of the “kick” out of its hospitality,—the entertainments which the Toltec Club provided for distinguished visitors had a nationwide reputation. Prominent politicians and be-starred and be-ribboned officers of the army and navy who were guests of the club left our town carrying the word abroad that this was a live city, and that its citizens were worthy of the respect and consideration of the rest of the United States.

All of this was good for our town, both collaterally and di-

rectly, and we can vividly recall one banquet which left behind it beneficial effects that are still being enjoyed by El Paso.

This banquet was one that was given in the honor of a committee from the United States Senate, which had been sent out here by that august body to determine whether or not El Paso was as dry as it claimed to be, and to give its final sanction to the appropriations for the building of the Elephant Butte dam. This committee, which was composed of Senators Carter, Newlands, Jones and Warren, arrived in our town rather prejudiced against us, but they left it, after an evening spent with the Toltecs, singing its praises and ready to hand over to us the key to the United States Treasury.

The honorable gentlemen from Washington had found that on the night before El Paso was not a dry town, but that in the cold gray dawn of the morning after it was, and for the benefit of future generations they decided that an abundant supply of water was a necessary thing in order that the oversupply of other kinds of liquids might be counteracted.

It was the Toltec Club that put the finishing touch to the years of work which led up to the re-claiming of the Rio Grande valley which has added so much to the wealth of El Paso.

In another way also, a purely community way, the Toltec Club, from the very day of its founding, did much for the city. The club was organized at a time when, although gambling had been abolished, the saloons still flourished in all of their pristine strength and glory. The young business men of the town, upon whom the city's future growth and development depended, were forming bar-room habits and acquiring a taste for improper association when the Toltec Club came to their rescue. In the second year of its life the club invited a large number of substantial young men to become members,

and, as this invitation was generally accepted, the club-rooms at once became the gathering place of the most virile and the best brains in El Paso.

And although the Toltec Club has never interested itself in politics in any way, and has only indirectly identified itself with the commercial activity of El Paso, it has, through the medium of clean sociability, been of an incalculable benefit to the city.

Within a year or two after the establishment of the Toltec, El Pasoans found, however, that one club was not enough to satisfy their needs and ambitions. While men were punching cows, hammering drills or driving grocery wagons they had not felt the need of any additional exercise. But, with these days behind them, and a sedentary future, with an undue accumulation of unnecessary fat, staring them in the face, the financial magnates of the town decided upon a country club.

Waters Davis, who in years gone by, when he had been the star first baseman of the Southwest, exemplified Bulwer-Lytton's description of an individual of manly thinness, had acquired a plethoric heaviness which weighed upon him and tortured his soul. The strenuousness of his baseball days was far behind him, but the elusiveness of the golf ball appealed to him as an outlet for his unspent energies, and calling around him a few others whose increasing bank accounts were causing them to have atrophy of the muscles, he organized a country club.

The Country Club, as the Toltec Club had been, was successful from the start. Immediately after the idea had been born in the brains of the older men, the indefatigable energies of a few younger ones, such as Eugene Neff, C. A. Beers, Van C. Wilson, J. F. Williams and the writer, were enlisted in the cause, and upon these latter devolved the work of raising money and building a club house.

The first club building was a remodeled, one-room school house located just west of Washington Park. The golf links extended from what is now Alameda avenue down to the river, and daily the wonder of the Mexican residents in that vicinity increased as they saw substantial and portly gentlemen wildly and maliciously chasing inoffensive little red and white balls in and out of the mesquite brush that lined the course.

In its way the Country Club did as much for El Paso as the Toltec had done. It provided an outlet for the physical energy of El Paso's citizens, both men and women, and gave such an impetus to social life as it had never had before. Within the short period of a year and a half the club had outgrown its original home, and, as quite a cash surplus had been accumulated, was able to build an expensive club house northeast of town, on the edge of the Fort Bliss military reservation. Here society dined and danced, golfed, bowled and played tennis until 1918. In that year the membership decided, by a majority of one vote, that it had outgrown modest things and must needs indulge in luxurious ones. Accordingly a new location, eight miles west of the city, donated by Zach White, was accepted and the present magnificent building, costing approximately, with its equipment, \$300,000, was erected, and is today the pride and glory of El Paso.

Like El Paso, the El Paso Country Club has grown from nothing at all into a wonderful institution.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EL PASO AND MEXICO.

IN ALL the references we have heretofore made to Mexico, we have spoken of the country in a local sense and only in connection with El Paso's local existence. But several times in her history, and under several different sets of circumstances, the fact that this city is located on the border has brought it into national prominence. Prior to the time that the railroads came into the town, and by so doing civilized and tamed our citizens, the Rio Grande was more of an obstacle to traffic than it was an international boundary line. Men crossed freely from one side of the river to the other without having to go through the pain of being photographed, and the formality of having their passports vised. Within their respective territories the American and the Mexican governments exercised authority over their own citizens, but paid little attention to the behavior of visitors from abroad, and made no efforts at all to comply with extradition demands.

While such conditions existed no questions ever arose as to the rights of American citizens in Mexico, or of Mexican citizens in the United States. Going in either direction the traveler from one country to the other did so at his own risk, and if he managed to get into trouble the only remedy that he had was to get out of it the best way he could.

The incidents of the Salt War, bloody though they were, and though they led to the establishment here of a permanent military post, gave rise to no international misunderstanding. But after 1881 when some dignity began to be attached to American citizenship, international relations took on a different aspect.

Later, in 1886, when an American by the name of A. K. Cutting, who published a small newspaper in Paso del Norte, got into a difficulty with the Mexican authorities, almost the entire machinery of the United States government was set in motion to get him out of jail. Cutting's offense was a trivial one. All that he did was to express his opinion of a certain Mexican official, and his sole mistake lay in the fact that he did it in print instead of by word of mouth. For this alleged violation of the law Cutting was thrown into prison and refused bail. His friends on this side of the river applied to the State Department at Washington, asking that it use its power to secure Cutting's release. This the State Department agreed to try to do, but as its movements were in those days, even as they are now, hampered by much dignity and endless red tape, its efforts in behalf of Cutting were slow in producing results.

In the meantime feeling on both sides of the river was running high, and on the days when El Paso failed to threaten to invade Paso del Norte, Paso del Norte threatened to invade El Paso, and vice versa.

Finally, after several months of unfriendliness had been lived through, and a good deal of reciprocal bad language had been fired back and forth across the Rio Grande, Mr. Cutting was released. He had suffered much, but El Paso as a town had derived quite a benefit. The place had become the scene of an international dispute, and the advertising it had received throughout the United States brought the place into a good deal of prominence.

After this, when extradition laws began to be enforced, our city, because of the great number of natural and inherent malefactors that were in our midst, frequently received an amount of free advertising which kept the people of the United States continually advised of the fact that the town was here, and

that across the river from it lay a country which was commonly believed to be one of lawlessness and license.

It was because of the fact that these last named unwholesome qualities were wrongfully attributed to our neighbors that El Paso attained its first inglorious prominence in the sporting world. It so happened that just at that time, when Robert J. Fitzsimmons was at the height of his glory as heavy-weight champion of the world, a wave of morality swept over the United States, and, figuratively speaking, the poor boxer could not find a place whereon to lay his head. Nowhere, not even in the unregenerate state of California—which state had not yet recovered from the blow administered to it when Fitzsimmons downed its “native son”—could a place be found where the people were willing to allow such a barbarous thing as a prize fight to be pulled off. Under these circumstances El Paso at once became the centre toward which the eyes of the sporting world cast longing glances. “Down there,” said the sporting fraternity, “anything goes.” And down here they came in vast numbers, fully determined that in our sister city across the river they would stage a combat between Peter Maher and Robert Fitzsimmons.

The amount of advertising that El Paso received on this occasion was enormous—and it didn’t cost \$150,000 either—but the thing advertised was never allowed to take place. Either because morality is contagious and Mexico had become infected with it, or else because her righteous indignation was aroused at the reputation she was acquiring, she arose upon her dignity and said that if the gladiators could not fight on this side of the river, neither could they fight on the other side.

After El Paso had received three months of glaring and notorious publicity, and had entertained all the celebrities of the fistic world, the affair blew up and was terminated in

fifty-eight seconds in an improvised arena near Langtry, Texas.

The next occasion upon which our proximity to the border resulted beneficially to us, from a publicity point of view, was when Presidents Taft and Diaz met here and in the city across the river.

Some years before, the name of Paso del Norte had been changed to Juarez; this latter name being given to the town in honor of the great Liberator, who for a few days had maintained his seat of government there.

The Taft-Diaz meeting referred to had no other purpose than the very laudable one of allowing the two great executives to express to one another, in behalf of the people they represented, the mutual, amicable feeling which they entertained. The meeting was one of purely formal friendship, which had no bearing on international relations whatever, but which had for El Paso an even more beneficial result than the meeting of Robert Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher had had. This meeting took place in 1909. After the two Presidents had departed, the secret service men had taken their leave, the military forces been withdrawn from the town, the bunting torn down and the brass bands silenced, El Paso re-awoke to an increased idea of her own importance.

In her own eyes she was the threshold over which a vast wave of international, friendly and commercial intercourse was about to travel, and had it not been for an unforeseen circumstance, these dreams would probably have been realized.

Happenings that are apparently insignificant sometimes produce stupendous results. For instance: Pancho Villa might never have become a head-liner in the news columns; Alvaro Obregon might still be raising *garbanzas* in obscurity on the west coast of Mexico; the town of Columbus might never have been raided; Pershing might never have invaded

the sacred soil of our sister republic; a twenty-one volume report on Mexican conditions might never have been written; and Woodrow Wilson might never have been able to tell the American people that he "kept us out of war", if an industrious industrial chemist had not gone down into the state of Coahuila, in northern Mexico, and discovered that rubber could be extracted from a weed which grows wild all over that state, and which is commonly known as "*guayule*."

In other words, if rubber had not come to the financial rescue of the Maderos, who were the residue of a very ancient and aristocratic, but a very land-poor family, it is entirely probable that the Mexican Revolution would have died in its cradle because of the family's lack of enough funds to buy it a nursing bottle.

Along in 1907 and 1908 there was a small man with black whiskers who used to stand on a soap box on obscure street corners in Mexico City and preach a strange doctrine. In fact, he preached two doctrines which were entirely opposed to each other. Night after night this man, who was a vegetarian, would tell his ragged and indifferent listeners that although it was wrong to shed the blood of beasts in order to procure food, that it was eminently right and righteous for them to go forth and slay their fellow man in order to reform a government.

This little black-whiskered individual was Francisco Madero, and so long as he was a soap-box orator he was nothing but a soap-box orator, and nobody paid any attention to him. He wasn't getting anywhere at all with his advice to the people that they quit slaying cattle and go to slaying each other. But in the meantime, up in his native state where the rest of his family was living in highly aristocratic poverty, something was going on.

A goggle-eyed chemist was snooping around over the mil-

lions of acres of worthless, sandy land which the Maderos had grudgingly accepted as an inheritance from their ancestors—and on which they paid no taxes—and this goggled-eyed gentleman suddenly electrified the family one morning by announcing to them that they were worth millions. They were, too! Their barren acres soon began to yield a rubber production that put them up in the class of plutocrats, and the very first thing that Francisco, the black-whiskered dreamer did, when he began to get dividends, was to get down off his soap-box and start in in a practical way to make his dreams come true.

What he had been unable to accomplish with a questionable brand of oratory, he had no trouble at all in accomplishing with hard cash. It was a striking example of how money talks.

By 1911 he had recruited an alleged army of about 2,500 ragged and refractory followers; had attracted to his cause such brilliant military men as Gen. B. J. Viljoen of South African fame, Garibaldi, a descendant of the great Italian Liberator, and Pascual Orozco, champion mule-packer of the state of Chihuahua.

With this brilliant aggregation straggling along behind him, Madero marched up to within a few miles of Juarez, pitched his camp on the Mexican side of the river, opposite the smelting works, and established a new capital for the Republic of Mexico in a little one-room adobe close to the international boundary line.

Before reaching the border, however, he had had several encounters with Federal troops, one of which occurred at Bauche, about sixteen miles below Juarez, on the Mexico Northwestern railroad, which battle was largely attended and hugely enjoyed by a good many El Pasoans. In this fight, which was in reality nothing more than a skirmish, Madero's

troops, under the command of Pascual Orozco, were unsuccessful in their endeavor to prevent General Rabago, with several hundred *Federalistas*, from entering Juarez and garrisoning the city.

This failure of Orozco's made it appear desirable for Madero's main command to delay their attack on the city, and so for days he and his men lay in camp, while numerous notes between the revolutionary chief and the commander of the Juarez garrison were being exchanged.

In this history it is not our intention to try to detail or discuss the causes or the events of the Mexican Revolution in general. All that interests us in regard to it is a recital relating to the things which transpired at our door; the effect that they had upon El Paso, and the part that El Pasoans took therein.

It was in May, 1911, just a little more than a year after our citizens had extended their hands in cordial friendship to Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, that Francisco Madero, revolutionist and vegetarian pretender, appeared in our midst, so to speak, and began to solicit our aid and our comfort.

Forgetful entirely of the fact that only a few months before the Grand Old Man of Mexico, the man who has been characterized by Tolstoi as the greatest ruler of the nineteenth century, had been their guest and had left them carrying with him assurances of their friendship and esteem, a great many of the citizens of El Paso now took to their bosom a small man of idealistic fancies and encouraged and abetted him in the plan that he had formed for the overthrow of the Mexican government.

Why did they do this; why did they desert the man who had been their friend, the friend of the United States and the friend of Americans in Mexico? Was it because their admiration for Porfirio Diaz had grown less? Was it because

they felt that the success of Madero was certain? No, it was for none of these reasons that numbers of our citizens gave their support to the Madero revolution.

The same motives that had prompted them years before to forget business and go in droves to watch Robert Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher train for their championship battle now urged the thoughtless element to sic Madero on in the conflict. All that this element, which yielded to natural passions, wanted to see was a fight. Everything else that had happened to them before in their municipal life was as nothing compared to the present opportunity. They forgot their own commercial interests; they forgot the welfare of the Mexican people; they forgot their sister city across the river, with whom they had no quarrel, and day and night they watched and waited, hoping, almost praying, for a battle to begin.

But although this was true in regard to the majority of El Paso citizens, it was not true in regard to the clear-thinking and level-headed minority. There were some men in El Paso, but not many, who would not allow themselves to be carried away by the general excitement, and who were far-seeing enough to realize that Mexico was standing upon the threshold of a national calamity.

These men, foremost among whom was Felix Martinez, did what they could to prevent an attack upon the city of Juarez. They promoted one or two peace conferences between representatives of the Federal government of Mexico and representatives of Francisco Madero, but these conferences resulted in nothing.

Madero's demand was that the city of Juarez, with all that it contained, be surrendered to him and, even resisting the entreaties of his father, who seemed to foresee a bloody tragedy, and who begged him to retire from the field and abandon the cause of the revolution, Madero persisted in this demand.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF JUAREZ, MEXICO, 1923

General Navarro, commander of the Juarez garrison, refused to surrender the city, and the efforts of El Paso's few peacemakers were thus rendered futile.

After the failure of the peace negotiations, Francisco Madero, like the manager of a good advertising campaign, postponed definite action until war correspondents from all over the United States could arrive on the scene to report his activities, thereby raising hopes of peace in the hearts of a few El Pasoans, but only whetting, by this delay, the belligerent enthusiasm of the majority.

And then, when all was ready, when the stage was all set for action, and when not only El Paso, but all the rest of the world, was waiting breathlessly for a battle to begin, Francisco Madero suddenly developed a case of cold feet, and ordered his army to withdraw from the environs of the city of Juarez and march south.

When the word went abroad that there was to be no fight, a great sigh of disappointment arose from the public press, and Madero, who the day before had been looked upon as the principal actor in a great drama, was now about to be universally characterized as a four-flusher and a quitter. But the disappointment was only temporary. Under arms in Madero's camp there were a few adventurous souls, whose names are unknown to history, who were not inclined to pack up and leave the neighborhood of Juarez without taking at least one parting shot at that city. Disregarding the commands of their leader, these men climbed to a hill-top and fired a volley at one of the Juarez outposts.

Immediately the war was on. Everything in the nature of skirmishes or battles that had happened theretofore was as nothing compared to what now took place. Misguided El Pasoans had their expressed desires fully satisfied and the trouble which started on that day, more than twelve years be-

fore, was not officially ended until August 31, 1923, when the United States officially recognized the new government of Mexico, with Alvaro Obregon, as president, at its head. The first battle of Juarez, begun in defiance of Madero's commands, started about 9:30 on the morning of May 8, 1911, and continued until late in the afternoon of the 10th, when the city surrendered to the revolutionists.

During these three days El Paso was once again in the world's limelight, and many El Pasoans were so intoxicated with false enthusiasm that they neither ate, drank nor slept. Day and night they lined the river banks and crowded the bridge-heads, seemingly heedless of the danger of stray bullets in the insatiable desire that they manifested to witness the conflict.

How all this could be; how many of El Paso's citizens could watch with morbid pleasure while its sister city was being torn and mutilated, and why any El Pasoans at all should have desired the overthrow of a stable and efficient government are speculative questions to which we have no answers. But we are certain that we have correctly depicted El Paso's attitude. We think that most of the citizens of the town for once in their lives forgot their own interests, and for the love of excitement espoused and encouraged the wrong cause.

For several days prior to the actual beginning of the battle, Madero's leaders and many of his men, among the latter quite a number of American adventurers, thronged the streets of El Paso, and were constantly urged by a certain class of local citizens to start something. Had El Paso been cold and distant toward Madero and his followers; had the city as a whole encouraged peace instead of war, and, above all things, had all El Pasoans only remembered the events of the Taft-Diaz meeting and allowed themselves to be guided by those

memories, it might have been that the bloody happenings of twelve long years would have been averted. American encouragement was what the revolutionists needed, and from a certain element it was exactly what they received here in El Paso.

To this extent and to this extent only do we think that El Paso is to blame for the tragedy of Mexico. Only a few of its citizens were gifted with foresight sufficient to enable them to see what partisan actions might lead to, but in the years that have passed since 1911 many have undoubtedly regretted that, out of the sheer love of excitement, they encouraged Francisco Madero to pursue a course which cost him his life, which has cost them and their city many thousands of dollars, and our nation hundreds of lives.

When the last shot in the battle of Juarez had been fired, a new era, which some El Pasoans had helped to inaugurate, dawned upon Mexico. Apparently jubilant over the success which their new hero had had thrust upon him, against his express command, many El Pasoans attended Madero's inaugural ball, and in the same room in which they had drunk the health of President Diaz they toasted his unfortunate successor. Champagne flowed like water, and Eduardo Hay, an American officer in Madero's army, divided honors with the new president himself when he appeared in the ballroom wearing a patch over one eye to cover a wound he had received in the conflict. The new president himself was gratefully cordial to all Americans. He had reason to be, and when he left the border and went south to take up the heavy burden of his duties he carried with him the sympathetic support and good wishes of the majority of El Paso's unseeing citizens.

From this time on, during all the vicissitudes of the years that followed, El Paso occupied more or less of a prominent place in the gaze of the public. Business in the town was

now depressed and now stimulated, in proportion to the nearness or the remoteness of the battles that took place; the control of the city of Juarez passed back and forth from the hands of one government to those of another with amazing frequency; Francisco Madero was assassinated, while his brother Gustavo decamped with the treasury; President Wilson refused to accord recognition to Mexico because Huerta's hands were stained with blood; American war-ships were ordered into the port of Vera Cruz and ordered out again; William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, insulted a delegation of El Paso's prominent citizens who went to Washington to offer their services to the government in its effort to untangle the Mexican difficulty; John Lind, from the arctic regions of Minnesota, went down into the tropics of Mexico as President Wilson's representative, for the purpose of giving his chief expert advice in regard to a subject that he knew nothing about; Mexico insulted the American flag and refused to apologise; the United States patrolled its own border with its own troops, but abjectly expressed its regret to Mexico for doing so; bullets that came from south of the Rio Grande were replied to with notes from Washington, and then—omitting much detail—Pancho Villa appeared upon the stage and gave real life and action to the drama.

Battling his way up from the bloody obscurity of a mountain bandit to the rank of a general in the Mexican army, Villa, immediately after his appearance on the border, attained for himself great international notoriety. One success after another crowned his efforts. At the battle of Ojinaga, in January, 1914, he drove a force of several thousand "red-flags" under Salazar and Orozco across into the United States—thereby giving the United States a large number of people to feed and clothe; he captured Juarez, declared himself as independently in control of all of northern Mexico, and

semi-officially had his claims recognized by the government of the United States.

He met and consulted with Gen. Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff of the United States army; he received and advised with George Carrothers, personal representative of President Wilson, appointed for that purpose; he operated the railroads in northern Mexico, collected import and export duties, derived large revenues from the licensing of gambling halls and houses of ill fame in Juarez, taxed the people almost to the breaking point, and generally conducted himself in such a way as to cause a large number of men to respect him, none to admire him, and all to fear him.

For about a year Villa reigned supreme along this section of the border, and in all fairness it must be said that except for the fact that he allowed the city of Juarez to become a perfect hell-hole of iniquity, and that he unjustly levied tribute upon Americans doing business in Mexico, he was a good administrator and gave his people a period of peace.

But down in the southern part of the republic matters were turning against him, and the strength of Carranza was growing. Late in 1915, Villa, at the head of his army, took up his march toward the capital, strong in the belief that he could overcome his rival and become acclaimed either president or dictator of Mexico. When he started on this expedition he did so thinking and believing that he had behind him the moral support of the government of the United States. He met the Carranza forces, was decisively defeated, and awoke the morning after to find himself a veritable fugitive, for whom there was no refuge save in the mountain fastnesses of his native state.

As soon as news of Villa's defeat reached Washington, the United States government, with a promptness that has seldom characterized its movements, withdrew its allegiance from the

former bandit chief and hastily espoused the cause of Venustiano Carranza.

Very naturally, and as was to be expected from a man of his intense disposition, Pancho Villa at once expressed his resentment against the government of the United States, and started in upon a new career of banditry in which Americans and American enterprises were made the chief objects of his hatred and rapacity. Using as much energy to disturb the peace south of the border as he had expended before in maintaining it, he now kept the northern parts of the states of Chihuahua and Sonora in a perpetual condition of turmoil and uncertainty.

Every effort made by Carranza's troops to capture Villa and his men proved to be fruitless. The bandit knew every trail and path through the mountains; the people were either more in sympathy with him or had more fear of him than they had of the then existing government, and for this reason he carried on his operations with apparent immunity.

As a consequence of this condition, American activities in northern Mexico came to a standstill, mines were shut down, smelters closed, cattle ranges abandoned and lumbering operations stopped.

With this part of the country plucked as bare as a whitened bone, Villa was forced to cease his depredations. For a time he transferred his activities to the regions south of his stronghold, and thereby caused the people who had interests north of him to entertain a false sense of security.

For several months everything had been quiet and peaceful in the districts directly south of El Paso and west of Chihuahua. In this region several extensive mining properties are located, and because there had been no raids made through that territory for several months a party of American mining men, believing it would be safe to do so, planned to go into

the district and reopen the mines. Before starting, however, they took the matter up with the State Department in Washington, asking for advice in the premises, and were told that Mexico was quiet and that it would be safe for them to undertake the enterprise.

On January 10, 1916, this party, which consisted of nineteen mining men, most of whom were engineers, after having safely reached Chihuahua, left that city for the mines at Cusi-huiriachic. When the train was only a few hours out of Chihuahua, at Santa Ysabel, it was stopped by a band of armed men who went through the coaches ordering every American to stand up. There were no Americans on the train except the nineteen men from El Paso, and as each one of these rose to his feet he was forced to leave the train and take a position by the side of one of the coaches. After all nineteen had been made to descend from the train and were standing in line, they were fired upon by the Mexicans, and all of them except one almost instantly killed. One man, after the first volley, being only slightly wounded, rolled down the side of the railroad embankment and made his escape by crawling away into the brush.

The train moved on, leaving the bodies of the Americans at the mercy of their slayers, who stripped them and frightfully mutilated the corpses.

The one American who had escaped managed to carry word of what had happened into Chihuahua. A special train was sent out to bring in the bodies of the slain Americans, and when news of the affair reached El Paso, which it did the following day, the town went wild with excitement. At first the rage of the people expressed itself only in a sullen, uncomprehending horror. They could not realize what had happened, but on the following evening, when the mutilated bodies of the murdered men were brought into the city, it became neces-

sary to put the town under martial law, and a dead line, north of which no Mexican, and south of which no American could pass, was established along Overland street.

But while El Paso and all of its citizens, both Americans and Mexicans, were laboring under an immense strain of excitement and uncertainty, the final chapter in a former phase of the Mexican Revolution was being written here in our city.

Victoriano Huerta, the man President Wilson had refused to recognize as president of Mexico because he was said to have instigated the assassination of Madero, had been a prisoner under the surveillance of our military authorities for several months. Ever since his capture he had been ill, part of the time under guard at his home and the remainder of it under guard in a local hospital.

On the night that El Paso was put under martial law, and while our citizens were straining against the leash the military authority put upon them, the soul of Victoriano Huerta passed into eternity. From all that we have ever heard of Huerta, he was a man of strong character and great ability. In his political career, though, a personal judgment had been passed upon him by Woodrow Wilson, and largely because of that judgment he was at the time of his death a fugitive from his native land and a prisoner in the hands of the United States government.

The news of Huerta's death, however, created not even a ripple in El Paso. The minds of her citizens were too full of thoughts of their slain countrymen to take note even of the passing away of so prominent a man as Huerta.

But within a short time reason was made to prevail. Since that day in 1911, when El Paso had witnessed the first battle, the town had seen enough of horror and bloodshed, and therefore after a few hours of excitement all danger of a riot was over, and the people satisfied themselves by holding a mass

meeting and adopting resolutions which were forwarded to the President and the Secretary of State of the United States.

In these resolutions the circumstances of the massacre were set forth, the feelings entertained by the people along the border were made clear, and it was requested that justice and reparation be at once demanded from the Mexican government. Anxiously the people of El Paso waited for a reply to come from their Chief Executive and his Secretary of State, but when it arrived it was far from satisfactory. Practically all that it said was that no action would be taken until President Carranza had been heard from, and even then, after Carranza had been heard from, nothing was done.

The Mexican president merely disavowed the charge that either he personally or anyone connected with his government had had anything to do with the slaughter of the eighteen Americans. In his reply, however, he promised, with all the fluency and the strength that the Spanish language is capable of that he would run the murderers to earth and punish them as they justly deserved.

A short time later, in compliance with this high-minded promise, one lone Mexican who, upon doubtful authority, was said to have been present at the massacre, and who was a cripple and had to support himself upon crutches during the ceremony, was executed. After this man's execution the United States government was informed, in a very courteously worded note, that its demands had been graciously complied with and, so far as we know, this is all the reparation that was ever made or was ever asked for the killing of eighteen Americans.

Whether Pancho Villa was present at the massacre of these eighteen Americans, or was even personally responsible for it, is something that will never be definitely known. The bandit, however, was given credit for it, and because it was feared

that he would attempt to raid some of the towns on the American side of the line, a good many of these towns were garrisoned and the strength of the border patrol largely increased. But this excessive military activity seems to have amused rather than to have intimidated Pancho Villa. Whenever the opportunity presented itself he mistreated American women, killed American men and seized American property, apparently imbued with the thought that there was no end to the patience of the United States, and that under no circumstances would it protect its citizens.

Acting under this assumption, and with an effrontery that is without parallel, even in the history of bandit warfare, Villa finally committed an act which brought his name out in glaring headlines and gave him as much publicity as the Kaiser and General Foch were receiving at the time.

On the morning of March 9, 1916, at the head of about two hundred of his men, Villa crossed the international boundary line, raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico, burnt many of its buildings, looted most of its stores, killed some of its citizens, and after a sharp skirmish with the United States troops who were stationed in the town, beat a successful retreat into Mexico.

The following morning when the people of the United States received the news of the raid they suddenly realized that a condition, which had existed for five years, and to which they had paid little attention, had suddenly developed a crisis which was serious.

From Maine to California a cry went up that the administration do something to maintain the honor and the dignity of the nation, and that Pancho Villa and his followers, who had violated the sanctity of our soil and had murdered our citizens on their own thresholds, be captured and brought to justice.

We are thankful that at this juncture the scene of American military activities was so far removed from El Paso as to make it unnecessary for us to go into detail in regard to them. Neither our city nor any of our citizens had anything to do with sending the punitive expedition into Mexico, and we gratefully record this as a fact, because in our opinion, if there ever was a poorly planned, extravagantly carried out, and wholly unsuccessful military movement undertaken anywhere, we think that this was the one. The blame for it, however, cannot be placed upon the commander of the United States forces, or even upon the war department itself. Diplomatic relations had to be maintained during the time that our soldiers were marching back and forth across the sacred soil of our southern neighbor, and for that reason the conduct of the affair was in the hands of our statesmen and not the hands of our warriors.

Eventualities, though, might have occurred which would have changed a peaceful invasion into a warlike act, and, in order that the country be not unprepared for trouble, the National Guard of the United States was mobilized and sent down to the border.

Within a short time after General Pershing had crossed the Mexican line at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men whose object was to capture Pancho Villa, who had two hundred and ten, El Paso became hostess to some forty odd thousand militiamen from all parts of the United States.

If El Paso at any time during the twelve years that the Mexican troubles have endured has ever gained any benefit from them she did so when she was the mobilization centre for an anticipated difficulty.

Never before or since in the history of our town have our streets been thronged with as many people, the stores of our merchants as crowded with customers, or the society girls of

our city as lavishly entertained as they were during these few months of the year 1916. The prosperity of the town, however, and the social activity were short lived.

The tenseness of the international situation between the United States and Mexico relaxed as the world in general began to see the humor of it; the National Guardsmen were ordered back to their home states, and General Pershing, after having pursued Pancho Villa for almost a year, with about as much chance of capturing him as we would have had of capturing a sparrowhawk, came back into the United States; crossing the line at Columbus on the very day that our government declared war with Germany.

The United States now having a larger contract on its hands than that of destroying a lone bandit, Pancho Villa emerged from his secluded mountain resort and resumed his activities, while El Paso once again dropped back into an attitude of "watchful waiting" in regard to the Mexican situation.

During the period of the world war the activities of Pancho Villa were so over-shadowed by those of an even greater criminal, the German Kaiser, that neither El Pasoans nor anyone else paid a great deal of attention to him. But he was busy all the time and for two years made himself a source of continual annoyance to the Mexican government. Within these two years he formed an alliance with Felipe Angeles and espoused his cause in his efforts to gather a following strong enough to enable him to overthrow Carranza.

Once again Villa, in giving his support to Angeles, picked the state of Chihuahua bare of practically every resource that it possessed. He was uniformly successful in eluding all efforts made by Carranza's leaders to capture him, and finally on June 14, 1919, he appeared in the outskirts of Juarez at the head of about fifteen hundred men and demanded the

surrender of the town. This demand, of course, was only a formal one made for the purpose of lending a civilized aspect to Mexican warfare. The Carranza general in command in Juarez refused to turn over the keys of the city, and Villa and his men thereupon proceeded to take the town by force. Their initial entry was not attended with any large sanguinary results, and in a few hours Villa's men were drinking heavily in all the saloons, and carousing at will with the girls on *Calle Diavalo* and in the resorts of the town. Whether Villa was allowed to enter the town unopposed, as a strategic move, or whether the results were merely accidental we do not know. But it is a fact that between the hours of midnight and daybreak most of his men were in such a glorious state of intoxication that when the Carranza general rallied his forces and undertook to drive them from the city he had little trouble in doing so. A large number of Villistas were killed in the streets of the town and on the road leading to the race track, where a stand was made and where the pursuit ceased.

On this side of the river, in El Paso and at Fort Bliss, there was great excitement. It was generally known both by the citizens and by the military authorities that the man who had raided Columbus, who was supposed to be responsible for the Santa Ysabel massacre, and who had turned a serious effort on the part of the military forces of the United States into a most costly and colossal joke, was once again battling upon our threshold within easy rifle shot of our soldiers.

On the day after Villa's retirement to the race track he re-formed his men and prepared to make another assault on the city of Juarez. At this juncture, and so far as we know, without any warning to anybody, the United States army interfered, and several troops of cavalry crossed the river, while batteries of field artillery were mounted on the American side of the Rio Grande a few miles east of El Paso.

When the United States cavalymen appeared coming from the west, and when an American "seventy-five," fired from the north, pierced the water tank at the Juarez race track, Pancho Villa thought that at last the time had come for him to quit fooling with the American government. Probably acting upon the supposition that men who had seen two years of war in Europe were not like the men who had formerly annoyed him, Villa decamped in haste from the Juarez race track, and not being pursued was able to effect a successful escape.

The American troops returned to the American side of the river, Juarez was saved and the incident was closed.

Not because it has any real place in these pages, but merely because it is incidental to the life of a man who gave our city a great deal of trouble, and cost our government a great deal of money, we will say that this encounter with the American troops in Juarez was the beginning of the downfall of Pancho Villa as a bandit. He lost prestige with his men, and had bitter quarrels with several of his leaders. He was never, after this, sufficiently strong to undertake any extensive military operation, but he was able, after the death of Carranza, to patch up a treaty with Obregon whereby he became the owner of a ranch as large as the state of Rhode Island, upon which he established himself like a monarch and ruled over his territory practically independent of the Mexican government. Within the month preceding the writing of these pages Villa was ambushed and assassinated in the outskirts of the city of Parral, and the causes which led to his assassination, like many of the events which characterized his life, are shrouded in mystery.

With the rise and fall of Venustiano Carranza; with the rise of Alvaro Obregon, and with the later activities and final passing out of Pancho Villa, El Paso had nothing to do. But,

through all the long period that has intervened from 1911 up to the present year of 1923, the conditions which have existed south of the border have had a most depressing effect upon practically all lines of business in El Paso. Our banks, smelter, mercantile houses and manufacturing industries have all suffered heavy losses due to the shutdowns in Mexico which have taken place in all lines of business.

During twelve years El Paso has, in a sense, endured almost as many hardships as she would have had to endure had she been south of the line. Many of her citizens whose interests were in Mexico, and who were prospering, have had their holdings wrested from their possession, or have seen their industries wrecked until they, themselves, have become bankrupts; many others whose prospects for the future were bright have seen those prospects disappear, and yet others are still mourning over the death of friends or relatives who were wantonly and unnecessarily murdered.

Fortunately the deplorable condition which has existed in Mexico for so long a time has come to an end. The amicable relations which formerly existed between Mexico and the United States have been restored and our government, having recognized the government of Alvaro Obregon, it is now only a question of months until Mexico will resume her old place in the family of nations. When this is done, El Paso and El Pasoans will reap the reward to which they are justly entitled for the patience and forbearance which they have displayed during the past twelve years.

Except for the single instance in the beginning, when many of El Paso's citizens allowed their excitement to overcome their judgment, the great majority of them have exercised an amount of discretion in the face of many trying and difficult situations which should have won for them, but which unfortunately has not, a large amount of national consideration.

We think that it is our duty to say that administrative references which have been made to El Pasoans in regard to the Mexican situation, in which they have been called "meddlers" and "prevaricators" and have been told that an intellectual Washington could handle the affair without their assistance, have been entirely unjustified and uncalled for.

All the way through El Pasoans have done their duty. They have called the attention of various administrations to the mistakes that they thought were being made. For doing this, and for doing it honestly and without any ulterior motives, they have been rebuked and repulsed; but today as the situation has developed and now that a solution of its difficult phases has been reached, the judgment which El Pasoans have had in the matter is fully justified. The United States government in according recognition to Mexico has finally done just what El Pasoans would have had it do during the first six months of the first Wilson administration; that is, offer Mexico a square deal and in clear and unequivocal language demand one of her.

CHAPTER XIX.

EL PASO DURING THE WORLD WAR.

ON the very day that Gen. John J. Pershing, at the head of 15,000 war-worn veterans, crossed the line back into the United States, after having pursued the elusive Pancho Villa for almost a year, word reached El Paso that this government had declared war against Germany.

Instantly such petty things as Mexican bandits, and such material things as the acquisition of personal wealth and political preferment were forgotten, and every man, woman and child in the town turned in and did his or her best to help the nation out in its strife.

During its life-time El Paso had had its destiny shaped for it and its future determined in four different wars. In none of these, however, as we have already seen, had the town as a community, been involved. Up to 1917, the nearest that El Paso had ever come to actually participating in a war had been during the years of the Mexican trouble, when it had had to stand peaceably by and receive the overflow from the fratricidal strife that was going on south of the Rio Grande.

With a good deal of amused interest, mixed with an attitude of patient forbearance which they felt for two misguided governments, El Paso's citizens had for several years been watching the war that was being carried on at their very door-step.

During these years they had learned something; they knew more about what war is, and what its realities and horrors consist of, than most of the people of the United States. And for that reason they responded to the call of arms with a greater alacrity.

Working under the leadership of men who were too old, but not too proud to fight, El Paso's commercial interests, its newspapers, its banks, its business men, its women and its children massed themselves to take their part in the struggle.

The young men, of course, went to war, and to the glory of this town it can be said that the exemption board had very few cases to pass upon in which it was evident that the individuals claiming exemption were endeavoring to shirk their obligation. In this respect El Paso's young men made a most enviable record for themselves, and the action of some of the older ones, upon whom no legal duty rested, and who could never have been drafted, is equally praiseworthy.

Among these latter there are two whose names stand out with striking prominence. These are Maj. R. F. Burges and Col. Herbert E. Stevenson. And in the years to come we think that it is to them that El Paso must point as having been the men who most conspicuously represented the city upon the battle fields of Europe. In saying this we are not endeavoring to draw any comparison, or cast any reflection upon either the home or the over-seas service of any other El Pasoan. So far as we know, every man from El Paso who donned the uniform of his country conducted himself honorably, and, in our eyes, every one of them came back a hero.

But the thought that we are trying to give expression to is this: That although there may be—and doubtless are—other men who could have done as well, there are not, even in the entire category of El Paso's citizenship, any who could have better represented our town in its spirit and in its fidelity to the national cause than Richard Burges and Herbert Stevenson.

We may judge that this is so by trying to picture in our minds what the loss of either of them would have meant to the community, and just in proportion to what that loss would

have been, did El Paso gain by having them voluntarily enter the army.

These two men, one of them a lawyer and the other a physician and surgeon, abandoned lucrative practices and went to war. Major Burges, after securing his commission at the officers' training camp, returned to El Paso and recruited a company of local boys for over-seas service. His work was rapidly and efficiently done, and by his energy and untiring action he was able to get his organization over-seas in advance of many others which had had longer periods of training, and which were officered by men of wider military experience.

While in France, Major Burges' El Paso company, as well as his entire battalion, took part in numerous active offensive engagements, in all of which it acquitted itself with great credit both to the organization and the commanding officer.

Doctor Stevenson, who had seen service during the Spanish-American war, upon his application was commissioned as a major in the line. He was sent to Europe, and before the signing of the Armistice had become a colonel in command of a regiment. Colonel Stevenson and his men also were in the forefront of the battle-line for months, and served with distinction at Saint Mihiel and in the Argonne offensive.

In the meantime, El Pasoans at home were indulging strenuously in the war activities which were being carried on all over the United States. Every liberty loan drive and every war savings campaign was put over the top with enthusiastic patriotism. The Red Cross, Salvation Army, Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Society and the Y. M. C. A. were liberally supported by our citizens, who all felt that at last there was a war on hand which was really their own, and in which they could do their part to make the issue successful.

Throughout the entire period of the war, the citizens of

our town remained loyal and patriotic; the service flags in the windows of the homes and in the halls of the clubs and civic organizations showed that the town had more than done its duty in sending its fathers and sons to the front, while the depleted bank accounts and the curtailed menus of those who remained at home showed that they likewise were making unstinted and unselfish sacrifices.

Throughout the entire period of the war, these sacrifices, both at home and abroad, continued. El Paso's citizens, although the burden placed upon their town by reason of its proximity to Mexico, and the stationing of troops here, was heavier than that carried by most cities, never lagged behind or grew weary in their patriotic endeavors. And when the Armistice was signed; when word reached El Paso, at one o'clock in the morning, that the struggle was over and that the United States and her allies had won a great victory, the people deserted their beds and with one accord assembled in the High School stadium.

That gathering should be remembered and go down in history as the crowning event in the career of El Paso and the Southwest. As we write these pages we are looking at our town, and at the territory over which she presides, in a large perspective. As we do this we can see that November 11, 1918, with its celebration in the High School stadium, marked a turning point in the relationship existing between this part of the country and the rest of the United States.

Less than forty years before the date on which the Armistice was signed, the Southwest, with its deserts and its mountains, had been an unproductive, almost unexplored wilderness. Into this wilderness had come the men who developed the territory and who built up the city of El Paso. In doing this they literally created an empire within an empire, and all of the time, throughout the long years of their struggles,

they were unconsciously providing the resources and producing the wherewithal with which their country was to win a war upon which its very existence depended.

From our section of the country, from our Southwest, there went forth those supplies of metal and of beef which, when they were thrown into the balance, gave the allies a preponderance of power that mere numerical superiority had failed to give.

Lead and copper which had been mined at the very doors of El Paso; which had been produced by the sweat and industry of men who, in the larger sense of the word, are our citizens, were the messengers which conveyed the ultimatum of the people of the United States to the German Kaiser.

From out of the rugged hills of our Southwest came a power and a force which had more to do with the restoration of peace to the world than any "fourteen points", or any diplomatic exchange of courteously worded maledictions could ever have had.

Whether or not the fact is recognized, either by the United States at large or by the Southwest itself, it is nevertheless true that the events of the world war demonstrated that the products of this section are essential factors in any plan of national defense. And it is to us, with our mines and our cattle ranges, with our rugged products produced by our rugged manhood, that the national government will always have to turn in any case of strenuous necessity.

Out of this circumstance there should grow—even if it has not already grown—a new feeling on the part of the central government of the United States for this southwestern section of the country. Throughout forty years of its existence, El Paso and its surrounding territory has been allowed to grow up like an orphan child. Because of its comparatively small population, the Southwest has not received, ex-

cept when international questions have been involved, much consideration from the Federal government. In the cheap and tawdry conduct of national political affairs our meagre voting strength has enabled us to play but little part, but in the face of a world crisis, when not only the life of our nation itself, but even the cause of humanity was threatened, the vastness of our resources has made us become a deciding factor.

For this reason we have said that the celebration in the stadium of the High school on November 11, 1918, should be reckoned as the beginning of a new era in Southwestern history. This is so because that date marks the close of a period of strife during which we justified our existence by demonstrating to our government that we are an essential and an integral part of the national whole.

CHAPTER XX.

EL PASO SINCE THE WORLD WAR.

BUT not even after the signing of the armistice, with peace presumably secure in the world, and with its municipal existence at last justified, not only in its own eyes, but also in the eyes of the government, could El Paso settle down to a period of relaxation and repose.

Throughout all its brief corporate existence El Paso had led a strenuous life, and although a period of rest would have been good for its citizens at the close of the world war, none was to be accorded them.

No sooner had the boom of cannon ceased to sound over the fields of France, awakening the echoes on the slopes of Mt. Franklin, and reverberating in the hearts of El Pasoans, than the echoes of another boom began to break with deafening tumult upon their ears. This was the oil boom. And almost simultaneously with the realization of their dream of martial victory did our bankers and our bakers, our maids and our merchants, our savants and our servants begin to entertain dreams of untold wealth. With an enthusiasm almost equal to that which had been displayed in whipping the Kaiser, they now set out on the road to financial conquest.

The bulletins from the oil fields recording the bringing in of gushers were read with as much interest as the returns from the battle fields of France had been; the crowds, which months before had gathered together to promote the welfare of the army, now thronged the rooms of the oil exchanges wildly betting what cash they had left, or the liberty bonds they had purchased, on the uncertain outcome of some doubtfully and dubiously organized wild-cat.

During this period, which lasted for almost a year, the majority of El Paso's citizens lived and breathed in a dream of golden radiance.

Wartime extravagance—which was bad enough without any outside assistance—was increased and added to by the thought that the flow of wealth, which was bubbling up from the earth five hundred miles away from El Paso, was bound to become so strong and so irresistible that it would soon sweep over and engulf our entire community, bringing with it untold and inexhaustible prosperity.

With that unexplainable contrariness which everywhere characterizes humanity, El Pasoans of all degrees, the haughty and the humble, the rich and the poor, deserted the unselfish creed that had guided their actions during the war and adopted greed instead.

All that the people had been urged to save during the war they were now urged to invest,—which they did! Stock certificates were collected and exhibited with as much pride as government bonds and war savings stamps had been before, and already, in imagination, half of the population of El Paso had retired from business, and had either gone abroad or were living in opulent ease somewhere in a colony composed of the idle rich.

And then the bubble burst! First this well, and then that one, came in as a “duster;” and, strangely enough, as each new dry hole was reported, the face of some promoter, whose figure had been prominent for some months around the oil exchanges, would be missed from our midst. As these men disappeared, the surplus of El Paso's savings disappeared also, and the stock certificates which they had peddled became of value like unto that of the dust of Caesar, which according to poetic report, was serviceable only in stopping up the cracks to keep the wind away.

When the excitement incident to acquiring unearned fortunes had died down, and El Paso citizens allowed their overfed imaginations to digest the situation, the town came to a realization of the fact that it was "broke."

Two years of complete unselfishness, followed by a year of pure selfishness that was equally complete, had done their work, and when this city attempted to step again into the line of march and take up the banner of progress it found that it was just about twelve months behind the national procession.

With an eagerness that has always characterized El Pasoans in everything they have ever done, they had forgotten all else in their scramble after oil. While the rest of the United States was working hard and rehabilitating itself, after the world struggle, we were indulging in fruitless fancies, and were being ruthlessly plucked by shrewd promoters.

This one year, which was wasted, was one for which El Paso has had to pay a great price. The town not only lost its money but it also lost valuable time to such an extent that the reaction from the war did not, or rather was not allowed to affect business conditions here until more than twelve months after it had affected the rest of the country. And then when the reaction did set in the people had no money with which to meet the situation.

In other words, in place of sliding gradually down hill from the peak of its war time enthusiasm, like the rest of the country did, thereby deadening the fall, El Paso jumped off the cliff, and when it got up and looked around itself, after having hit the bottom, it was dazed by the shock.

Right here at its very doors calamitous things had been happening which even the most astute of its business men had been too optimistic to take notice of. With the wartime demand over, the prices for copper and cattle had dropped to

a point away below the cost of production. The mines and the smelters had closed down and the cow men, who had previously been looked upon as Napoleons of finance, now entered the banks hat in hand obsequiously asking for loans to carry them over.

The fact that in all previous times of financial stress the cattle men had been able to "grow out of debt" made it easy for them to obtain what money they needed, and so for a time the situation, as far as they were concerned, was relieved, and everybody looked forward to a "come back" in prices which would totally dispel the clouds that hovered over the horizon of the Southwest.

But for three years a drouth, such as had never before been known, prevailed over western Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, and men who could have withstood a decline in price, and could have eventually come out on top, were forced to give up the fight when they found that their cattle were dying by the hundreds.

For the first time in its history El Paso faced a period of business depression due to local causes, and the situation was one that was so entirely new and novel, not only to the town but to the entire Southwest, that it was not met with the aggressiveness of spirit and the intrepidity of action that it would have been a few years before.

Instead of getting together at once and making a co-operative effort along some definite line to restore El Paso to its former prosperity, everybody, even those who should have taken the initiative, sat back, and, figuratively speaking, said "let George do it." Who George was, and what it was that George was supposed to do is hard to surmise. He might have been "Uncle Sam," and the recognition of Mexico supposedly his duty; he might have been the New York cotton exchange and forty cent cotton the thing he was expected to produce; he

might have been the world market for copper, and a high price for that metal his solemn obligation; or he might even have been the Lord, Himself, and rain on the ranges, the acme of the blessings which He could shower upon the Southwest.

For almost two years this sort of feeling prevailed and El Paso's business men went around feeling their financial pulses; watching their collateral shrink, their trade decrease, their capital diminish, and all that they did was to wait, just wait, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up."

Nothing did turn up! "George" didn't come to the rescue either by recognizing Mexico, raising the price of copper and cattle or producing rain.

The one thing that could have happened to El Paso which would have saved it didn't happen. If some individual, whose name would have gone down into history inscribed on a bronze tablet, had only come forward with the thought that Benjamin Franklin or some other maker of epigrams, who had lived prior to the age of Woodrow Wilson in which the verbal art became popular, had said that "the Lord helps those who help themselves," all would have been well.

Instantly this El Pasoan, whoever he might have been, would have been the man to discover the cure for his city's ailments. All the town needed to do in order to stage a "comeback" was to forget all about "George" and by digging around in the hearts of its citizens unearth its one finest and biggest and truest asset—the old El Paso spirit.

Of course this sounds easy and simple, but was it?

As an honest historian, one who loves El Paso and whose duty it is to reflect the truth in these pages, we will say that it was not.

Everything in El Paso was at a standstill and apparently the example which had been set for the town by some of its successful pioneers was entirely forgotten.

Years before, more than one of the men who had laid the foundations of the El Paso of today, had built up their business institutions on the theory that those institutions could never become more prosperous on an average than the rest of the community. Those old timers had the right idea. They had been able to see the interdependent relationship that exists between private and community affairs, and because they had that vision they had always boosted public enterprises as strongly as personal ones.

But by 1920 the then logical leaders in El Paso, the men who should have been the successors of the leaders of former years, had almost without exception, withdrawn from participation in municipal affairs and were devoting their attention exclusively to the conduct of their own personal business.

This was true not only in regard to business, but to politics as well, and the task now devolves upon us of discussing the situation from both of these angles.

As the difficulty in regard to politics came to a head more quickly, and was solved, or rather settled, with more efficiency and effectiveness than the other, it will first receive our attention.

For four years prior to 1921 politics in El Paso had been quiescent and uninteresting. In 1917 Charles Davis, son of the former mayor of the same name, whose administration we have spoken of as being the most progressive in the history of El Paso, succeeded to the office that had been held by his father and occupied it for three successive terms.

During the period of the world war and for two years thereafter, although the usual number of discontented voters was among those present in the community, and although the usual charges of inefficiency and corruption, etc., etc., were made, no opposition developed which was strong enough to cause Mayor Davis and his friends any uneasiness.

On the whole, and looking over a period of six years we know that we are justified in making the unqualified statement that the administration of Charles Davis, II, as mayor of El Paso was a success. We can say this because in three consecutive elections, and always by substantial majorities, the people returned him to office—something they had never done for any former mayor—which evidence of public endorsement, as a matter of history, is sufficient to prove that the charges that were made against him were based on political prejudice and not on actual facts.

For four years, from 1917 until 1921, the Davis administration had pursued the even tenor of its ways without having had anything serious occur to disturb it. But in the latter part of 1921 a situation developed which bid fair to become the forerunner of disaster. A religious discussion as a result of which, as we remember the circumstances, bloodshed was narrowly averted, arose between certain of the Protestant sects and the Catholics in the town. The arguments had grown acrimonious and bitter, and, in order partially to settle the difficulty, Mayor Davis was forced to take action preventing the contending factions from holding public meetings.

This religious discussion—whether or not it had anything to do with the subsequent events—took place immediately before the appearance in the community of the hooded brethren and the organization of the local Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

This organization, claiming to be non-sectarian and non-partisan, at once became actively aggressive in local affairs. The first issue that arose after its organization in which the Klan took an active part, was an election for school trustees. Bared of all detail and stripped of all argument the fight which was made in this election by the K. K. K. was directly against the Catholics, and in this test of their strength the

Klansmen were successful in securing control of the school board.

Encouraged by this victory the Klan next boldly entered the county campaign, nominating almost a full ticket and putting up a determined fight. In this second assault, however, the organization was not as successful as it had been in its initial effort. Only one or two of its candidates were elected, but the leaders, misconstruing the meaning of a real defeat, called it a partial victory and led their followers on into the city campaign in the spring.

From every point of view it seems to us that the city election of 1923, in which R. M. Dudley, on the Democratic ticket, defeated P. E. Gardner, Klan candidate, in the race for mayor, was the most important one ever held in El Paso. Disregarding all of the issues that were involved, and discussing neither the merits nor the faults of the K. K. K, it seems certain—and we have looked at the question from all angles—that a Klan victory would have meant almost irreparable disaster to our city. We make this statement without any prejudice either for or against any organization or individual. Had the Klan scored a victory the well known enmity which members of that organization entertain for all those who are of Catholic faith could have resulted in only one thing. It would have brought about a local war of religious intolerance, the bad effects of which, on business and social conditions, it is impossible to estimate.

Feeling that this would be the case, most of the business men, and a large majority of the intelligent voters in El Paso refused to allow themselves to be swayed by religious prejudice, and threw their support to the Dudley ticket. The result was that Dudley was elected by such an overwhelming majority that it amounted to a public rebuke, even a repudiation, of those individuals who were endeavoring to inject religious

questions into the heretofore comparatively peaceful politics of El Paso.

When this election was over a veritable sigh of relief went up from the business men of the town. Ever since the school board election, in which the Klan had carried everything before it, those men in El Paso who had the interests of their city most deeply at heart had been living in fear of the result of the spring campaign. Everywhere the business men had for months been expressing their apprehension, but now that it was all over, and it was seen that El Pasoans had come back to normal and had once more given evidence of their common sense, the prospects for the future looked brighter and more cheerful than they had for some time.

Men went about their business as though a heavy load had been taken from their shoulders, and almost immediately something vital, which had been in hiding for a long time, began to make its appearance. It had taken a political upheaval, almost a disaster, to make El Pasoans realize the need of co-operation and leadership. But as soon as the realization of the need came, it was treated in the light of a new discovery, and everybody went industriously to work to act upon it.

Once before, when we were talking about Mexico, we voiced the thought that big results frequently flow from small beginnings. It was so in the business revival in El Paso.

The year 1923 marks the fiftieth anniversary of El Paso's corporate existence; but, coming as it did at a time when the city's prosperity was at a lower level than it had ever been before, the municipal Golden Jubilee was in great danger of being overlooked. The result of the election, however, had had a cheering general effect, and so the suggestion, which came from E. C. Davis, General Manager of the *Times*, that the town celebrate its birthday, was received with general approval.

El Paso did give itself a party. It went back into its past

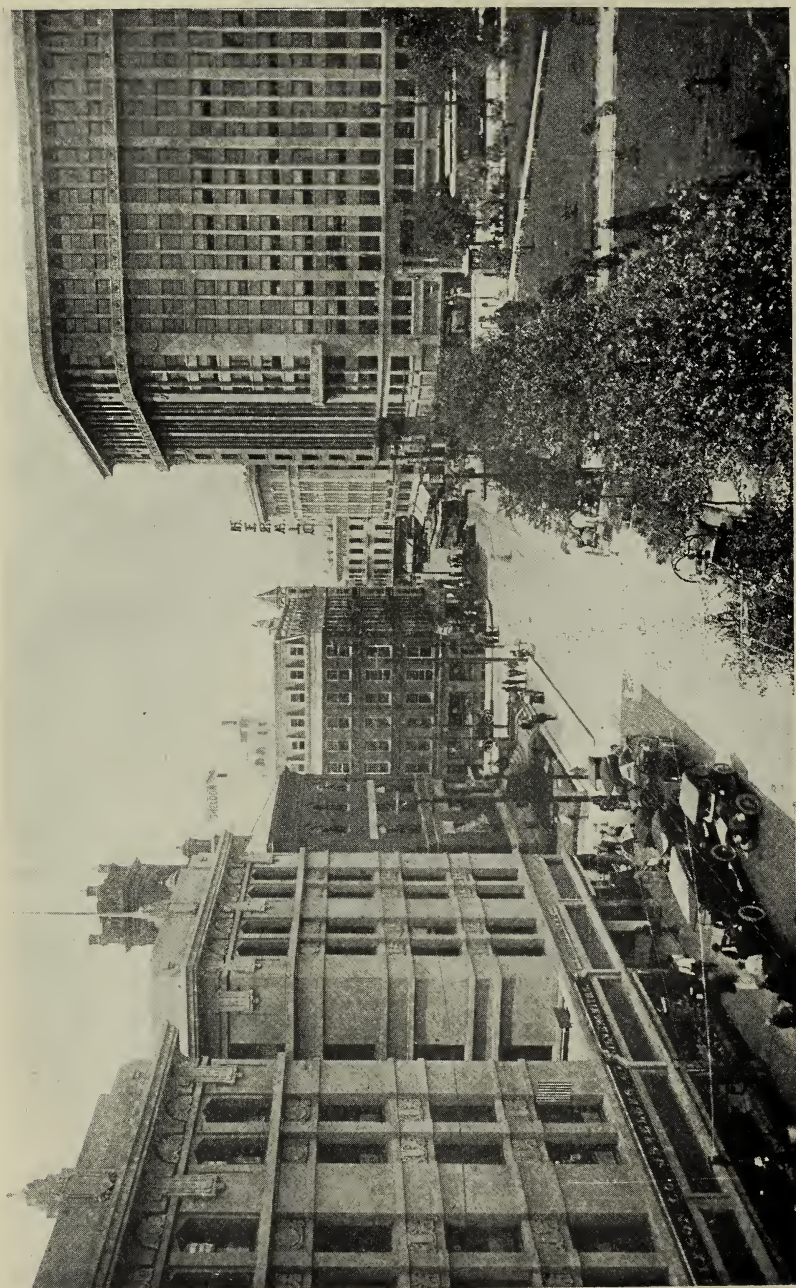
and raked up out of the dark corners, where they had long been hidden, all of its heroes and all of its founders. In ancient *carretas*, in stage coaches and prairie schooners, on foot and on horse back it paraded them through the streets.

All the characters who have been prominently mentioned in the pages of this history were passed in review before the people of the town. Cabeza de Vaca, Oñate and the Spanish priests who built the old church in Juarez, came first, graphically representing the Spanish period. Next came Simeon Hart, Sam Magoffin, Doniphan's expedition, Anson Mills, Ben Dowell, and so on and on until the periods of the world war and today were reached. The history of El Paso, enacted with remarkable fidelity of detail, was presented in a historic parade, and then in a pageant, to the people of El Paso; and through these mediums, as they saw the growth of their town depicted, their pride and their glory was reawakened.¹

El Paso's celebration of its Golden Jubilee lasted for four days, and when it was over the citizens of the town, for the first time since the close of the world war, felt that they had accomplished something by co-operative effort of which they had a right to be really proud. From a financial point of view, the Jubilee had been a failure. The celebration had cost the town a good deal of money on which no profit had been realized. But, something better than money, something, in fact, that money could not buy, had come back to El Paso as a result of the party which it had given itself for its own edification and amusement.

In its magnificence and in the local interest which it aroused, as well as in the successful manner in which it was carried out, the Jubilee celebration far surpassed anything that El Paso had ever produced. And the day after it was

1. Mr. White, the author of this book, is too modest to say that the scheme of this parade, based upon the data that he had collected for this history, was submitted to the committee and was carried out by them in all its details.—W. S. M.



SECTION OF EL PASO'S BUSINESS DISTRICT, 1923.
MILLS BUILDING AND WHITE HOUSE, RIGHT TO LEFT. COMPARE WITH FRONTPIECE

over, when it was all done and everybody was happy and proud, men met each other on the street with unanimous congratulations, because all felt that the *old El Paso spirit* had *come back*, and that all the town needed was to follow its guidance in order to accomplish anything that it wanted to accomplish.

From the day of this small beginning, the day of the Golden Jubilee, when El Paso was *re-born*, up to the day on which these lines are being written, the morale of the town has been decidedly different from what it had been during two preceding years.

For the last six months co-operative work, which is producing substantially beneficial results, has taken the place of desultory and misdirected individual effort. Men, who for several years have been attempting to direct El Paso's business and political activities from behind the closed doors of private offices, have come out into the open, and made themselves one with the rest of the community in a concerted effort to bring El Paso back to its former prosperity and its former position as supreme mistress of the Southwest, and on all sides everybody speaks optimistically about how good business is going to be instead of groaning about how bad it is.

This brings us up to the point where we can discuss El Paso as it exists today and as it will exist in the future.

Today we are proud of our town—that is why we are writing this book—and in the future we expect to be even prouder.

Today El Paso as a city holds up its head in honest justification of the faith of its founders, and in the years to come it will continue to live and grow in ample fulfilment of the hope of the present generation. It cannot be otherwise. The work of the past forty years has been too well and too constructively done to permit any thing or any combination of circumstances to permanently impede the progress of the town.

El Paso forty years ago was to El Paso of today what El Paso of today will be to El Paso forty years from now.

With its schools, its churches, its homes, its social and civic organizations, its financial and mercantile institutions, its railroad facilities, its farming, mining and livestock industries, and above all with its *reawakened spirit of responsibility to itself*, El Paso's prospects are better and bigger than they have ever been.

El Paso is still, but in an entirely different sense from that in which we have used the word before, a frontier town. In the beginning El Paso occupied a position on the frontier of the United States, whereas today it occupies a commanding situation as the central point within a circular frontier which is all its own. Stretching away from El Paso in every direction, north, east, south and west, for a distance of seven hundred miles, there is a vast territory over which it is El Paso's logical destiny to dominate.

Within the radius of this logical domination are resources which are so great as to stagger the imagination. More coal underlies our trade territory than underlies the entire state of Pennsylvania; within the circle of our influence, in good years, our ranges have supported as many as a million head of cattle; within the same area there are copper, lead and zinc deposits sufficient, if worked to capacity, to supply the needs of the world; our farm lands, with their allied irrigation systems, can support a population at least ten times greater than we now have, and *our climate* is such that men can work and prosper here who cannot exist elsewhere.

In making these statements we are not attempting to exaggerate or to over-stimulate the imagination of El Pasoans. All that we are attempting to do is to call their attention to present day facts so that they may draw their own conclusions as to what their town will be like in the future.

The benefits that have accrued to El Paso in the past, from the development of the resources of the Southwest, are as nothing compared to what those benefits will be within a few decades.

As a wonderful city El Paso has come up *out of the desert*, and in the fulfilment of its destiny it is its obligation to make the desert yield up its riches for the benefit of mankind, and to make its bare spots and its barren places blossom like the rose.

* * * * *

And now we will bring our work abruptly to a close. Throughout all of it we have been unconsciously—because we didn't know until today that he had ever said any such thing—following a precept laid down by H. G. Wells, which is one that can be construed both as an alibi for the historian and as advice to the reader. Mr. Wells says: "The writer of modern history is obliged to be at once cautious and bold. He has to pick his way between cowardly evasion on the one hand and partisanship on the other. As far as possible he must confine himself to facts and restrain his opinions. Yet it is well to remember that no opinion can be altogether restrained and that the writer has his own very strong and definite persuasion. The reader must bear that in mind."

If Mr. Wells had written the above paragraph having in mind our present necessities, and desiring to express our feelings for us, he could not have done it better than he has. We have tried to be both cautious and bold, we have endeavored to pick our way between evasion and partisanship, and, except in rare cases, we have refrained from expressing our opinions. Having done these things, we think that we have done our duty, and it is our hope that not even the severest of our critics will be able to accuse us of having made use of unjust criticism or undue praise.

In attempting this work and in carrying it through to a doubtful issue,—doubtful because until after it has run the gauntlet of public opinion, its success will be undetermined,—we have not been actuated by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. We do not subscribe to the thought, recently expressed by one of the intellectual colossi of El Paso when he said that no man could write a history of this town and tell the truth without damning the character and reputation of the majority of its citizens. In fact, we entertain an exactly contrary opinion, and therefore, having, as we believe, told the truth, we submit these pages, without fear, to the consideration of the people of El Paso.

Here ends the narrative history of our town.

The chapters which follow deal with subjects which we think are of sufficient importance to justify us in allotting them space of their own. The Chamber of Commerce and El Paso's two newspapers have had so much to do with shaping the destiny of the town, that from the very beginning of this work, we have had in mind the thought that they would have to be dealt with separately, while the chapter of anecdotes is added merely to give, if possible, a final human touch to the book.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

THE one institution in El Paso which in recent years has represented co-operation in the community, and which has been supported with an enthusiasm that has been more or less spasmodic, is the Chamber of Commerce.

In the pages of this work we can not do any more than touch on a few of the high spots in the history of this organization, but these few are interesting for two reasons. First, they show us what can be accomplished by well directed, co-operative effort; and second, by negative comparison, they point out the way in which failure can be accomplished at a minimum of exertion.

Naturally, we have no prejudice against the Chamber of Commerce. On the contrary, we have a bias in favor of it, and for that reason we have carefully studied its achievements and closely scrutinized its life in the different years of its existence.

Having done this, we think we have unearthed some facts which are of fundamental importance, because they represent two mistakes. Mistakes, however, which have not been made by the Chamber of Commerce itself, but by the business men of El Paso.

According to the record, the support which the Chamber of Commerce has received since 1900 seems to us to have been hot or cold in direct proportion to conditions of local prosperity, or to the personal industry of the president. In other words, in those years when the presidential toga has been worn by a man who has been willing to do nearly *all* of

the work, the organization has flourished like the Psalmist's green bay tree.

But in other years, when some men whose belief in the division of labor has been strong, and who have depended upon committeemen to do the work, have come into office, the work has been left undone, and there has not been a great deal of achievement.

The above is fact number one; and fact number two is of even greater import.

In prosperous years, when business has been good, and when co-operative effort was not really needed in order to keep the wolf away from the door of the strong box, the Chamber of Commerce has received bountifully both of the moral and financial support of the business men. But in the lean years, when co-operative effort would have been most beneficial in its results, the membership has decreased, and dues and subscriptions have remained unpaid.

Undoubtedly the Chamber of Commerce has accomplished much, and in the years to come will accomplish more, provided the business men are willing to profit by past experience and set up sign posts ahead for their future guidance.

In 1886, according to a pamphlet issued by an organization which was known as the El Paso Board of Trade, the town had a population of 5,500, and was equipped with enough schools, churches, mule cars, water and gas works, electric lights, ice factories, banks, custom houses, telephone lines, hotels, public buildings, fire departments and residences to care for a much larger number.

Also, according to this same pamphlet, El Paso's business men were preparing, or rather, had already begun to make, a commercial conquest of Mexico, and adjacent territory in the United States.

A cleverly written paragraph in this piece of advertising

propaganda says: "In addition to the benefits that we may confidently expect to receive from our geographical location, and our relations with Mexico, we also have reason to believe that the day is not far distant when we will be able to permanently command the entire trade of northern Texas, southern New Mexico, and eastern Arizona."

Colonel James Marr, the writer of this little piece of publicity, was not only a good propagandist but a fair prophet. In the pages of the pamphlet he speaks of the irrigation possibilities of the Rio Grande valley; he predicts the building of the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad—although he refers to it as the White Oaks—and all the way through, in all that he says he pictures a condition which in every respect, except one, has been fully realized.

In his optimism El Paso's original pamphleteer included northern Texas in El Paso's trade territory, and possibly if the White Oaks road had been completed as he planned it, his dream in that respect would have been realized; which would have given him a one hundred per cent record as a forecaster.

The Board of Trade, which issued this little booklet, of which there is still one copy in existence, for a few years did what it could to further the interests of El Paso along mercantile and industrial lines. In those days, however, the necessity for advertising was not as urgent as it is today. El Paso had no rival in the trade territory which was developing around her. Her merchants carried on business in a constantly widening circle. This circle was bound to remain under their control, until it came in contact with the circumferences of other trade circles, which were being built up around other trade centres in the west and southwest. This was a point, however, which El Paso was not due to reach for quite a number of years. As there was thus no competition to make active work absolutely necessary, El Paso's first commercial organ-

ization did not try to do more than present its claims, for the future greatness of the city, to the world in a very clear and capable manner.

The Board of Trade, which was strongly in evidence in 1886, struggled along for a year or two, and then, more because it was an unnecessary organization than because of lack of support, it died a slow and lingering death. After its demise no other commercial organization which was productive of any results, or which left any mark on the pages of the history of El Paso, was formed until late in the year of 1889. At that time a meeting of business men was held, a temporary organization was perfected, and, at a later gathering, on February 6, 1900, the temporary organization was made permanent, with S. J. Freudenthal as president, Horace B. Stevens as treasurer, and E. E. Russell as secretary.

The first enrollment of members showed that the Chamber of Commerce, which was the name given to the new organization, started out in life with two hundred and fifteen members, and the treasurer's report shows that it began business with a cash capital of \$633.40.

At the first meeting, in which business for the coming year was outlined, Mr. A. P. Coles was the first man to take the floor. Mr. Coles arose to advocate the substitution of electric for mule power in the handling of the street railway system. Two years later this had become an accomplished fact.

Next, Mr. A. W. Gifford suggested that the Chamber of Commerce busy itself in collecting geological specimens from the surrounding mining districts, and that the collection become the nucleus for a permanent exhibit. This suggestion, which met with the approval of the board of directors, and the members in 1900, kept on meeting with the approval of successive boards until finally, in 1915, it also became a realization.

Following Mr. Gifford, Mr. U. S. Stewart advanced the idea that the sidewalks of the town were in such an abominable condition that a city ordinance, forcing property owners to build new ones and repair old ones, should be passed. This proposition of Mr. Stewart's meeting with approval, he next suggested that the telephone companies of the town—El Paso was then threatened with two—be made to put their wires in underground conduits instead of stringing them on poles. In later years both of Mr. Stewart's suggestions were carried out; the sidewalks were made better, and the telephone wires were buried. But whether or not these benefits to the city, as well as the others referred to, were obtained through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce is a question that is open to debate.

According to the record the activities of the Chamber of Commerce, during the first year of its life, were devoted to advocating the four municipal improvements just mentioned. But in the second year the situation took on a different aspect, and from small beginnings large and more important things quickly developed. In fact, during this second year, we find the directors of the Chamber of Commerce discussing matters which are still on the books today in the nature of unfinished business.

At the second annual meeting Mr. A. P. Coles again opened the session. Already Mr. Coles seems to have developed a habit of public utterance in regard to civic affairs. And in 1901 he started the ball to rolling, for the year, by offering a resolution in which he eloquently set forth the fact that it was unsightly and dangerous to have railway tracks running through the central part of the city; and, feelingly, he called the attention of the business men to the injury which "is now, and always will be worked on the property adjacent to the tracks, and on the north side, which is difficult of access." In his resolution Mr. Coles also suggested the building of a union

station, and offered to pledge the support of the people of El Paso to the railways, if they would agree upon a site and establish a joint terminal in some part of the city, where the annoyance to the public would be reduced to a minimum.

Two years later Mr. Coles' suggestion in regard to a union station produced actual results, and the construction of the present depot was begun. But the tracks, against which he so vehemently protested, are still where they were, and are even a greater nuisance, more of a menace, more detrimental to the value of property, and more productive of discussion than they were in 1901.

In his report for this second year President Freudenthal, who had been elected to succeed himself, not only outlined the activities of the Chamber of Commerce for the year to come, but also suggested a line of endeavor which was to keep it busy through a good many succeeding administrations.

In the first place, President Freudenthal, who was probably more closely in touch with conditions throughout El Paso's trade territory than any other man in El Paso, and who therefore realized better than anyone else that competition was beginning to develop, suggested to the members the advisability of looking at their organization as one whose usefulness ought not to be confined to the city limits.

He suggested that the chamber work actively to bring about a more extensive development of the mining resources of the Southwest; that it work, and work hard, to secure the construction of an international dam; that it bring all possible pressure to bear to procure more favorable freight rates for El Paso; that it encourage new manufacturing industries to come to the town; that it do all it could to bring about the building of the El Paso & Southwestern Railway; that it busy itself in the distribution of advertising literature, and that it work to secure as many new members as possible.

When we read over the report of the activities of this second year in the life of El Paso's Chamber of Commerce we cannot help being impressed with the idea that El Paso's business men were already convinced that a great future was in store for the town.

In 1881 the founders of El Paso had believed that it would become a city, and in 1901 the business men of the city believed that it would become a metropolis. Acting upon their beliefs, the citizens of both periods built constructively, and with good judgment. And although there have been many instances wherein personal interests seem to have come in conflict, there has always been, regardless of the opinion entertained by some "knockers," a fairly wholesome spirit of co-operation.

It was under the leadership of Sam Freudenthal, in 1901, that this co-operation began to manifest itself, and make its works known. In that year the real objects for which a Chamber of Commerce should exist were accurately set forth, and were clearly understood by the members. The ideas which were then advanced, and the plans which were then made, have nearly all been carried to a successful issue in succeeding years; and, if we can estimate the value of an accomplishment from the date on which the idea was born, and not from the date on which it became a completed fact, then we think the year 1901, in the life of El Paso's Chamber of Commerce, was productive of more beneficial results to El Paso than any other year in its history.

Year after year the successive presidents and boards of directors in control of the affairs of the Chamber of Commerce hammered away at the general idea of Southwestern development and the reclamation of the Rio Grande valley, and it would be useless for anyone to say that the efforts of these men were wasted. Of course, there are always some

people in the community who are ready to say that the big things that have come to El Paso would have come anyhow, as a result of natural growth and development of the town. This, however, under any circumstances, can only be partially true. By agitating big questions big results, which without agitation would have been little ones, have been obtained for our town, and in forwarding these things the Chamber of Commerce has always taken the lead. But never has it done so with as clear a vision or with a better spirit of co-operation than was manifested in the year 1901.

Although the membership at this time was only a little more than two hundred, and the income was only \$250.00 a month, with a fixed expense of \$200.00, the Chamber of Commerce was prosperous because it was considered a badge of good citizenship to belong to it, and all of the men who did belong were earnest in their efforts in behalf of the town.

Throughout the next few years, although the co-operative spirit was as healthy as it had been, the new ideas that were advocated were not as outstanding in their importance as the old ones. In fact, on one or two occasions the directors seem to have gone after false gods, and to have indorsed poor schemes. For instance, in 1902 we read "that the reliability and economy of pumping plants as a means of irrigation in the Rio Grande valley has been demonstrated, and their use is advocated to avert the failures and disasters which have heretofore been the lot of our farmers."

Fortunately for the farmers, however, they did not undertake to follow the advice of the business men, because they knew that raising alfalfa on paper was a very different proposition from raising it in the field. That the farmers were right and the business men wrong has been demonstrated on numerous occasions since, when various and sundry of our financial barons have endeavored to go into the valley and put their impractical ideas into execution.

In all the years of its existence, whether its ideals have been high or low, and regardless of the condition of its treasury, there has always been one thing that the Chamber of Commerce has consistently and earnestly worked for. From 1901 clear up to the present year of 1923, coming from somewhere and echoing and re-echoing through the town, there has ever been an unceasing cry for an increase in membership. But for the first eight years of its life the organization gained but little in numerical strength.

In 1908, however, when Mr. E. Moyer was president and C. A. Kinney was secretary, the record shows that the people must have heeded the call, because the membership in that year more than doubled itself, and in the following year, when Jack Happer was president, the total was pushed above the five hundred mark for the first time. During all of these years the Chamber of Commerce had but little money to work with, and the results which were obtained were obtained more as the fruit of the efforts of unsalaried individual members, who worked wholeheartedly, and boosted for the town, than anything else.

In 1907-8-9, both individually and collectively, the members of the organization worked hard and earnestly to bring about some final action by congress which would insure the completion of the Elephant Butte dam. Finally, in 1910, an appropriation of \$4,500,000 was secured for this purpose, and all of El Paso's citizens felt justly proud of themselves for what had been accomplished.

But at about this period the Chamber of Commerce seems to have gone from the sublime to the ridiculous. Having interested itself and been instrumental in bringing something to pass that was of monumental importance to the city of El Paso and the Rio Grande valley, it, at various times, turned its attention to light and trivial things.

For instance in one year—although we are at a loss to know why the files of the Chamber of Commerce should contain any such derogatory data—we see from the record that in the city there was “a great amount of activity in the poisoning, murdering and suiciding industries, and that there was no lack of work for the police department.”

Again the records show—and again we are at a loss to account for such things being therein—that during this same year the El Paso ministerial union became active against Sunday amusements; that El Paso became the centre of news of Mexican revolutions; that the Toyah Valley railroad became assured by the raising of a guarantee fund in the town of Pecos; that Charles N. Bassett was elected president of the Fair association; that the mayor of El Paso had issued an order that the school children should not use the playgrounds during vacation months, and that members of the municipal band had gone on a strike and all concerts in the public parks had been called off.

There is only one explanation that we can see for the appearance of the above interesting and enlightening items in the records of the Chamber of Commerce, under the head of “developments and achievements for the year.” And in the name of charity we now put this explanation forward in the hope that it is true. Possibly it was done because the directors for that year were men who were so imbued with honesty and uprightness that they did not want their city to be presented to the world with any false flags flying. They wanted everyone to know—we say that possibly this was the reason—that El Paso’s amusement resorts were open on Sunday; that life was an uncertain commodity here in our midst; that our mayor was a hard-hearted and unfeeling individual; that our musicians belonged to the union, that Mexico was at war, and that Pecos was building a railroad. We merely offer this as

our explanation of one unsettled year which was concluded as usual, and as all other years before or since have been, with a demand for more members.

By 1911, however, the brain storm seems to have passed away, and the Chamber of Commerce once again took itself and its duties seriously. Ten years before, S. J. Freudenthal had defined and laid down the principles of a Chamber of Commerce, and in 1911 when James G. McNary became president, he added to and amplified Mr. Freudenthal's remarks.

Until Mr. McNary's term of office, Mr. Freudenthal's idea of not restricting the Chamber of Commerce to the city limits, although it had been borne in mind constantly by the members of the Chamber of Commerce, had not resulted in any aggressive outside campaign. A few trade excursions had gone forth to conquer trade territory for El Paso, but they had been more in the nature of expensively conducted picnics than anything else; prominent visitors had been entertained, and wined and dined, but their attention had always been called more to the quality of the refreshments, and the embellishments of the feast than to the advantages of the location and the beauties of El Paso; while money that had been spent for municipal advertising had been handed out in a desultory and useless way that produced no appreciable results.

During 1911, and the years that have followed since, these things have all been materially changed. Trade excursions have been conducted in a businesslike manner, and have been productive of generally beneficial results; prominent men who come into the city, and are entertained here, leave El Paso with the idea that it is a progressive and hustling town. And in their advertising methods the business men have learned that co-operative efforts bring returns which they had had no idea of before.

Since 1911 the Chamber of Commerce as an organization

has not been forced to the necessity of taking the initiative in movements that are started for purposes of municipal reform or improvement. These things, however, have come before it repeatedly, and are being brought up all the time by other organizations in the city.

In other words, the Chamber of Commerce in late years has developed into something of a parent organization which advises and co-operates with other specialized bodies such as the weekly luncheon clubs, and gives them its support and advice.

For the last few years the Chamber of Commerce has operated on a budget system, and has divided itself into departments representing different essential activities; this division being based on the idea that each department can, if properly handled, be made self-supporting.

Gradually the end sought is being attained, and the system will undoubtedly, as it becomes more highly specialized, result in making the Chamber of Commerce much more efficient than it ever has been. Also the benefits which will accrue to the community through this method of operation will be much more evenly distributed among the merchants and business men who subscribe to its support.

During the period of the world war, of course, the Chamber of Commerce lost its commercial aspect to a large extent, and devoted most of its energies to forwarding movements which were set on foot by national war agencies.

It was through actions which were fostered by the Chamber of Commerce that the various liberty loan campaigns were waged, that the war savings idea was promulgated, and that the patriotism and general enthusiasm of the public was kept continuously aroused. In short, it was largely through the instrumentality and activity of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, working both individually and collectively, that

El Paso succeeded in making a war record for itself of which every citizen of the community may feel justly proud.

For the last two years, during a time of the most serious business depression that the Southwest has ever known, although the presidents and boards of directors of the Chamber of Commerce have done their duty, the business men of the town seem to have been lukewarm in their support.

But this apathy on their part is one that has been manifested more in lack of spirit than in lack of financial support. The business men of the town seem to have been more willing to contribute funds than to expend actual effort, and without the one the other is comparatively useless.

Every day, and more especially during the past year, has it become more and more evident that a commercial organization of the character of the Chamber of Commerce must be backed up by the individual efforts of its members. Paid employees can do much to bring about successful results, but the stimulus for all things must come from men who are directly interested, and movements that are to be undertaken must arise as the result of mature and deliberate discussion by the business men who have El Paso's welfare at heart.

Today the task which confronts any commercial organization in El Paso, that has for its general object the enlarging of our trade territory, and the bettering of our business conditions, is much greater than it has ever been in the past; competition is keen, and a trade territory over which El Paso once held undisputed sway is now being rapidly encroached upon by other centres of trade. Under such conditions as these it is gratifying to note that the aggressive spirit which showed itself in 1901, and which was again manifested in 1911, is once more becoming strongly apparent.

CHAPTER XXII.

EL PASO'S NEWSPAPERS.

IN THE days when El Paso was only a precocious village, a village which allowed itself large anticipations and even larger remarks in regard to what it would do when it grew up—as precocious children are wont to do—the town had, even as it has today, two principal organs of speech with which it did its boasting.

One of these, the *El Paso Times*, published in the early '80s by Captain J. H. Bates, made itself heard once a day, while the other, the *El Paso Herald*, with R. M. McKie in charge of its destinies, contented itself with coming forth from its lair on the second floor of the First National Bank building and airing its views once a week.

At that time a newspaper was entirely a hand-made article. Gasoline engines, electric motors, linotype machines and Hoe presses were contrivances which still slumbered in the minds of their inventors, and the world was not flooded, as it is at present, with veritable tidal waves of printers' ink in the form of erudite editorial opinions and sensational news items.

Such being the state of the printing trade, El Pasoans, in the period of which we are writing, read papers that were made up by hand and printed on presses driven by Mexican man-power. The number of transposed and up-side-down letters appearing on a page indicated, to an approximate degree, the number of drinks taken by the "staff" the night before; while from the quality of the literary effusions in his sacred section, it was generally easy for a discriminating

reader to determine the state of the editor's blood-pressure.

But in defense of this situation, dark though it appears to us of the present day, it must be said that El Paso's early newspaper history differs in no material respect from that of any other small frontier town.

Our newspapers, as they were then published, were primarily purveyors of the news and were not, in fact did not try to be, moulders of public opinion to any great extent. To have attempted to create a sentiment for or against any existing thing in El Paso in the early 80's would have been a rather dangerous undertaking for any editor.

In those days men were set in their ways and in their views. The town was "bad;" everybody knew it, and so, although—as a literary gem for Sunday reading—each one of El Paso's papers would occasionally express editorial regret at our lack of local morality, the press, as such, was distinctly on the fence in regard to matters of reform.

Fortunately, however, although there was a dearth of uplifting editorial discussion, there was generally plenty of news of a local character in the columns of El Paso's two papers. Questions of policy made it unwise for either of them to inveigh against open gambling, dance halls or bawdy houses, as civic institutions, but there was no limit to the amount of space that could be devoted to them in the news columns.

Naturally from such resorts as those mentioned a constant stream of interesting items was continually emanating. But even in regard to these, sensational and lurid though they frequently were, a policy had to be adhered to and some censorship made use of in order to protect the reputation of some of the town's most prominent citizens, and the good name of some of its most popular resorts.

Items such as the following, which were evidently intended to deprive scandal-loving El Pasoans of the joy of discussing

the weaknesses of their neighbors, appeared frequently: "Last night one of our most prominent citizens in a spirit of exuberance and mischief, shot the lights out of a two-hundred and fifty dollar crystal chandelier in the parlor of a leading sporting house. The damage done was considerable but as it was immediately paid for no complaint was made and the police were not even notified of the occurrence."

Reading matter such as the above naturally created two kinds of comment. One class of citizens would curiously speculate as to the probable identity of the prominent citizen and wonder as to the whereabouts of his convivial activity, while another class, moralistically inclined perhaps, would submerge the personality of the joy maker beneath the larger issue and look only at the regrettable condition of a town wherein such things could happen, and the malefactors go unpunished.

In ways similar to this, and while they were all the time treating the town's lack of morality in a jocular vein, El Paso's two papers, the *Times* and the *Herald*, were unconsciously planting the seeds for reform movements in the minds of a large part of the population.

By merely printing the news, even though it was in a denatured and emasculated form, the papers were daily presenting to the thinking readers in El Paso a picture of the town in which they lived that was not at all pleasant to contemplate.

It was highly entertaining, in fact it was often very amusing, for a man who was the father of growing sons to pick up the morning paper and read therein an incognito account of the hilarious conduct that men of high degree had indulged in on the preceding evening in the lower end of the town. This was, we repeat, good reading, but aside from its amusement features it had another and much deeper meaning.

To the mind of the man who had the responsibilities of a family on his hands it presented a very ugly picture, and, as time went on, this picture gradually transferred itself from the mind of the individual parent to that of the public, with the result that the reformation of El Paso began to be talked about.

By 1894 this talk had developed into a desire for action, and a movement to close up the gambling houses in El Paso was initiated by a number of leading citizens. The *Herald*, which some years before had become a daily and was controlled and edited by J. A. Smith, took up the fight that had been started by the citizens, and waged a vigorous war on what was, at that time, the town's most flourishing industry.

During this encounter, which was the first one of any magnitude that had ever occurred in El Paso between the forces of darkness and the forces of light, the *Times* maintained its neutral equilibrium on the top rail and contented itself with merely watching the fray.

From its perch, what the *Times* saw was that the *Herald* and its friends were able to win only a partial and a fleeting victory.

Gambling was stopped for a few weeks, and then, in response to a public demand, the houses reopened to remain so for the next ten years.

From this state of affairs the *Times* very logically came to the conclusion that El Paso was just as good—or as bad—in 1894, as the majority of its citizens wanted it to be. And therefore, following the line of least resistance, it avoided the moral issue, as such, and devoted its editorial energies to supporting the local Democratic organization and helping to elect six successive city administrations.

But in the meantime the *Herald*, and the cause that it continuously espoused for ten years, was gradually gaining ground.

A well founded, perennial controversy is the breath of life in the nostrils of a newspaper, and for a whole decade the *Herald* fattened on the fact that it had a ready-made fight on its hands about which it could constantly talk to its readers.

For ten years the gambling issue drew the line of demarcation between El Paso's two newspapers.

The *Times* represented, if we may use the terms, the conservatism of the business men who maintained that the town could not financially afford the luxury of becoming clean; while the *Herald* manfully stood forth for the three political Rs, so difficult to support in El Paso at that period, republicanism, radicalism and reformation.

The controversy was long and bitter, but in the end the cause represented by the *Herald*, as it was bound to do in the natural sequence of human events, won out, and in 1904 public sentiment had become so crystallized against them that the gambling evil and the dance halls were both abolished.

Of course we do not wish to be understood as saying that the *Herald* deserves all the credit for the reformation of El Paso. It does not deserve it all, but it does deserve a large share. The *Herald* did not initiate the reform movement. The idea of cleaning up the town originated in the minds of men who were not in the newspaper business, but the *Herald* showed its sincerity and honesty by fostering the movement when it was decidedly unpopular and by keeping it alive in the face of one defeat after another over a long period of years.

The *Times*, on the other hand, which during the ten years that the *Herald* was mining the field for final action, remained neutral so far as moral issues were concerned, does not deserve all of our criticism.

As we have already intimated, the *Times* merely looked at the situation from the point of view of the majority of the

men of the town. It shaped its policy in accordance with their expressed wishes and made no active fight against an existing bad condition which every one knew would eventually remedy itself.

But regardless of the above consideration, and eliminating all questions of motive, El Paso found that after 1904 it was the proud possessor of two live and up-to-date newspapers.

With the town at last cleaned up and the sporting element, as a *causus belli*, removed from local politics, there has not been, in recent years, much to cause El Paso's rival editors to fly at each other's throats and endeavor to rend each other limb from limb.

Naturally, at times, yielding to the provocations of the profession, the exponents of the fourth estate here in El Paso do quarrel. The occasions, however, on which they become mutually belligerent are usually inconsequential and the results are never serious. In general the two papers which this city depends upon for its daily supply of mental stimulation have, for the past twenty years, gotten along very amicably with one another and have lived up to the standard required of them.

They have helped El Paso grow and El Paso, in a generous spirit of reciprocity, has helped them to grow also. Owing to the personal contact which it establishes between itself and its readers, a newspaper is very much like an individual, and its success also, like that of an individual, is based almost solely upon the fundamental principle of square dealing.

In general a newspaper has to "sit right" with the community in which it is published. Otherwise it will fail. And, judging El Paso's two papers by this standard; admitting that their public service has entitled them to achieve the success that they have achieved, then that service must indeed have been of great value to our city. Frankly we are of the opinion that it has.

Every time that an opportunity has presented itself to the

El Paso *Herald* or the El Paso *Times*, or to both of them, to be of municipal service, they have cheerfully shouldered the burden and bent their energies to the task.

They both worked hard and earnestly to promote the building of the El Paso & Southwestern railway, and the Elephant Butte dam; they both favored street paving and purchase by the city of the waterworks plant; they have both always rendered all the assistance in their power to the Chamber of Commerce; they have been equally watchful, one with the other, in the supervision they have exercised over the administration of the affairs of the city, and, when it has become necessary, they have both been open in their criticism of public officials.

In general, in all matters pertaining to the development and the betterment of the city of El Paso for the last twenty years, the conduct of the *Times* and the *Herald* has been identical and has been uniformly meritorious. They have both labored conscientiously to bring everything to the town that the town ought to have, and they have always kept themselves continuously and industriously on the job in their efforts to present their city to the world in the best light possible. In this last direction they have possibly leaned over backwards a little, and have at times magnified our virtues and our resources, and minimized our faults and our poverty. But these sins of repression and exaggeration in our journalistic champions can be forgiven when we remember that they practised them in our behalf and when we recall the saying in the Bible that, in those who love much, much will be forgiven. And surely El Paso's two papers must love the town that nourished them at its bosom during their infancy, that furnished them with food for controversy during their youth and that now supplies them with matter for comment and advertising contracts until they have grown great and powerful in the Southwest.

In national politics—and not because it makes any national difference, but merely for the reason that argument is as necessary to a newspaper as oats to a race-horse—El Paso's two great dailies are on opposite sides of the fence.

Uncle Jimmy (J. A.) Smith, who worships a Republican deity, and believes that heaven will harbor only one political party, gave his faith over to the *Herald* in 1891; while Juan Hart, the brilliant and gifted son of old Simeon, who built Hart's mill and fought in the Confederate army, lined the *Times* up in the ranks of the Jeffersonian Democrats a great many years ago.

With honest consistency, both papers have always tried to be loyal to the principles of the parties that they respectively represent. The task, though, has been a hard one and there have been times when we have been almost forced to come to the conclusion that they are both really independent, and either do not know it, or will not admit it.

One of the most prominent newspaper editors in America in speaking of his own line of business says: "The newspapers exaggerate the poverty of the poor and the riches of the rich; they exaggerate the importance of the Old Flag; they exaggerate the importance of our schools and churches, the patriotism of old soldiers, and the importance of a Free Press. In advocating truth, they are untruthful; in advocating justice, they are unjust; in teaching fairness they are unfair; in their eagerness to attack wrong they accuse honest men of wrong doing; in fighting demagogues they become demagogues; in sympathizing with the poor they are unjust to those who have worked their way out of poverty, and are the best friends of the poor; in their devotion to the public, they often demand so much as to become enemies of the public."

As regards newspapers in general, the above statement as to their habits and proclivities is correct. As a rule, after a

newspaper has attained to a certain degree of financial affluence and feels sure of its position, it does indulge in all of the forms of misbehavior of which the gentleman quoted accuses it.

But so far as our two papers are concerned, our *Herald* and our *Times*, we cannot yet complain of them along any of the lines indicated. Certainly they are both financially independent, and, so far as we know, they neither owe nor acknowledge any allegiance to any individuals except the men who are in direct control of them. The only obligation that they seem to have and that they seem to bow to is the one that they both owe to El Paso and the Southwest. In living up to this obligation they both seem to be fair and honest. Every now and then, of course, one of them will go off at a tangent—usually a political one—and support some illogical candidate for office or some unsound movement. But whenever this has happened, it has always been somewhat in the nature of a temporary mental aberration. The guilty paper has always come back into line before any irremediable damage has been done and made good its contrition by increasing its efforts along constructive lines.

At the present time the ownership and the control of the El Paso *Herald* is, for all practical purposes, in the hands of H. D. Slater. As a young man Mr. Slater arrived in El Paso in the middle of the 90's and almost immediately went to work for the paper which he now controls and edits.

Within a year or two after he formed his connection with the *Herald*, Mr. Slater was in charge of its editorial policy. It was under his direction that the paper waged its campaign against vice in this city, the successful result of which gave the *Herald* a prestige which it had not theretofore had.

Since 1904, with practically no change in the management, the El Paso *Herald* has grown and prospered until today it has only one rival in the Southwest.

That one rival, the *El Paso Times*, since the same year 1904, in which it was forced to abandon its position of dignified neutrality and actively interest itself in the real welfare of El Paso, has passed through the hands of various ownerships until it has finally come under the control of a stock company headed by Frank Powers and Edward C. Simmons.

In connection with the ownership of the *Times* it is interesting to note that the paper was at one time controlled by the same interests which control and operate the El Paso & Southwestern railway.

Under ordinary circumstances it would have been dangerous to a community to have had one of its two powerful newspapers pass into the hands of a corporation whose taxable interests in the city were enormous. In the case of El Paso and the El Paso & Southwestern railway, however, no differences arose due to the railroad company's ownership of the paper. Never at any time did the El Paso & Southwestern endeavor to use the *Times* for the purpose of forwarding any selfish interest in which it was involved. On the other hand the paper, during the time that it was under the control of this corporation, and ever since, has been scrupulously fair and just in all of its dealings with El Paso.

Within the past year another daily, one which is making its influence rapidly felt, has been established in El Paso. This newcomer in the field of local journalism is the *El Paso Post*. It is a Scripps-Howard paper and during its short life it has so conducted itself that it has already acquired a large degree of popularity.

Of course prophesying is not part of the duty of the historian, but as a strict adherence to duty is an irksome thing, we are going to swerve from the path long enough to say that we can see ahead of the *Post* a bright future in a wide field of useful activity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANECDOTES.

ALL the way through the pages of this book we have endeavored to conduct ourselves with dignity and repression. Where we might have laughed, we have only allowed ourselves to indulge in the shadow of a smile or the quiver of an eye-lash; where we could have wept, we have remained as dry-eyed as a marble statue; and where we had reason to spatter our pages with gore and punctuate them with bullet holes, we have maintained a calm and peaceful demeanor.

But now that our work as a chronicler is finished and we find that we are at liberty to descend from our exalted position as self-appointed historian of our native town, the situation is somewhat different, and we feel—and we know that our readers do, also—immensely relieved.

We are relieved because now, for a few pages, we can take the bridle off and wander around in the field of local anecdotes, plucking here and there, like an old range horse, a few of the choicest.

The life of the El Paso pioneer was not a continual grind of strenuous activity, and neither did he spend half of his time oiling his six-shooter or whetting his bowie-knife, as most of the New England writers on the subject would have the public believe. On the contrary, although he was at times a hard-working individual, and was always a man who was prepared to defend himself, he was generally peaceable, and was much addicted to pleasure.

His pleasures, however, were of a doubtful variety. That

is, they were of a variety that is doubtful in the present day, but in the days of which we are writing they were generally excused on the grounds of custom and usage, and it was only when a man reached home early in the morning, after having played poker and drunk whiskey all night, that he doubted the propriety of his course.

In the 80's and 90's nearly all of El Paso's prominent citizens drank a little and gambled a little, and the annals of these two decades are replete with anecdotes bearing on the almost universal indulgence of the males in these two popular in-door sports.

The most wonderfully ingenious and completely successful poker alibi that was ever established before a court of domestic relations in El Paso had its settings and its circumstances somewhat as follows:

Two of the town's most prominent attorneys had spent the night playing "draw" in a "gentleman's" resort down town. The wife of one of these men was away for the summer, but the "better half" of the other was sitting at home, like Tam O'Shanter's wife, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and in the lathe of her thoughts turning out verbal rolling pins with which to demolish her husband when he appeared.

A little after daylight the game broke up, and the lawyers started home—the summer grass-widower going with the other for the purpose of supporting him in the conflict which they both knew was bound to take place.

On the way down San Antonio street the two men learned that the Rio Grande, which had been on a rampage for several days, had come up over its banks during the night and inundated a large part of Chihuahuita. This news apparently made but little impression on them. They were thinking of the wrath to come, and had no time to bother with the troubles of the hundreds of Mexicans who had been rendered homeless by the flood.

Just a block or two from the home in which Judgment sat waiting, one of the pair fell into an *acequia*, and in his efforts to rescue his companion the other one fell in also.

Wet, muddy and bedraggled—although partially sobered by the cold plunge—the guilty couple approached the door behind which a verbal avalanche was stored up. In no way were the two men disappointed.

The wife's vocabulary was adequate and complete.

But while he and his companion were being belabored, a flash of inspiration came to the temporary widower, and, taking advantage of a necessary pause in the flow of conversation, he assumed charge of the proceedings.

He made a speech. He pictured to the irate lady the desolate and desperate condition which, because of the flood, prevailed in the lower end of the town. He told her of crumbling walls and falling houses; he described the daring rescue of dozens of women and children, and through it all there stalked the figure of her husband, standing out as the leader of the heroes who, throughout the perils of that terrible night, had risked their lives for the sake of humanity.

It was a wonderful piece of oratory; the wrath of the lady melted away, and admiration for her husband took its place. She was actually moved to tears; and as the speech progressed it even caused the chest of the culprit, who was being so feelingly eulogized, to expand with pride, and his eyes to glow with the light of honest self-appreciation.

Humbly contrite, and sincere in the repentance that she felt for having so misjudged her husband and his friend, the wife led the pair of unreconstructed sinners to the dining room, fed them on hot coffee and biscuits prepared by herself, and then allowed them to go to bed and sleep peacefully during the rest of the day, while she went throughout the town spreading the word of her husband's heroic action.

The younger of the two men mentioned in the anecdote we have just related, the one who fabricated the story of the flood, was John M. Dean, who for many years was ranked as one of the most brilliant men at the El Paso bar.

When Mr. Dean first came into the Southwest, the only employment that he could secure was that of a stage driver on the line between Fort Davis and San Antonio. During the year or more that he followed this exciting line of endeavor, there were several occasions on which he narrowly escaped being captured by the Apaches. One incident in his career—which came near becoming an adventure—is interesting because, in a way, it is linked up with the events of the celebrated Salt War, and also with the life of the notorious Billy the Kid.

At the conclusion of the Salt War, after Zimpleman's right to the lakes had been established, a man by the name of John Ford, who had come west with Billy the Kid, and had been a member of his gang for some time, and who also was a notorious gun-fighter, was employed by Zimpleman to live at the salt lakes and collect for all salt which was carried away.

At the end of Ford's first six months' work he had collected quite a considerable sum, most of which was in silver dollars. Thinking that it was about time that he and his employer came to a settlement, Ford loaded the cash into a valise and went to Fort Davis, intending to take the stage at that place.

When the stage, with Dean as its driver, was ready to leave, Ford was the only passenger. Dean, noting the extreme heaviness of the grip which Ford carried, asked him what it contained. Ford's reply was that it was filled with ore samples which he was taking in to have assayed. "Ore, hell," retorted Dean, "I'll bet it's 'dobe dollars." With that remark, he went on arranging his load. The last thing that he put aboard the stage was a long-handled shovel. Then he and the express

messenger, both with Winchesters and six-shooters, climbed up on the box. Just as the stage started Ford asked: "What are you goin' to do with the shovel?" Dean's reply was: "Bury a man."

Instantly Ford jumped to the conclusion that his own was the funeral in prospect. He recalled Dean's remark as to the presumable contents of the valise, and immediately put himself in a position to guard his treasure. Drawing two six-shooters and impartially pointing them at the backs of the two men on the driver's seat, Ford felt that he was in control of the situation. For miles the ride was continued in this manner. Neither Dean nor the express messenger looked back, and Ford delayed killing his would-be assassins, waiting for them to make some move that would confirm his suspicions.

The move came soon enough. Dean suddenly pulled up his stage, and saying laconically to the messenger, "Here's the place; let's dig his grave," started to dismount from the box.

But from the lone passenger on the back seat came an abrupt "Stick 'em up there, you fellows." Dean and his companion turned, to find themselves each one looking down into the business end of a "forty-five." With true western courtesy, their hands immediately went up above their heads, while Mr. Ford continued: "It may be that I'm all wrong, but before this thing goes any further I'm goin' to find out who 'tis you're plannin' to bury, and what for you're goin' to kill him. So far as I can see, there aint but three of us in this party, and me bein' the only stranger I've just naturally calculated that maybe it's me that you're gettin' up this little ceremony for, and sure as hell I'm goin' to make a protest right now and say that I won't serve as no corpse."

Then came the explanation. The day before, the stage driver running opposite to Dean had been killed by Indians, and his corpse, concealed by a clump of mesquite, was lying

by the side of the road where the stage had been stopped. The story was good, but it had to be substantiated. Before Ford would allow Dean and his companion to lower their hands, he made them jump down from the stage and conduct him to the spot where the body of the murdered man was hidden.

As soon as this had been done, all was peaceful and serene. From the depths of his heavy valise Ford produced a bottle of whiskey, the three men each took a drink, and with no other ceremony than that, they buried the man who had been killed by the Apaches the day before.

Years afterward, under peculiar conditions, the writer made the acquaintance of Mr. Ford. A few months after my father's death, a heavy-set, middle-aged man came into the office where I was employed. He inquired for me, and after I had been pointed out to him and he had made me properly identify myself as the son of my father, he said: "Look-a-here, kid; I just heard about the old man's being dead, and I come in here to tell you how sorry I am. The old man was one of the best friends I ever had, and I just want to tell you, kid, for his sake, that although I haven't got no money and no influence, I sure have got two mighty good six-shooters. And if you ever get yourself into any kind of trouble that you can't get out of alone, you just call on old John Ford, and, by God, he'll shoot you out."

Another gun-man of the old school, one whose memory we cherish, because he was instrumental in ridding El Paso of some of the hardest characters that ever came into the community, was John Selman. The butt of Selman's six-shooter bore about as many notches as that of any other man in the west, but each one represented a man killed in the discharge of official duty. He was constable here in our town for many years, and two of his exploits, which resulted in funerals for two Texas celebrities, come vividly to our mind. One

of these killings took place in 1894, when W. F. Payne was mayor *pro tem* of El Paso. Early in that year John Wesley Hardin, who claimed that he had seventeen men to his credit, was released from the penitentiary and came to El Paso to take up his residence. The day he arrived in town, Hardin was warned by the mayor that he must comport himself peaceably, and was told that every police officer in town had instructions that they were to shoot him first and arrest him afterwards in case he started a disturbance.

For several weeks Hardin conducted himself in a quiet and dignified manner, and people were beginning to believe that maybe the reformation of the ex-killer was complete. But Hardin's behavior was too good to last, and one night, after an afternoon spent in drinking, he went into a local gambling house and began to play at one of the tables. Either his luck was bad or his judgment was poor, because it was not long until he was completely broke. He left the gambling house declaring that he had been robbed and that he would return in a little while and clean up the place. Within ten minutes he was back. He walked over to the table where he had lost his money, drew two six-shooters, backed the dealer and the crowd up against the wall, scooped the entire bank-roll into his pockets, and walked out. For this offense no one dared to arrest him. The police left him entirely alone, and even several days were allowed to pass before a complaint was made against him and a warrant issued. When the warrant was issued, it was given to John Selman to serve, and as Selman and Hardin had been sworn enemies for years, it was a foregone conclusion that one of the two was going to get killed. During the afternoon Selman looked for Hardin, but failed to find him. That night, however, about ten-thirty, while Selman was sitting on a beer keg in front of the Acme saloon, giving some fatherly advice to the writer in regard to the hour

at which children should be home in bed, Hardin came up and went through the swinging door into the bar-room. A moment later Selman got up from the beer keg, went into the saloon, and shot Hardin through the back of the head, killing him instantly. The circumstances were such that it looked bad for Selman. He was tried for murder, and, in spite of the fact that the bullet which killed Hardin had entered from behind, he was acquitted on a plea of self-defense. When Hardin fell to the floor, he had his six-shooter in his hand, and several witnesses who were in the saloon at the time testified that Hardin drew his gun first because, in the mirror behind the bar, he saw Selman when he came through the door.

Another gun-fight in which Selman came off victor, and which resulted beneficially for El Paso, occurred in the middle of a summer afternoon, when everything in town was apparently peaceable and quiet. At that time one of the largest sporting houses in the town was conducted by a woman named Tillie Howard, and on the afternoon in question she and her girls were entertaining two hilarious guests, one of whom was known as Bass Outlaw and the other as Kid McKittrick. About four o'clock Outlaw became boisterous and rough, brandishing his pistol and scaring several of the "ladies" almost into hysterics. Not being able to control him, Madame Howard went out on the back porch and blew a police whistle which she kept on hand for use in just such emergencies. John Selman heard the call and responded with alacrity. He ran down the alley back of the house, and as he was climbing over a six-foot board fence to get into the yard, Outlaw fired a shot at him which took effect in his leg, just above the knee. Sitting on top of the fence, Selman returned the fire and Outlaw ran inside the house. Selman then dropped off the fence and hobbled after the man who had wounded him. As he entered the back door he was met with a fusillade

from two pistols, but was not hit. With his first shot, however, Selman killed Outlaw; he then pursued McKittrick through the hallway of the house, across the street, and into a small saloon on the opposite corner, where he killed him also. Ten minutes later, Selman was walking up San Antonio street looking for a doctor to take the bullet out of his leg, and the next morning, although a little lame, was on duty as usual.

Some years later, Selman himself was killed in a duel with a brother peace officer named Scarborough. The details of this duel are rather hazy in our memory, but as we recall them they were very peculiar and are substantially as follows. Scarborough and Selman were not enemies, and neither were they what one would call friends. They were both gun-men, with unblemished records for fearlessness, and as each was proud of his prowess, a rivalry existed which made them dangerous to one another.

The two men met one night in the Wigwam saloon on San Antonio street. Each one had several friends with him, and as there was no ill feeling whatever between any of them, they all gathered at the bar and had a few drinks. In the course of conversation an argument over some trivial circumstance arose between Scarborough and Selman. We have no recollection of ever having heard what the disagreement was about, but under any circumstances it is not essential, because no difficulty could possibly have arisen in such a short length of time which would have justified either of these men in killing the other. But they were both men of a peculiar code of honor. Coming from any other man, the remarks which they mutually addressed to each other would have been entirely overlooked, but as they were rivals, each felt that his reputation would suffer if he allowed the other to secure the slightest advantage. As a result of the controversy, the two men finally agreed that they would go into the alley and "shoot it out." Amicable re-

lations were resumed, and another drink was had, after which the two principals, with their friends, adjourned to the alley for the purpose of mutually vindicating their injured honor.

According to a pre-arranged plan, the two men were to stand back to back in the alley, and when the word was given, as someone counted ten, they were each to walk ten paces. At the last count, the men were to take their pistols from their holsters and wheel and fire. It was the old, time-honored, Western way of fighting a duel, and was carried out to the letter, except that on the count of ten, when Selman placed his hand on his hip to pull his revolver, his hand fell upon an empty scabbard. Scarborough, of course, not realizing that he was shooting at an unarmed man, fired as he turned, killing Selman almost instantly.

For this act not even the slightest breath of suspicion was raised against Scarborough. Someone—no one has ever known who—slipped Selman's pistol from the scabbard during the last few minutes that he was in the saloon, but it has never even been intimated that Scarborough was a party to the theft of the weapon.

With these few anecdotes, which are typical of life in El Paso in the early days, the reader of this volume must be satisfied.

Some day, from the almost inexhaustible fund of material which we have accumulated while we have been engaged in the present work, we intend to compile a book of anecdotes and reminiscences, all of which will have their setting here in El Paso.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

- 1520—Conquest of Mexico. El Paso district becomes a part of New Spain.
- 1536—Cabeza de Vaca, first European to come to this section of the country.
- 1541—Coronado's Expedition, coming up west slope of Sierra Madres, crosses through Arizona and invades New Mexico.
- 1561—Creation of Province of Nueva Viscaya, including northern states of Mexico.
- 1580—Spaniards make settlement at headwaters of Conchos river.
- 1598—Juan de Oñate arrives in El Paso and takes possession of Nuevo Mexico in the name of the Spanish crown.
- 1659—Establishment of Mission church, "Our Lady of Guadalupe," in Paso del Norte.
- 1680—Uprising of Indians in New Mexico, and arrival in El Paso of 2,000 Spanish refugees.
- 1681—El Paso becomes base of operations for the re-conquest of New Mexico.
- 1692—L'Archeveque, one of the men who planned and carried out the assassination of La Salle, the celebrated explorer, appears in El Paso.
- 1695—Re-conquest of New Mexico completed and Indians practically subjugated.
- 1776—El Paso district comes under the rule of Caballero de Croix, Viceroy of Nueva Viscaya.
- 1784—Viceroy Galvez, after whom the city of Galveston is named, succeeds de Croix as Viceroy of Nueva Viscaya.

- 1807—Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, U. S. A., first American to set foot in El Paso, arrives here as prisoner of the Spaniards.
- 1821-23—War of Mexican Independence. El Paso comes under Mexican rule.
- 1827—Ponce de Leon purchases site of El Paso.
- 1836—War of Texas Independence. El Paso comes under rule of the Republic of Texas.
- 1841—McLeod's Santa Fe Expedition. Number of Americans brought through El Paso as Mexican prisoners.
- 1846—Samuel Magoffin secures the surrender of Santa Fe to the American forces without the firing of a shot. Samuel Magoffin arrives in El Paso and is made prisoner by the Mexicans. Battle of Brazito. Doniphan's Expedition arrives in El Paso and occupies the town of Paso del Norte.
- 1850—First Boundary Commission report (Bartlett's). First stage arrives in El Paso over the Butterworth route.
- 1852—Establishment of post office and El Paso given the name of Franklin.
- 1854—First activity of United States troops against the Indians.
- 1858—Arrival in El Paso of Anson Mills.
- 1859—Mills draws first map of the town and officially changes its name to El Paso. William Crosby, first American child born in El Paso.
- 1861-65—Civil War.
- 1866—Renewal of mail and freight contracts. Troubles with Apaches.
- 1867—Arrival in El Paso of Judge Gaylord Clark.
- 1869—Apaches put on Mescalero Reservation. J. P. Hague arrives in El Paso as District Attorney.
- 1870—Rev. Joseph Tays organizes first Protestant church.
- 1873—Incorporation of the City of El Paso. First city election, Ben Dowell, mayor.

- 1875—Second city election, M. A. Jones, mayor.
- 1877—Border troubles. The Salt War. Luis Cardis and Charles Howard.
- 1878—Arrival of Colonel James Marr. Fort Bliss made permanent military post.
- 1879—Campaign against Victorio, the Apache chief.
- 1880—Victorio killed. Third city election, Solomon Schutz, mayor.
- 1881—First railroad reaches El Paso. Dallas Stoudenmire named as city marshal. Establishment of El Paso's first bank, the State National. Erection of first Catholic and Protestant church buildings. Fourth city election, Joseph Magoffin, mayor. Z. T. White, C. R. Morehead, O. T. Bassett, W. J. Fewel, T. J. Beall, Wyndham Kemp, Charles Davis, L. H. Davis, and others arrive.
- 1882—Franchises granted to street railway company, gas company, water company.
- 1883—Fifth city election, Joseph Magoffin, mayor.
- 1884—First public school building erected.
- 1885—Sixth city election, R. C. Lightbody, mayor.
- 1887—Seventh city election. R. C. Lightbody, mayor. Lightbody resigns. G. E. Hubbard elected temporary mayor at mass meeting of citizens.
- 1889—Eighth city election, Richard Caples, mayor. Organization of McGinty Club.
- 1891—Ninth city election, Richard Caples, mayor.
- 1892—Burning of Grand Central Hotel.
- 1893—Tenth city election, W. H. Austin, mayor.
- 1894—Eleventh city election, A. K. Albers, mayor. Albers resigns and R. F. Johnson and W. F. Payne finish out term.
- 1895—Twelfth city election, R. F. Campbell, mayor.
- 1897—Thirteenth city election, Joseph Magoffin, mayor.
- 1899—Fourteenth city election, Joseph Magoffin, mayor.

- 1901—Fifteenth city election, B. F. Hammett, mayor. Street railway and electric light companies sold to Stone & Webster Company of Boston.
- 1902—Inauguration of electric street railway system. International Water Company purchases franchise and plant from Watts Water Company.
- 1903—Sixteenth city election, C. R. Morehead, mayor.
- 1904—Toltec Club organized. Dance halls and public gambling abolished. Settlement of dispute between United States and Mexico regarding distribution of waters of the Rio Grande.
- 1905—Seventeenth city election, Charles Davis, mayor.
- 1906—City council lets first street paving contracts. Organization of El Paso Country Club.
- 1907—City purchases plant of International Water Company. Eighteenth city election, Joseph U. Sweeney, mayor.
- 1909—Presidents Taft and Diaz meet at El Paso. Nineteenth city election, Joseph U. Sweeney, mayor. Sweeney resigns and W. F. Robinson is elected by the council. Robinson is killed by a falling wall at a fire and C. E. Kelly is elected to serve out remainder of the term.
- 1910—Congress makes large appropriation and the actual construction of the Elephant Butte dam is begun.
- 1911—Twentieth city election, C. E. Kelly, mayor. Francisco Madero captures city of Juarez.
- 1913—Twenty-first city election, C. E. Kelly, mayor.
- 1914—3,000 Mexican refugees interned at Fort Bliss. Pancho Villa captures the city of Juarez.
- 1915—Twenty-second city election, Tom Lea, mayor.
- 1916—Eighteen Americans massacred at Santa Ysabel. City of El Paso put under martial law.
- 1916—Death in El Paso of Victoriano Huerta. Pancho Villa raids town of Columbus, New Mexico. Pershing's Punitive

Expedition. National Guard of United States mobilized at El Paso.

1917—Twenty-third city election, Charles Davis, mayor. United States declares war on Germany.

1918—End of World War.

1919—Twenty-fourth city election, Charles Davis, mayor. Pancho Villa attacks Juarez; driven out by United States troops.

1921—Twenty-fifth city election, Charles Davis, mayor.

1923—El Paso celebrates its fiftieth birthday with a golden jubilee. Twenty-sixth city election, R. M. Dudley, mayor. The Republic of Mexico recognized by the United States, Friday, August 31st.

SECTION TWO

Biographical

Biographical Section

THE remaining pages of this volume which are given over to biographical and character sketches of men who have devoted their lives to the upbuilding of El Paso are as important, historically, as those which have gone before.

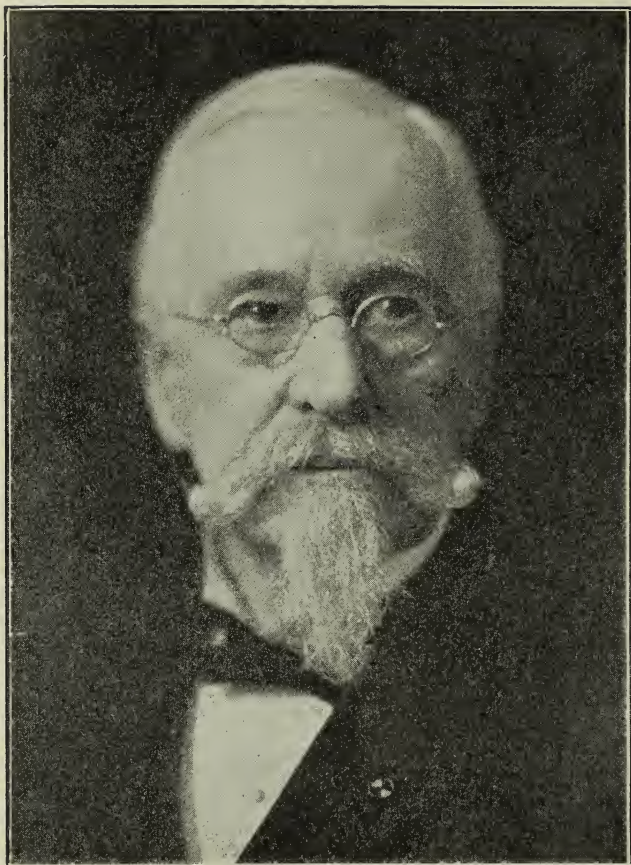
El Paso has always been fortunate in the class of her citizenship and therefore, in composing the following sketches the writer has not been forced to draw upon his imagination or extend his vocabulary in a search for eulogistic and laudatory phrases.

With such men to write about as El Paso's pioneers there has been no need to exaggerate.

As a city El Paso represents the accumulated result of their efforts. They had much to do in making the town; they are proud of their handiwork, and the town is grateful to and proud of them.

Index to Second Section

* GENERAL ANSON MILLS	333
CHARLES R. MOREHEAD	339
SAMUEL SCHUTZ	347
JAMES P. HAGUE	351
MAYO CABELL MARTIN	355
WYNDHAM KEMP	358
W. S. HILLS	359
JAMES H. WHITE	362
FELIX MARTINEZ	365
MAJOR W. J. FEWEL	368
ULYSSES S. STEWART	372
ZACH T. WHITE	376
F. E. HUNTER	379
JAMES A. SMITH	381
ALFRED COURCHESNE	385
THE COLES FAMILY	387
JAMES L. MARR	393
HERBERT E. STEVENSON	395
THE PAYNE FAMILY	398
JOSE ANTONIO ESCAJEDA	402
HORACE BROADDUS	405
MAJOR RICHARD F. BURGESS	407
JOHN L. DYER	410
BEN F. JENKINS	412
JOHN C. VOSS	415
STATE NATIONAL BANK	416
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK	421
EL PASO GAS COMPANY	425
EL PASO ELECTRIC RAILWAY Co.	427
EL PASO FOUNDRY & MACHINE Co.	431
PURITY BAKING COMPANY	433
SOUTHWESTERN PORTLAND CEMENT Co.	435
RIO GRANDE OIL COMPANY	438
CONSUMER'S ICE COMPANY	441



GENERAL ANSON MILLS.

GENERAL ANSON MILLS.

SMALL and apparently trivial things frequently determine large results. For instance, if the instructors in the West Point Military Academy in 1857 had been willing to pass a student whose knowledge of mathematics was merely superficial, El Paso might not today have been called El Paso; the Mills Building in this city might never have been built and Anson Mills himself would probably never have been personally known to the people of the great Southwest.

Here is the story: In February, 1857, Anson Mills failed in his examination at the United States Military Academy and feeling that he had disgraced himself and his family, he resigned his appointment and wrote to his father boldly announcing that he was going to Texas. Going to Texas in those days was a large undertaking but, with characteristic spirit, young Mills turned his face to the west.

Traveling by rail and river steamer Mills reached Shreveport, Louisiana, and from there, setting out on foot, he walked to McKinney, Texas, where he almost immediately secured employment as a school teacher. Before the end of his first year, however, he had already determined upon El Paso as his ultimate objective.

According to his own story Mills, who was then only 24 years of age, arrived in El Paso, then Franklin, on May 8, 1858, and hardly had he descended from the stage before he began to write his name into the records, not only of the town but also of all of the surrounding territory.

One of the things badly needed in the district at that time was a civil engineer and as Mills had learned surveying at the academy he took up the rod and transit and went to work.

As we look around the Southwest today it is hard for us to visualize the conditions which existed here in 1858 but as the records are replete with accounts of Indian raids and

massacres it is not at all difficult for us to imagine that it required courage and determination for a man to be either able or willing to go out into a savage infested wilderness and run lines and locate corners. But Indians seem to have been the least of the young surveyor's troubles. With only two companions, traveling on foot himself and carrying his outfit on a pack burro, Mills surveyed for more than a year throughout a territory which embraces a district extending from Fort Quitman, Texas, to Santa Rita, N. M.

Idleness being no part of his early western program, as soon as his surveying contracts were completed, Mills looked for other work. He contracted for and built a stage station covering an entire block for the Overland Stage Company and when that was finished he immediately set about putting into execution a plan which ultimately resulted in his erecting for himself a monument which will live as long as El Paso exists.

Franklin at that time was only a potential city. It had prospects but no assets and very few inhabitants. The vision of the young engineer, however, was keener than that of the older settlers who had come before him. With the enthusiastic and optimistic eyes of youth he could see far into the future and so it was that Anson Mills was the man who went to J. F. Crosby, the Gillette brothers and others interested in the place and suggested to them that they organize a town-site company and lay out a "city." He finally prevailed upon them and was employed to plat the town and draw its first map. This map was signed February 28, 1859, and on its face we note that he has re-christened the settlement by officially calling it the "Town of El Paso."

During the year following the making of this map Mills worked at his adopted profession of a surveyor and in 1860 he became a candidate for the office of "district engineer." This candidacy led to political difficulties between him and

two of his former employers and, on page 49 of the first part of this book, there is a reproduction of the public correspondence which passed at the time which is indicative of the life in El Paso at that early period.

When the call for the vote on secession came Mills, although he felt that he did so at the risk of his life, boldly displayed a ballot on which he had written "No Separation" and cast it into the box. The following day, leaving behind him all of his worldly possessions, he started for Washington and shortly after his arrival in the capitol he was commissioned as a first lieutenant in the United States army.

During the four years of the war Mills served with honor and distinction and the close of hostilities found him a captain in his original regiment. Having acquired a fondness for the service he remained in the army and for several years was on recruiting duty throughout the central states. During this period he met and married Miss Nannie Cassell of Zanesville, Ohio, and it is interesting for us to know that one of the inducements which he held forth to the young lady to influence her in her decision to accept him was that he was the owner of some El Paso real estate.

It was also while in the recruiting service that Captain Mills took note of the fact that the method employed by the army for carrying individual rifle ammunition was unsatisfactory and inconvenient. As a solution of the problem he devised a looped belt, made of leather with loops sewed on it, and secured a patent.

For many years after this Captain Mills seems to have had three objects in life. For the ordinary man one object is generally more than enough to keep him busy, but Mills was never ordinary. His three objects were, first, to make his young wife happy; second, to serve his country honorably, and third, to perfect his belt.

Somewhat in anticipation of our story we will say that

all three were realized. His wife lived and died a happy woman; his military career was honorable and has been crowned with the highest success attainable in the service and his looped belt has become a part of the uniform equipment adopted by nearly all of the armies of the world. In order, however, to manufacture a belt which would neither stretch nor ravel it was found necessary to invent a loom which would weave the body of the belt and the loops all in one piece and, although Captain Mills was told that the insane asylums were full of men who were trying to do things equally as impossible, he persevered until he himself finally manufactured a machine which not only produced the desired results but also produced an independent fortune for its inventor.

Three years after his marriage, which had taken place in October, 1868, Captain Mills was transferred to the cavalry and assigned to duty at Fort Whipple, Arizona. Taking his young wife with him the cavalry officer once again went west. There followed years of Indian campaigning and rough experiences. From 1871 to 1878 he was practically in the field all of the time without a leave, but in May, 1878, his services were rewarded by his receiving his majority and being sent as United States military attache to the Paris Exposition. During his stay in Paris his only son, Anson Cassell Mills, was born.

Upon his return to the United States Major Mills was assigned to duty with the 10th Cavalry stationed at Fort Concho, Texas. Two years later he was transferred to Fort Davis and as this is in the neighborhood of El Paso we find him again visiting this place.

During Mills' absence of twenty-two years El Paso had changed considerably. In 1881 it was already the terminal point of four railroads and the town lots which he had received

as compensation for the platting of the place and the drawing of the first map had developed into city property.

In 1881, in partnership with Judge J. F. Crosby, Major Mills erected the Grand Central hotel which was, at the time of its completion, the largest hotel building in the state of Texas.

Within the next few years Major Mills participated actively in the Indian campaigns of Arizona and New Mexico and with General Leonard Wood, who was a volunteer contract surgeon, was a member of the expedition which finally crossed the Rio Grande and captured the Apache chief, Geronimo, on Mexican soil.

In 1889 Major Mills was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and in 1893 was in command of troops actively engaged in quieting the disturbances which at that time arose between the Mexican and American settlers on the opposite banks of the Rio Grande near Brownsville.

During these troubles Colonel Mills' regiment was divided and, when he found that although he was responsible for his entire command he was in actual touch with only a small part of it, he sent a formal request to the Department that his troops either be returned to him or that his resignation be accepted. He accompanied this letter with a request that he be granted a six months' leave of absence intending to retire from the service at the expiration of the leave in order to devote his entire attention to the cartridge belt business.

Before the expiration of his leave, however, Colonel Mills was summoned to Washington and offered the post of United States boundary commissioner to determine the boundary between the United States and Mexico. He demurred somewhat at accepting this offer, but when Congress passed a resolution setting aside the law of the land and allowing him to retain his retired rank as a lieutenant colonel, and at the same time occupy the post offered him, he accepted.

From this time until 1914, when he resigned from the office, Mills, ranking first as colonel on the retired list and later as general, occupied the extremely difficult and diplomatic position as boundary commissioner and was in charge of the proceedings, in behalf of the United States, when the celebrated Chamizal Arbitration Commission held its sessions at El Paso.

In 1892 the Grand Central hotel, which had been erected by Crosby and Mills ten years before, was destroyed by fire and Mills, purchasing from Crosby his interest in the vacant site, erected thereon a two-story brick building with basement. This building he demolished in 1912 and replaced with a twelve-story reinforced concrete building, which was, at the time of its erection, and which probably is today, the tallest concrete structure of its kind in the world.

The consolidation of four separately organized and operated lines of street railway, which were endeavoring to exist in El Paso and Juarez, when the two towns had a joint population of less than 15,000, was a piece of constructive work which Anson Mills undertook and carried through to a successful issue. The consolidation of these lines naturally resulted in the creation of a profitable business and upon this basis the entire system was later sold out to the Stone & Webster Corporation, which is today operating under franchises originally granted to Mills and others.

General Mills' only son, Anson, died suddenly in the City of Washington on February 25, 1894, and his wife, Nannie Cassell, died in the same city May 14, 1917.

General Mills' only other child, Constance Lydia, who was born at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, October 22, 1881, is the wife of Captain William S. Overton, U. S. A.

CHARLES R. MOREHEAD.

IN 1859 a young man, only twenty years of age, was called to the city of Washington to confer with the President of the United States and the Secretary of War in regard to the feasibility of establishing a pony express route from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean.

This young man, who was Charles R. Morehead, in company with Captain James Rupe, an experienced plainsman and Indian fighter, had just completed the most remarkable overland trip that, up to that time, had ever been made west of the Missouri river. The story of that trip in all of its details is one that is abounding with interest, and it is hard for the writer of this sketch, familiar though he is with the events of the western frontier, to visualize its incidents.

At the age of seventeen young Morehead left home and went to Leavenworth, Kansas, then nothing but a trading post, and hardly that, and entered the employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell, who were engaged in the freighting business and who had just secured a contract to transport government supplies to new army posts to be established in the rebellious territory of Utah. These contracts not only called for the hauling of army equipment, provisions, etc., but also for the driving through of large herds of beef cattle.

The undertaking was one that was fraught with a great deal of danger. Along its entire length the route from Leavenworth to the Great Salt Lake lay through Indian territory, and after Utah was reached the hostile Mormons were an additional menace.

Up to the time that young Morehead accepted his position with the freighting company he had had no experience to fit him for the hardships of the plains. He had lived at his home in Missouri, had received a smattering of a so-called college education and, in his father's employ, had learned the rudi-

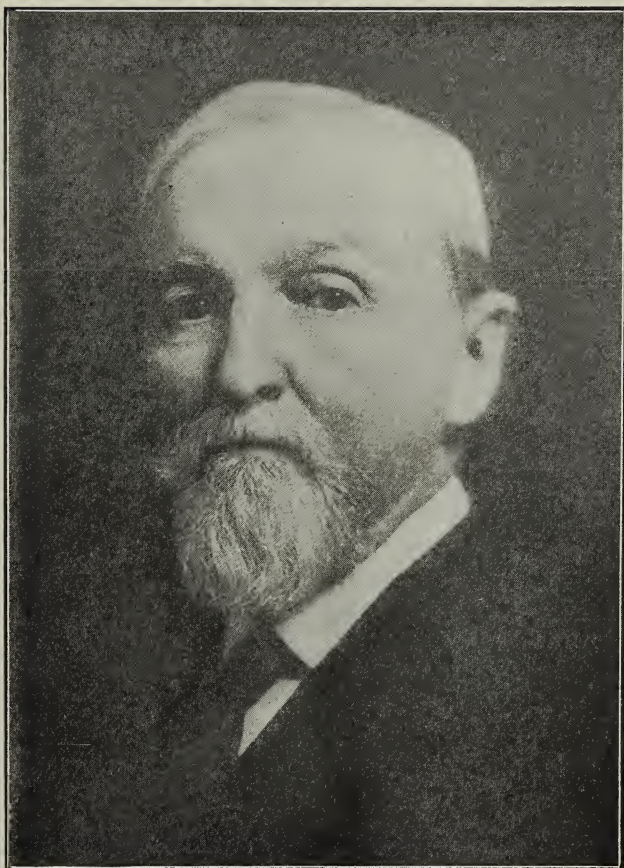
ments of the mercantile and banking business. When he went to work he was an excellent clerk, and nothing else. Within the year, however, he was to learn a good many other things, and was to be tried out in a way that would either bring out his manhood or else send him back to his home a quitter.

Young Morehead was no quitter. When the proposition was made to him that he cross the plains as assistant to Captain Rupe, who had charge of a number of wagon trains and several large droves of cattle, and that he also assume the responsibility for checking in the merchandise and cattle at their destination, he accepted it unquestioningly.

An account of the adventures that Morehead and Rupe had in their journey from Leavenworth to Fort Bridger, Utah, would fill a book larger than this present volume. They met with all the misfortunes and endured all of the hardships which fell to the general lot of travelers in those days. But in addition to normal difficulties they had mutinous teamsters, hostile Indians, renegade Mormons, and a prairie fire to overcome.

Morehead and his chief left Leavenworth in a buckboard, in May, 1857, and it was not until December 25th that they arrived at Fort Bridger and completed the delivery of their goods and cattle. Young Morehead insisted that his receipts be signed at once, as he said that he desired to start back immediately. Col. Albert Sidney Johnson, who was in command at Fort Bridger at that time and who had signed the receipts, remonstrated with the young man and urged him not to undertake the journey. It was in the dead of winter and the country was overlaid with deep snow which not only rendered traveling difficult but also made it next to impossible to find camping places where there would be pasturage for pack animals.

Colonel Johnson's arguments, however, had no weight with either Captain Rupe or Charles Morehead. They were determined to return to Leavenworth, and return they did.



CHARLES R. MOREHEAD.

In thirty days they traveled a distance of 1200 miles, walking most of the way, and some idea of the difficulties they overcame may be imagined when it is stated that in order to keep the legs of their pack mules from being cut all to pieces by the frozen snow they were forced to equip the animals with leggings made out of elk hide. Fortunately, on their return journey they were not molested by Indians, which kindly circumstance can be accounted for by the severity of the winter, which kept the savages cooped up in their settlements.

It was the successful outcome of this trip which led to the conference in Washington already spoken of, and the ultimate establishment of the famous Pony Express.

After this experience, Morehead remained in the employ of the transportation company for one year, making one more overland trip for them.

In 1859 he returned to Missouri where, on January 25th, he married Miss Lemire Morris, daughter of Col. William V. Morris, who had served in the War of 1812 and had been with Gen. Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. Immediately after his marriage Mr. Morehead returned to Leavenworth and embarked in the mercantile and cattle business in partnership with Matthew Ryan. During the years that followed, Mr. Morehead's life was one that was filled with the triple incentives of excitement, adventure and profit. During the years of '68 and '69 he served as mayor of the town of Leavenworth, and was at all times identified with every movement that tended to promote that city's prosperity. In 1880 he made his first trip to El Paso, coming to this town by stage from Fort Worth. An account of what he found here on this trip, as well as an account of his initial activities when he returned to take up his permanent residence in the town, in February, 1881, will be found in Chapters 9 and 10, in Part One, of this volume.

From the very day of Mr. Morehead's arrival in El Paso until the day of his death he was unceasingly active in promoting the interests of his clients and of his city. He early recognized that his banking business could prosper only in proportion to the general prosperity of the community, and because of his unusual ability and his fearlessness he did many things for El Paso that, without his presence in the city, would have probably remained undone for years.

In addition to his interest in the commercial and financial welfare of the town, Mr. Morehead at all times took a leading part in all matters pertaining to the city government and to public education.

In fact, for a great many years, and during a very critical period in El Paso's civic existence, he was what might be termed a political boss, it being undoubtedly true that from his office in the State National bank the edicts went forth which controlled politics in both the city and the county of El Paso.

The result of this centralization of power in the hands of one man was what it always has been and always will be.

Behind Mr. Morehead and around him were grouped a number of substantial, prominent men who were his staunch adherents and supporters, and opposed to him he always had about an equal number of very sincere enemies.

The principal charge that these enemies made against Mr. Morehead during the years that he was in control of the political situation was that he maintained his supremacy through the support of the corrupt element of the city.

In one sense of the word this charge was true. For years the gamblers and saloon men and their henchmen and ward heelers voted in accordance with the wishes of C. R. Morehead. With them his word was law, and it is strange that this should have been the case, as he was essentially and in all things a man with whom they had nothing in common. He

was a quiet, dignified gentleman, whose home life was exceptionally beautiful and refined and who never associated, except in a business or political way, with any of the men whose votes he controlled.

It is very probable that the secret of his success lay in his aloofness. Mr. Morehead was a man that the sporting fraternity could honor and respect because he was not of nor in sympathy with their class, and for that reason they yielded to dictation from him when they would have resented it coming from anyone else.

But be that as it may, the fact remains that as time went on the people of El Paso came to realize that it was better to have Mr. Morehead at the head of their affairs than it was to have nearly any other citizen of the town.

Mr. Morehead was safe; he was not a radical reformer. His long years of experience in the west had cooled his blood and taught him many things that some of his young and over-enthusiastic opponents did not know. One of these things was that a quiet and steadying influence brought constantly to bear over a number of years would produce better and more lasting results than any moral upheaval possibly could. With that end in view, Mr. Morehead sat quietly in his office in the bank and by curbing and restraining, and not by driving the unruly elements in the city, and by disregarding the criticism leveled against him, he gradually prepared the way for the ultimate cleaning up of El Paso.

Today, I believe that every fair-minded and honest man in El Paso, even though there are many who were his opponents, will agree with me when I say that Mr. Morehead was right and that his adversaries were wrong in nearly all of the bitter fights that were waged in the early days.

It was much better for El Paso to have had a man like C. R. Morehead in political control of the undesirable elements

in the town than it would have been for them to have chosen one of their own number as a leader.

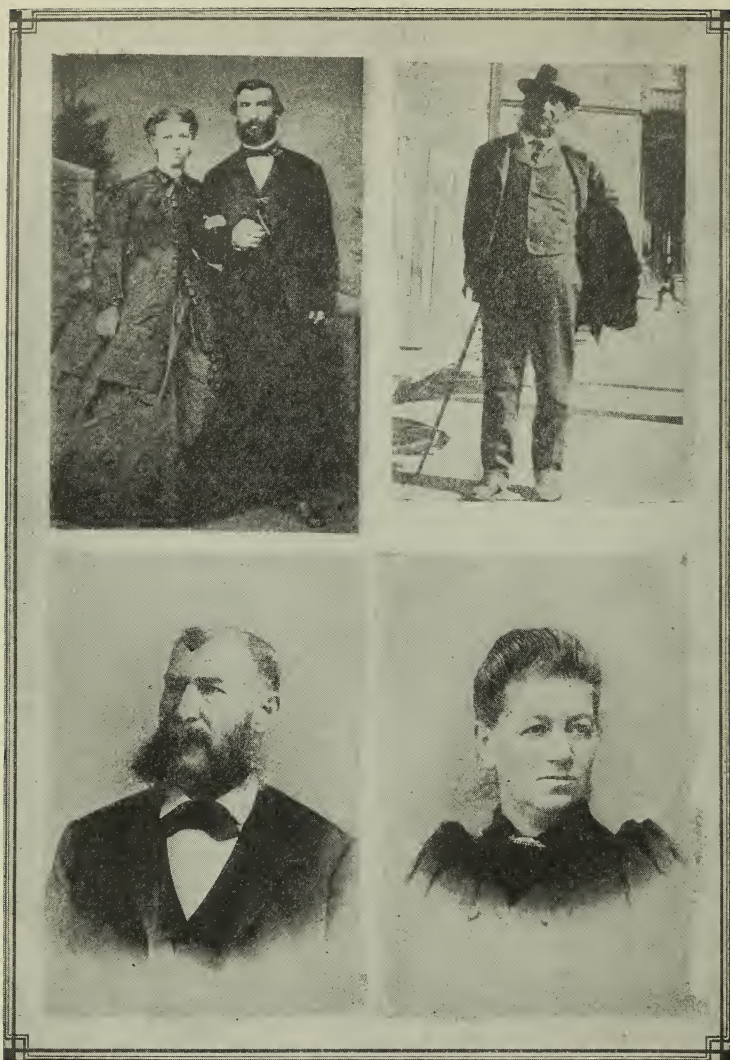
In 1893, against his wishes, but yielding to the urgently expressed desires of his friends, Mr. Morehead made the race for mayor of El Paso. The campaign waged against him was bitter and merciless, but he was elected by a substantial majority, and during his term in office he paved the way for the coming in of the most progressive administration the city has ever had.

In his work for the schools Mr. Morehead was always in the forefront of the battle, and in 1893-94, when the school system was reorganized to accommodate it to the growing demands of the city, he was president of the board. In recognition of his services to the cause of education, one of the largest schools in the city is named for him, and a portrait of him, painted in oils, hangs in the auditorium at the High school. Mr. Morehead was a prominent Mason and Knight Templar. He was elected a Knight Commander of the Court of Honor by the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Masons at Washington, D. C., on October 23, 1893, and at the same place on October 30, 1897, the 33rd degree, honorary, was conferred upon him.

From the date of its organization in February, 1881, up to the time of his death, which occurred in El Paso December 15, 1921, Mr. Morehead remained as president and chairman of the board of the State National bank.

He was twice married. First on January 25, 1859, to Lemire, daughter of William V. Morris of Maysville, Kentucky, and on June 12, 1912, to Mary Harrison, daughter of Charles Franklin Gates of Mississippi, a colonel in the Confederate army.

During forty years Mr. Morehead rendered unstinted and worthy service to the people and the city of El Paso, and no man whose name is mentioned in the pages of this book is entitled to a deeper or more sincere veneration than is he.



MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL SCHUTZ.
As bride and groom in 1865 and in later years.

SAMUEL SCHUTZ.

IN the late 40's of the last century the lure of the west had penetrated to the little village of Vunnenberg, Westphalia, Germany, and a venturesome native lad, born January 4, 1828, heard and heeded the call. The romance of the Western hemisphere crept into his heart and the stirring tales of the Eldorado in the New World spoke to him of a wealth of gold and opportunity.

Bred to the simple farm life of a country where a panorama of fertile European valleys always stretched out before his gaze, the imaginary vision of the outposts of civilization must indeed have sent a thrill through the heart of young Samuel Schutz.

Braving the dangers and enduring the hardships of a trip across the Atlantic in a sailboat, because this was before the day of the *de luxe* steamer and the Pullman car, young Schutz came to the New World. He landed in New York penniless but determined. He ate his first meal—a bag of peanuts—standing upon the dock, and with this meagre sustenance he started out to win his fortune.

For a year the young man lived in New York, and then bent his steps westward, earning his living as he went. He had no capital save those three great assets, health, strength, and the willingness to work. After two years spent in traveling, with his footsteps always instinctively pointing to the Southwest, the boy at last found himself in San Antonio, Texas, in 1852. He spent two years in that city, always working hard, and always spending a little less than he made.

In 1854, with his small savings, he arrived in El Paso, and at once his foresight and business judgment asserted themselves. The location of the place awakened a faith in him that never faltered. Unconsciously the young man formed the same opin-

ion that the great Baron Von Humboldt had formed only a few years before. "Right here," he said, almost echoing the words of the famous traveler, "is the natural gateway between the United States and Mexico. This must some day grow into a great city." With this thought in his mind, Samuel Schutz determined to make El Paso his home, and he was one of the three or four of El Paso's very earliest citizens who lived to have the satisfaction of seeing their prophecies fulfilled and their dreams come true.

On the first night after his arrival in El Paso, Samuel Schutz slept in a small adobe room on San Francisco street, where within a short time he opened up a mercantile business. On the same spot, when he was in his seventy-eighth year, he closed his eyes and passed into the Great Beyond.

Launching extensively into mercantile enterprises, and possessed of a fine business ability, the pioneer lad prospered until, after many years of active trading, he came to be the leading merchant of El Paso. Honor and integrity were his religion; thrift and sincerity of purpose his creed. He was generous, big-hearted and charitable. His helping hand was always stretched out to the unfortunate, and in many instances, after some of his proteges had reached affluence, their grateful recognition was his happy satisfaction. Many more, however, were the disappointments which came to him when he found that his bountiful munificence had been received and misused.

In 1865 he returned to his old home in the fatherland, where he married Fredericka Siebenborn, bringing his bride back with him to his frontier town.

Mrs. Schutz was a fitting helpmate for her pioneer husband, in whose veins there flowed that rugged blood which gave intensity of purpose to so many of our foremost men of the border. The gentle, dignified woman, who had been reared in

an atmosphere so different from the turbulent one of the western town, accommodated herself to her new surroundings and at once took her place in the life of El Paso. Far and wide her hospitality became famous. Her simple adobe home, immaculate and well cared for as it could only have been by a trained housewife, was known to have its latchstring always out for the weary traveler.

Amid the vicissitudes of motherhood, and in spite of conditions fraught with the utmost peril, this true pioneer woman and mother imparted her exalting influence to the little town. In those days danger lurked in the nearby hills and hardship was part of the daily life, but long years, perfectly rounded out, saw the triumph of sacrifice at last complete in the fulfillment of purpose. Samuel and Mrs. Schutz reared a large family, and it is a strong commentary on his business ability and a high tribute to the mother's noble service to others to be able to say that after giving liberally to every public enterprise and providing for their children with no stinting hand, these pioneer parents died possessed of a fortune.

When El Paso was in its infancy, Mr. Schutz emphasized his faith in the future of the town by adding to his holdings on San Francisco street and by erecting the first brick structure in the city. After the arrival of the railroads he not only kept abreast but a little ahead of the times. He was one of the men who financed and organized El Paso's first street railway system, and in 1905, when the real spirit of progress had entered the city, he was again one of the men who worked hardest to bring about the building of an electric line.

In 1881, when the railroads first reached El Paso, Mr. Schutz prophesied that San Francisco street would one day be a main thoroughfare, and his prediction in regard to that, like his prediction of earlier years regarding El Paso, came

true. He was the largest single contributor to the fund for the purchase of the present union depot, and during the erection of the building he made daily trips, in spite of the burden of his years, to the scene of his hobby. His was a familiar figure on the streets as, guarded by his two faithful sentinels, great St. Bernard dogs, he made his regular visits to the depot and watched its construction. And it is strikingly pathetic, an example of the bitter irony of fate, that he died just as his last dream was being realized, on March 2, 1906.

As the first electric cars could be heard making their initial run to the union station, Samuel Schutz sat in his big chair by a window at his home. He was asked if he could distinguish the lights illuminating the new depot. He answered, "No, but I can hear the bells ringing on the street cars." These were the bells which, as they signaled the fulfillment of a prophecy, also signaled the completion of a useful, a worthy and an honorable life. Samuel Schutz died as he had lived, a man among men, a friend in his community, and a beloved and revered husband and parent.

At the time of his death Mr. Schutz was survived by his widow and nine children. Mrs. Schutz reached the age of eighty-one years. Her death occurred in San Jose, California on December 9, 1921. Mr. and Mrs. Schutz are both buried in Concordia cemetery.

The children now surviving are Edwin Schutz of Los Angeles, Joseph Schutz of New York, Mrs. Noa Ilfeld of Los Angeles, Mrs. Carrie S. Grunsfeld and Mrs. Bella Dillon of San Francisco, Mrs. D. S. Rosenwald and Mrs. Berthold Spitz of Albuquerque.

JAMES P. HAGUE.

IN studying the character of early El Pasoans and in going back as far as I can in my personal recollections of them, I find no one who is more worthy of consideration than is James P. Hague. I can recall that, as a child, I frequently heard my father and other men speak of Mr. Hague as the most brilliant man in the Southwest. His record, as I find it, justifies the appellation.

As a mere boy James Hague ran away from his home, enlisted in the Confederate Army and fought through the war. He then worked his way through college, studied law in the office of Judge Davis, father of Waters Davis of this city, and at the tender age of twenty he married Miss Clara Brinck. The year following his marriage he received the appointment of District Attorney for the El Paso district.

He came overland from Austin to El Paso in 1871, and no sooner had he assumed the duties of his office than he made it, for the first time since its creation, an office that was respected and feared. Although he was what might be called a beardless youth when he arrived in El Paso, he at once stepped into the position of leadership which his intellect entitled him to occupy. His high regard for the ethics of his profession and his example, both in the council chamber and in the court room, gave a dignity and a tone to the practice of law which it never before had in the Southwest.

Naturally, in a community where men were quick in their judgments, Mr. Hague's abilities were immediately recognized, and when he retired from his public office and went into private practice he did so with the largest clientele of any lawyer in the district. And up to the time of his death Mr. Hague continued to enjoy such an enviable reputation as an attorney that he was able to make his own choice as to whom he would serve.

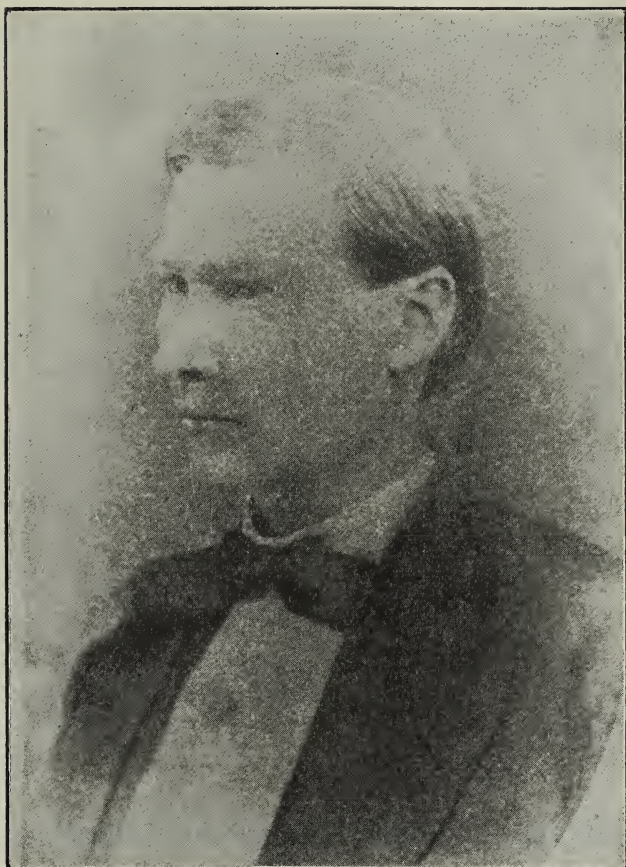
In both public and private affairs, Mr. Hague was a man of sterling and outspoken honesty, and was always entirely fearless in his efforts in behalf of anything he thought was right.

It is a matter of record that at the time the first county court house was built a question arose as to the honesty of some of the parties who were interested in the contract. In his capacity as a public spirited citizen, Mr. Hague investigated the matter and found that the tax payers were being defrauded out of a very considerable sum of money. The case was carried into the courts, and when it had reached a point where conviction was almost certain, representatives of the men who were under suspicion asked Mr. Hague to grant them a private conference.

Feeling certain that he knew what the plan was, Mr. Hague arranged for the conference to take place at his home, and in order that he might have witnesses, he had J. P. Deiter and James H. White conceal themselves in a closet in the room. When the expected visitors arrived, after some preliminary remarks leading up to the subject, they offered Mr. Hague a very large bribe if he would allow the prosecution to be dropped. Mr. Hague ostensibly agreed to this proposal, was given the money in cash, and the visitors withdrew.

The next morning Mr. Hague did a very characteristic thing. He advertised that a mass meeting of the citizens of El Paso would be held in the public square that night, and at that meeting, after making a speech such as only he knew how to deliver, he presented the bribe money to the county commissioners. With this money these officials were able to complete the building of the court house, which had been left in an unfinished state by the contractors.

Because of his fearlessness in matters of this kind and also because of his ability, which was such as to make a certain class fear him, Mr. Hague had a few very sincere enemies. And



JAMES P. HAGUE.
From an old photograph taken in 1869.

it is said that at one time these men put a price of \$10,000.00 on his head, offering that amount to anyone who would kill him.

Another interesting incident in his life, and one which is illustrative of early politics in El Paso, is that in the first city election Mr. Hague was a candidate for alderman and was defeated in the race by his own servant, who opposed him and was elected by a majority of four votes.

Immediately after Mr. Hague's arrival in El Paso in 1871, he had been joined by his wife, who came overland from Jefferson, Texas.

During the remainder of their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Hague lived almost continuously in El Paso, and reared a large family of children.

Mr. Hague died at the age of forty-six. Viewed from the standpoint of mere years, he was a young man at the time of his death, but if he is judged by his accomplishments and the time that he had been in service, he was not.

In 1880 Mr. Hague was appointed as El Paso's first city attorney and at the conclusion of his term was elected to the city council in which he served for nine years. In 1888 he received the Republican nomination for Congress, and again in 1899 was nominated for attorney general on the ticket headed by Governor Flanagan. In both cases, however, his personal affairs were too pressing to allow him to make any campaign.

For twenty-six years he took a leading and aggressive part in the life of El Paso, and made for himself a reputation as a citizen and lawyer which places him in the very front rank of those who have left their mark upon the pages of the history of this city.

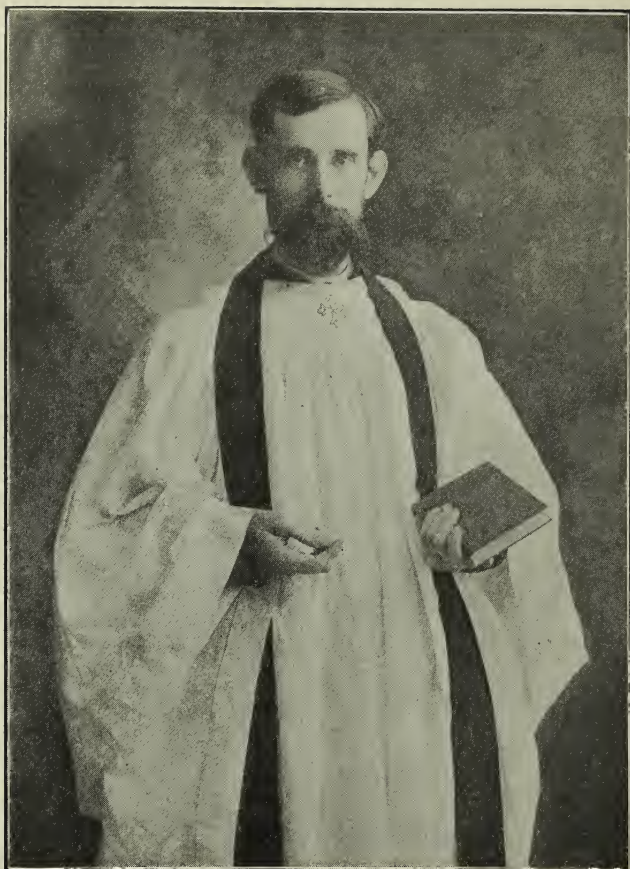
MAYO CABELL MARTIN.

IN the early 90's the little old frame church on Mesa avenue which Parson Tays had built as the home for his Episcopal congregation, welcomed a new rector. The new-comer was a young man from Tennessee, Mayo Cabell Martin, and no sooner had he taken charge of his church than not only his congregation, but all of El Paso as well, recognized that a new spiritual force had come into the community.

Mr. Martin was not an eloquent speaker, but was possessed of an earnestness and an enthusiasm which counted for far more than a flow of golden words. He came to El Paso at a time when its morality was at the lowest ebb that it had ever been, and by the mere force of his example and his precept he did much to elevate the town to a higher standard. Even though the place was filled to overflowing with men and women who were living lives of shame and degradation, Mr. Martin was not the type of preacher or the kind of man who denounces an individual because of his or her calling. He condemned the calling, but never the man or woman who followed it.

This broad-minded view that Mayo Cabell Martin took of life endeared him to everyone. Prize-fighter, prostitute and bar-tender all spoke of him with respect and reverence, and the writer knows from personal knowledge that some of the warmest supporters and best friends that Mr. Martin had while he was in the ministry were men who were engaged in callings which he was constantly working to destroy.

The first meetings which were held in El Paso for the purpose of inaugurating an anti-gambling campaign were held in his home, but as long as he took part in the reform movements they were always conducted with a view to abolishing the gambling evil without condemning the men who were engaged in it.



MAYO CABELL MARTIN.

The present magnificent St. Clement's Church can justly be regarded as the direct result of the unceasing labor of Rev. J. H. Tays and Mayo Cabell Martin. The former organized the first Episcopal congregation, and as a building site for a church donated a location on Mesa avenue which in time became immensely valuable. The latter strengthened the congregation, spiritualized it, and, fighting an uphill fight in a community which was literally honeycombed with vice, finally made his church a real church triumphant.

Mr. Martin, however, did not live to see the fulfilment of his hopes and desires for El Paso. Three years before his death, he married Miss Laura Farrar of Nashville, Tennessee. Two years later, in his little frame church, he read the beautiful Episcopal burial service over the body of his wife, and one short year thereafter he, himself, gave up his great work.

He was a truly remarkable man; one whose memory will forever remain green in the minds of all who knew him.

JUDGE WYNDHAM KEMP.

THE first impression that, as a child, I had of Judge Kemp was that he was a kindly man who wore blue and white seersucker suits in the summer time and for whom everybody entertained the highest esteem.

As a boy I accepted Judge Kemp's standing in the community merely as a fact, but as I grew older I naturally analyzed the man and looked for reasons. They were not hard to find.

Wyndham Kemp was a man who was so entirely lacking in everything that is superficial that his real personality was easy to discover. He was wholly honest and entirely sincere and unselfish. These traits, coupled with a great intellect and a most remarkable sense of humor made Judge Kemp's an outstanding figure in El Paso for more than thirty years.

As a lawyer he stood high at the Texas Bar as the legal representative of railroad corporations and banks and maintained the ethics of his profession to a degree seldom met with.

Locally Judge Kemp never entered into politics, although it can be stated that for ten years he acted as a balance wheel which largely controlled the actions of a set of men who dominated over and dictated to the city of El Paso. Through his quiet influence he probably did more than any other man in El Paso to restrain the actions of hot-headed and erratic politicians and for that alone the town owes him a debt of gratitude that it can never repay.

During his entire residence here Judge Kemp was a conscientious church worker, and was one of the few men who helped, in 1881, to erect the small St. Clement's building on Mesa avenue which, it is said, was the first Protestant Church erected along the Rio Grande from Santa Fe to Brownsville.

W. S. HILLS.

IN 1638, eighteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers had landed at Plymouth Rock, Joseph Hills, the great, great, great grand-father of one of El Paso's most prominent pioneer citizens, came to America and settled in the wilderness around Massachusetts Bay.

Joseph Hills was a man of strong personality and fine attainments. For many years he was the speaker of the Great and General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and in 1648 he compiled the first body of laws for that colony, it being also the first compilation of law in the New World.

Joseph Hills had come of a long line of stalwart British ancestors which could trace itself back to the time of King Edward I in the year 1289. And, as the first of the name in the New World he, himself, became the ancestor from which sprang an equally stalwart American family.

William Smith Hills, the subject of this sketch, was the sixth in the American line. He was born in Georgia on November 4, 1837; received his first education in his native state and then studied at the Harvard Law School from which he graduated in 1859. Following his graduation he went to Europe for the purpose of taking up the study of languages, and when he returned to America in 1864 he could speak French, German, Spanish and Italian and had also mastered the intricacies of Latin, Sanskrit and Hebrew. His classical education, however, was not destined to be of any immediate benefit to W. S. Hills.

Within the year after his return to the United States the Civil War broke out and Mr. Hills at once joined the Confederate Army, enrolling himself in the command of Captain Billy Tower, of Rome, Georgia.

Throughout the entire course of the war Mr. Hills fought

valiantly for the cause that he had espoused and at its close he surrendered with the command of General Forrest.

For nine years following the war he practised law in Rome. In 1874, however, hoping to find a wider and better field for his abilities, he moved to St. Louis which was, even then, quite a metropolis.

It was because of one of the connections made during his life in St. Louis that W. S. Hills was first induced to come to El Paso. As an attorney representing the Campbell Estate, he came to this town in 1880 to settle claims which his clients had against Gillett Brothers, a pioneer merchandising firm.

From this time on the activities of W. S. Hills are intimately associated with the history of El Paso. Upon his arrival here Mr. Hills found that the Gillett Brothers were unable to pay the amount due his principals in cash, and consequently he was forced to make a settlement with them which involved the taking over of acres and acres of apparently worthless sand hills.

But the judgment of a man who had true pioneer blood flowing in his veins and who could look ahead with a pioneer's vision was behind the settlement that was made. Mr. Hills had the foresight which enables some men to see a long way into the future and, in his mind's eye, he undoubtedly pictured a panorama wherein he could discern a city rising up to adorn the barren acreage.

With this picture before him and also on account of the health of his young son, Mr. Hills made El Paso his home.

He brought his wife and his two children Lee and Florence, out into the wilds of Texas, and, like his ancestor Joseph Hills, he went to work for the betterment of the community.

The land which he had acquired for his clients was mapped, platted and added to the city of El Paso under the name of

the Campbell Addition. Through his personal efforts Mr. Hills secured rights of way from other property owners, besides those whom he represented, for streets and alleys and under his supervision most of the central part of the city, as it exists today, was laid off. Naturally the property of the Campbell Real Estate Company became immensely valuable and Mr. Hills as a matter of course reaped a substantial reward.

Although Mr. Hills had come to El Paso as a lawyer, and had become a member of the local Bar Association, he never actively practised his profession in this town. In place of that he devoted his time and his energies to matters pertaining more directly to the up-building of El Paso. He built the first two-story brick building erected in El Paso; he was one of the organizers and founders of the El Paso National, the third bank in the city, and was the owner of a home on East San Antonio street which was, for a great many years, recognized as the finest residence in the town.

Everything that W. S. Hills did for El Paso in a business way or in connection with the development of the city was constructive and progressive. But not alone in those directions was he a benefit to the community. He and his wife brought with them into the rough atmosphere of the Southwest an air of culture and a spirit of refinement that had an immediate effect upon the little city of El Paso. Wherever they went and in whatever society they mingled, they carried with them a tone of quiet and unostentatious sincerity which had its uplifting effect upon the town during all of the years that they continued to reside here.

Mr. Hills died in Charleston, South Carolina, March 26, 1898.

JAMES H. WHITE.

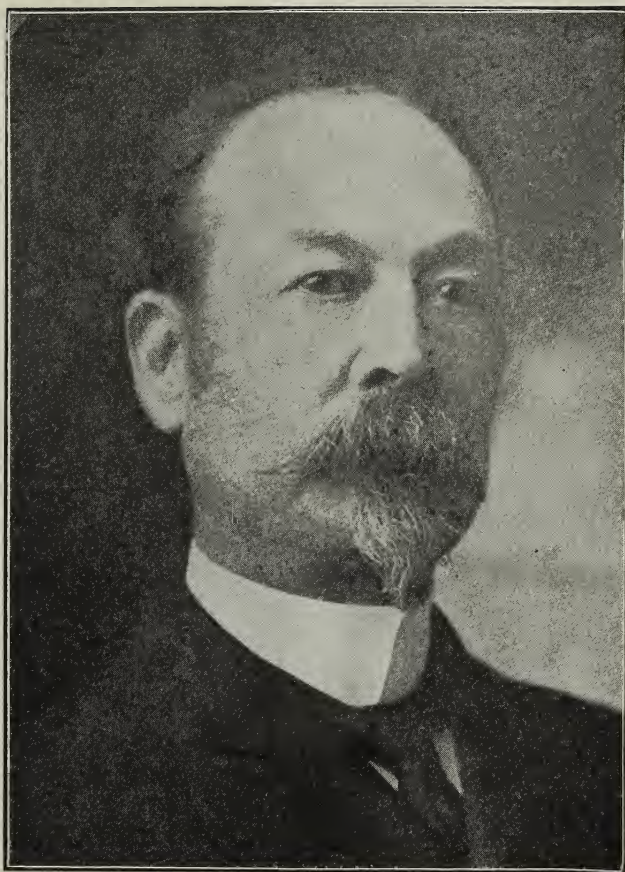
AT THE very tender age of fourteen, James H. White ran away from his home in Virginia and, enlisting in the Confederate Army, fought through the war as one of the youngest men in the Southern cause.

From the close of the war until 1880 he spent his time in securing the education which the war had interrupted and in preparing himself for a life in the West which he was determined to undertake.

In 1880 James H. White came to New Mexico and settled in Las Cruces, having secured a position with the Customs Service. He held this position for a year, and in 1882 was transferred to El Paso. Here he made friends so rapidly and his ability as an officer became so quickly recognized that only a year later he was elected Sheriff of El Paso county. At that time, 1883, the county seat was at Ysleta and, as the entire county was infested with a most undesirable class of citizens, the office of Sheriff was one that required the attention of a real man. "Jim" White, as he was known throughout the entire county, measured up to the standard that the people wanted, and for fourteen years they kept him in office either as Sheriff or Tax Collector.

Mr. White was one of the men who were largely instrumental in bringing the county seat from Ysleta to El Paso, and from the day that this was done up to the time of his death, in 1907, he was one of this city's most respected and prominent citizens.

In his capacity as a peace officer he was considered the most fearless man in the county, and on several occasions he demonstrated that he was worthy of his reputation. In 1889, when an unruly mob had seized the City Hall and was holding it by force of arms, Mr. White was the man who, against



JAMES H. WHITE.

the advice of his friends and refusing their help, went alone to the building, dispersed the mob and took possession of the city records.

In later years, when the issue of reform for El Paso came up for its final trial, Jim White was the candidate of the reform element for mayor of the town. The campaign was one that will go down in El Paso's history as the most hotly contested that the town ever had. Mr. White was defeated in the race, but he and his supporters had won an actual moral victory. They made such a showing of strength that the "sporting element" saw the handwriting on the wall, knew that their days in El Paso were numbered and gave up the fight thereafter.

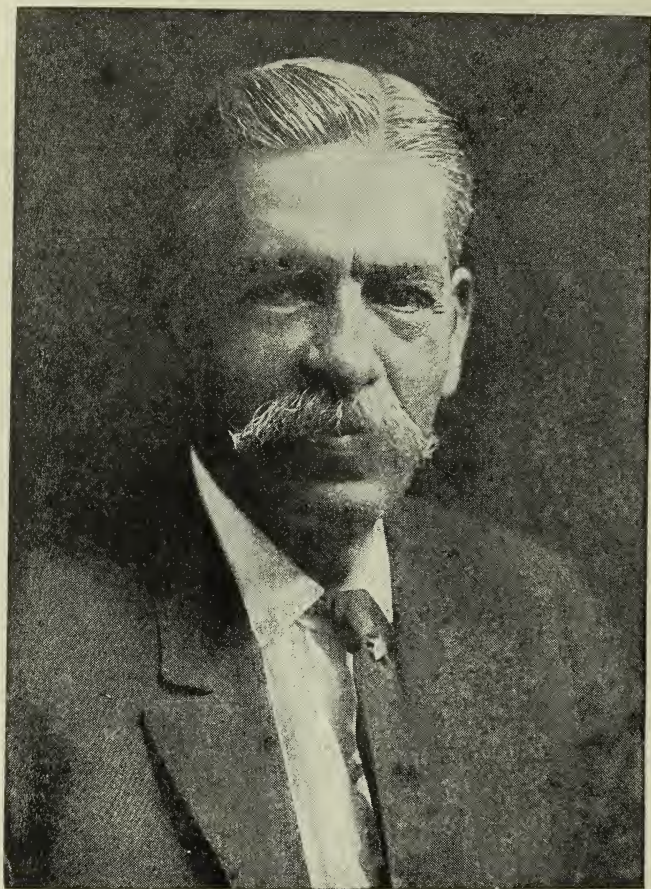
In all that he did for El Paso during his long residence here Mr. White was always unselfish and progressive. During fourteen years of public service his ability and integrity as an official were never questioned and even his opponents respected and honored him and always spoke of him as a man and a gentleman.

FELIX MARTINEZ.

IN THE 90's Felix Martinez came to El Paso. According to his own statement, made to the writer some time before his death, Mr. Martinez reached El Paso practically without funds. In the years that followed, however, he quickly rebuilt a fortune which had been lost in the hazardous game of New Mexico politics, and became a leading figure in every public enterprise that was carried on in El Paso during his lifetime.

Probably more than any other individual, Felix Martinez was responsible for the building of the Elephant Butte dam. While many other men took an active part in the great work of reclaiming the Rio Grande Valley, they all did so practically under the leadership of Mr. Martinez. He was a member of the international commission which finally adjusted the difficulties that existed between the United States and Mexico in regard to the distribution of the waters of the Rio Grande. For many years, as Secretary and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the El Paso Valley Water Users' Association, he battled aggressively in protecting the rights of the land owners and farmers of the valley.

Shortly before his death Mr. Martinez was being importuned by political friends in New Mexico to reenter politics as a candidate for senator from that state. Mr. Martinez was recognized, not only in Texas and New Mexico, but also in Washington, as a man of high integrity and fine ability. When the Federal Reserve Bank was organized he was named as one of the directors for the Eleventh district, and as a further mark of the esteem in which he was held, he was appointed United States Commissioner-General to South America, the U. S. S. Birmingham being placed at his disposal for the trip.



FELIX MARTINEZ.

Mr. Martinez's business and political life is woven into the history of this section and is too varied to touch upon further in this sketch, suffice it to say that no man who has lived in El Paso within the last thirty years has done more, and a very few have done as much, as Felix Martinez to make El Paso the city that it is today. His was the kind of a spirit that would brook no delay in bringing about a worthy accomplishment. His personality, his character and his intellect, which was of a very high order, made him a leader among his fellow men and by always expending his energies along constructive lines he always produced beneficial results.

Felix Martinez will always be remembered by all who knew him as a worthy citizen, an honest and honorable man, a capable administrator, a kind father and a perfect gentleman.

MAJOR W. J. FEWEL.

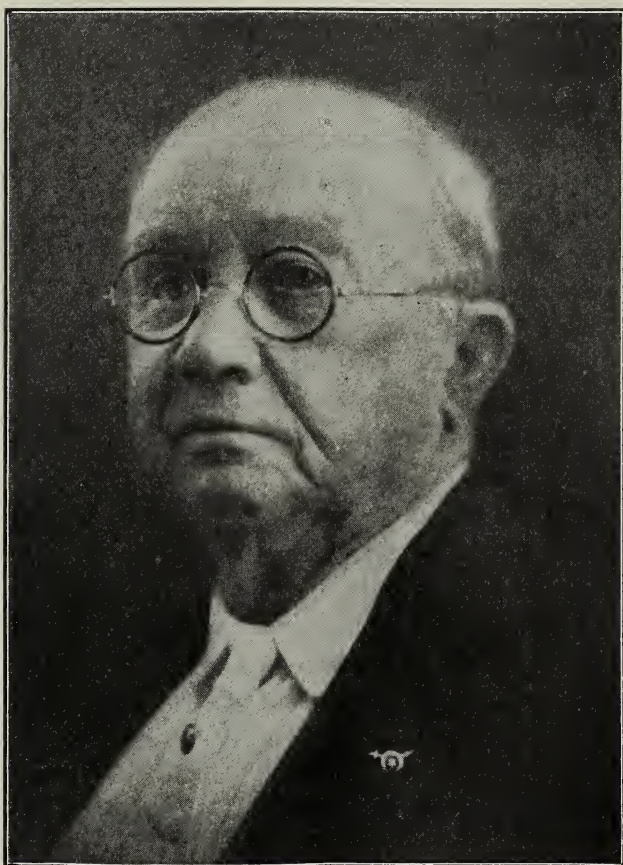
IN 1881 a group of men, a dozen or more, who had more to do with shaping the destinies of the town than any other equal number of men has ever had, came to El Paso. One of these men was Major W. J. Fewel, and immediately upon his arrival the Major took his place as a leader among the most active and progressive citizens in the town. Being gifted with an almost prophetic foresight, he at once purchased real estate which has become immensely valuable, upon which he erected improvements that, in the early days, were a great credit to the city.

The State National Bank, El Paso's oldest financial institution, began business in a home erected for it by Major Fewel, and a few years later, when El Paso became the county seat, its first court house was established in a building on South El Paso street owned by the Major.

In 1882 when the gas company was organized and street railway lines were established Major Fewel was actively interested in both enterprises. He was one of the grantees named in the gas company franchise; he furnished most of the capital with which the company was financed, and Mrs. Fewel was accorded the honor of lighting the first gas flame that ever burned in this city.

To the major also belongs the distinction of being the individual who initiated the idea of better streets for El Paso. The first block of street ever graded in this town was graded by him at his own expense and also, at different times when there were no public funds available, he defrayed the cost of filling up holes in the public highways out of his own pocket.

In later years, as is told in the text of this book, the major's partiality towards better streets became a valuable asset to the municipality. Fortunately for El Paso he was a member



MAJOR W. J. FEWEL.

of the city council during the administration of Charles Davis in 1905-7, and devoted a great deal of his time to the investigation of costs and methods of street paving. The results of the work done by Major Fewel at this time are still being enjoyed by El Paso which is today—August, 1923—as these lines are being written, laying its hundredth mile of pavement.

In his pioneer days, however, Major Fewel did not restrict his energies entirely to the material betterment of himself and his city. Working with his wife he interested himself actively in the organization of the Methodist congregation and through his efforts secured for it a building site which was later sold at an enormous profit. Major and Mrs. Fewel also rendered all the assistance that they could to the Baptists and Presbyterians when they were struggling to get a start in the community.

Throughout his entire life Major Fewel was different from other men. His personality was exceptionally striking; his ability to make and hold friends was remarkable and he was possessed of a sense of humor so rare and so rich as to make him a delightful companion.

In all respects Major Fewel was the product, raised to a high degree of excellence, of the times and the environment in which he lived. From the time that he was sixteen years old, when he entered the Confederate army, coming out of the service with the rank of a captain, until El Paso became a civilized town, Major Fewel lived among a class of men most of whom were going down instead of coming up. His energies and his natural instincts, however, constantly forced him to travel against the stream. He never went with the tide, and consequently as the years went by, he enjoyed more and more of the esteem of his fellow townsmen.

At his death, which occurred December 13, 1921, Major

Fewel was mourned not only by everyone in El Paso but also by a wide circle of true friends and admirers from one end of the United States to the other. Because of his strong personality and his original humor he was probably more widely known throughout the country than any El Pasoan ever has been, while here in his own town his friendships were marked by their universality. Men, women and children in all walks of life, of all creeds and colors, and in all degrees of prosperity loved Major Fewel. His was a genial, democratic, kindly soul and it can be said of him, as it can of very few people, that by merely living in the community he had made it better materially, and, by scattering his sunshine everywhere he went, he had made it better spiritually also.

ULYSSES S. STEWART.

FRIENDSHIP between men—between real men—is the finest of all human relationships. And in the last analysis it is the friendship that a man holds in his heart for others and that others hold in their hearts for him that is the measure of success or failure.

Judged by this standard, which is fundamental in its application, Ulysses S. Stewart lived and died here in El Paso as the town's most successful citizen.

Other men in the community have amassed greater fortunes than Mr. Stewart; others have acquired a greater local prominence; others have wielded a stronger political influence, and others have been equally as charitable. But even so, there has never lived in El Paso any other man who, by the mere strength of his personality, his example and the sincerity of his friendship has influenced and shaped their course in life for as many of his fellow townsmen.

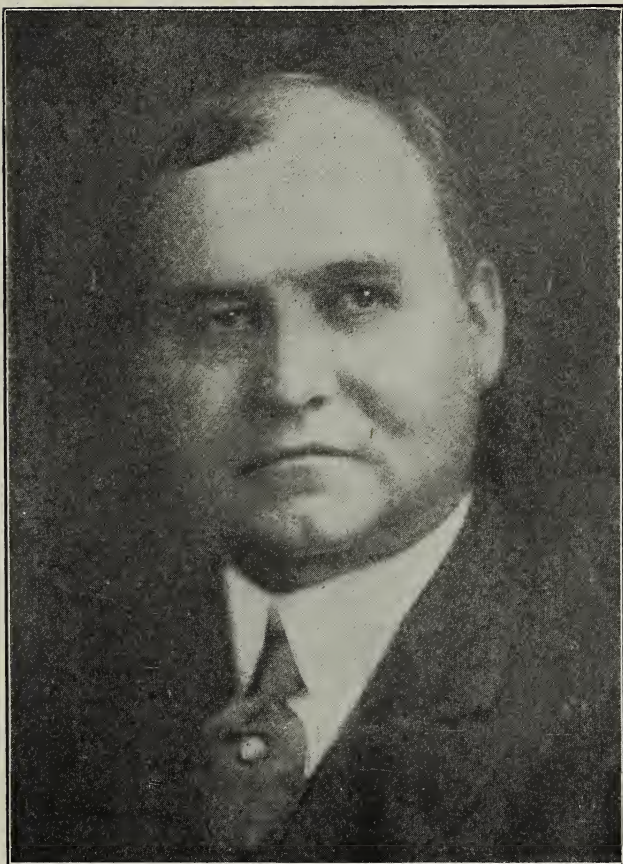
Of course the writer knows that this is high praise, but it is not flattery.

Some men live in the world of whom naught but good can be said, and of those men it is impossible to say too much. They have left memories behind them which it is worth while to keep alive because of the spirit of emulation that they arouse.

The memory of U. S. Stewart is just such a memory. It is an asset, a living, spiritual asset, to the people—especially the men—who knew him and who knew the quality of his friendship.

Mr. Stewart came to El Paso in 1887 and a year later, by securing a position as a clerk in the First National Bank, placed his foot upon the bottom rung of the ladder of finance.

From that time on his success as a banker was assured. His



ULYSSES S. STEWART.

ability, his personality, and his absolute honesty made it impossible for him to fail. From the day that he first shook hands with the public he became its friend and secured its confidence.

In 1891 he was advanced to the position of cashier of the First National and a few years later was made vice-president. From that time forward, for a good many years, although he was still a young man, Mr. Stewart practically controlled the policy and the management of the institution and, largely by his personal efforts, laid the foundation for the largest banking business in the Southwest. In 1908, after having been with the First National for twenty-one years, Mr. Stewart resigned the vice-presidency of that institution to accept the presidency of the City National. This latter position he held up to the time of his death in January, 1923.

But it is not with the success of U. S. Stewart as a financier that the writer of this sketch is concerned. The two largest financial institutions in El Paso, the First National Bank and the City National Bank, furnish ample evidence of his ability as a banker.

Mr. Stewart was a good banker but, before that, he was a good citizen.

Making money never represented either the ambition or the real desire of the man. With him money was only the means to an end, and his desire to accumulate it was never as great as his desire to use it beneficially.

What he did in this direction he caused his friends and his business associates to do also. Men worked either side by side with U. S. Stewart, or under his leadership, because they knew, always, that his was the heart of a friend and that out of it nothing could come that was small or unworthy.

He was a banker—not only in a financial sense, but in a moral and spiritual one also. Better than any other man in

El Paso he realized his town's needs and, feeling that his own family had to make a home here, he worked constantly to make this a better community in which to live.

Such a man, in the very nature of things, was bound to prosper; was bound to make friends and was bound to make those friends prosper with him. He did all of these three things, and El Paso today is full of men of prominence and wealth who are under life-long obligations to U. S. Stewart and the wonderful quality of his friendship.

In regard to his personal obligations, Mr. Stewart always recognized that his duty was first to his family, second to his bank and third to his community. Thus the service that he rendered was progressive and constructive. It began with a home life that was perfect and beautiful, carried itself into his business transactions, and finally expanded into the fullness of its worth in his efforts in behalf of El Paso.

ZACH T. WHITE.

IN 1881 Zach White descended from the stage at the corner of Overland and El Paso streets and gave El Paso a brief and casual survey. All that he could see was a group of mud houses and two dusty streets, but something, probably instinct, told the young man that this was a good place to stop and he at once made up his mind to remain here and help build up a city.

Sewed up in the back of his vest Mr. White had \$10,000 in currency.

He first went into the business of manufacturing El Paso's first brick and later, selling out his brick plant, he invested his capital in a stock of hardware and groceries.

Merchandising, however, was not exactly in line with the ambitions of Z. T. White. All of his life he has had a genius for construction, and as soon as the town was large enough to furnish that genius with an outlet he retired from mercantile pursuits and interested himself in larger matters.

In the early days he was heavily interested in the street railway companies in the town, and was practically the sole owner, for quite a number of years, of the El Paso Gas & Electric Company, which held the only lighting franchise in the city.

When the present owners took over the Gas company, and the Stone & Webster Company appeared for the purpose of taking charge of the street car situation, Mr. White sold all of his interest in public service corporations and invested the proceeds in El Paso real estate. But not being a believer in holding vacant property, Mr. White improved his choicest building locations as rapidly as possible until he is today the owner of more revenue producing business property than any other man in El Paso.

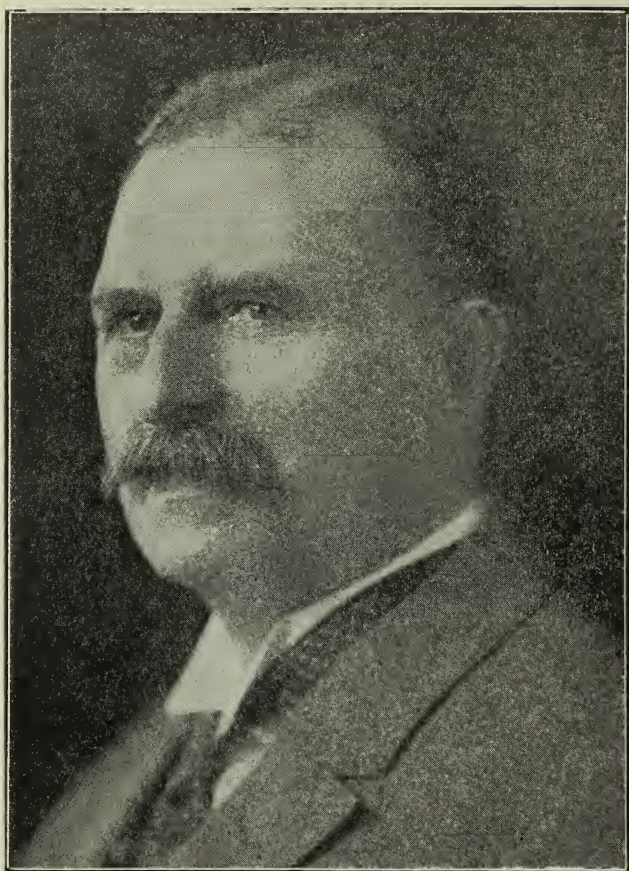
In addition to looking out for his personal interests with an

ability and astuteness that has made him extremely wealthy, Mr. White has always devoted a large part of his time and energy to putting over the most important of the constructive measures which have made El Paso what it is today.

He is not a man who can, or who has ever interested himself in small things. He has a remarkable gift of business foresight and is possessed of much more than an ordinary share of the virtue of patience. Because of these qualities, so essential to success, Mr. White has always been looked upon as one of the few men upon whose judgment the citizens of El Paso can depend.

In 1904 he was a member of the International Irrigation Commission which settled the controversy which had been going on between the United States and Mexico for years, in regard to the water rights in the Rio Grande, thereby opening the way for the construction of the Elephant Butte dam. He was one of the prime movers in the building of El Paso's union station; he was directly responsible, at a personal cost of \$50,000, for the opening of West San Antonio street and finally it was through his efforts that the Paso del Norte, the Southwest's finest hotel, of which he is the principal owner, was erected on the site of the old Ben Dowell saloon.

In addition to having given the El Paso Country Club its magnificent site Mr. White has given the Boy Scouts the land on which their camp is located and has also presented the Pioneer Association with a twenty-two acre tract on which the Old Timers will build a permanent home.



JUDGE F. E. HUNTER.

F. E. HUNTER.

BRINGING with him a sense of humor, which is as fine today as it was forty years ago, Judge F. E. Hunter arrived in El Paso September 26, 1883. He at once hung out his sign and began the practice of his profession as a lawyer.

Although Judge Hunter at this time was a very young man, being only twenty-five years of age, he was made County Attorney for the County of El Paso in 1884, which position he held for two years. This office and that of County Judge, which he held for four years, from 1892 to 1896, are the only public offices that he has occupied during a residence of more than two score years in El Paso.

The history of Judge Hunter's life since he came to this city is identical with that of El Paso itself. He has gone up and down with the town; has endured with it through all of its struggles and privations and has rejoiced in all of its triumphs and prosperity.

Judge Hunter is not a man who is fond of ostentation and parade. In his own way, and exercising a tremendous influence, he has always worked to do the things for El Paso that he thought should be done. During the ten years from 1894 to 1904, when El Paso was trying to reform itself and become a decent and respectable community, Judge Hunter was one of the few men whose faith in the future never wavered. Although it was not good business to do so, and although it cost the Judge many an attorney's fee, he consistently and continuously voiced his opposition to open gambling and other vice conditions that existed in El Paso, and gave freely of both his time and money to every movement that was started towards stamping them out.

As time went on and as El Paso grew, Judge Hunter grew with it. His is the kind of personality that mixes readily with

all classes of men, regardless of differences of opinion on religion and morals.

For that reason his law practice grew extensively, and as his surplus funds required an outlet, he organized and operated the West Texas Saddlery Company and the Western Abstract Company.

At no time, however, since he first came to the city, has he ever given up the practice of law or ceased to interest himself in the welfare of El Paso and all of her citizens.

In the work of the I. O. O. F. in Texas he has been especially prominent, having been Grand Master of that order in 1897, and department commander of the Patriarchs Militant, a uniform body, of which he was the founder in this state.

Judge Hunter was admitted to the bar in El Paso County in 1883, when Ysleta was the county seat, and in that same year had the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by the University of Indiana, from which institution he had graduated only four years before.

At the present time Judge Hunter is still actively engaged in the practice of his profession here in El Paso, being a member of the law firm of Goggin, Hunter & Brown.

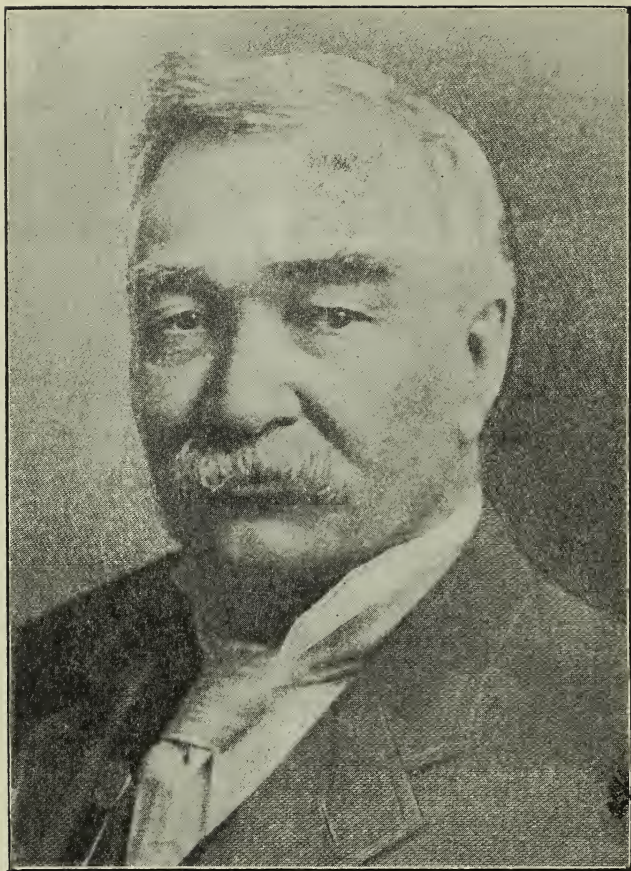
J. A. ("UNCLE JIMMY") SMITH.

JAMES A. SMITH, affectionately known to nearly everyone as "Uncle Jimmy," who for forty years has courageously upheld the doctrines of the Republican party in the Democratic city of El Paso, came here in 1884 and embarked in the produce business. Selling Kansas apples and El Paso grapes was, however, only a secondary item in Uncle Jimmy's scheme of things. According to his ideas, the life of the nation depended upon Republican success, and when his party did attain a national victory his partisanship was rewarded by his receiving the appointment of postmaster of El Paso.

He held this position for more than three terms, and during his incumbency in office in 1891 he secured control of the *El Paso Herald*. He made it a Republican paper in national issues, and a reform organ in local questions.

In 1894, when the first effort, which was temporarily successful, was made to close gambling, the *Herald*, with J. A. Smith as editor, led the fight. And in 1904, during the Morehead administration, when the dance hall evil was abolished and the gambling houses finally forced to quit business, it was again the *Herald* that, working with the Citizens' League, molded public opinion and brought a pressure to bear which the city and county administrations could not resist.

It was also during Uncle Jimmy's term as postmaster that he purchased a cow and started the business of the El Paso Dairy Company. His primary idea in feeding balanced rations to his lone milk producer seems to have been to increase the amount of cream, and so successful was he in this respect that in the course of time the business which he started has grown to be the largest of its kind in the Southwest. The El Paso Dairy Company today has 1300 head of milk cows, 600 of



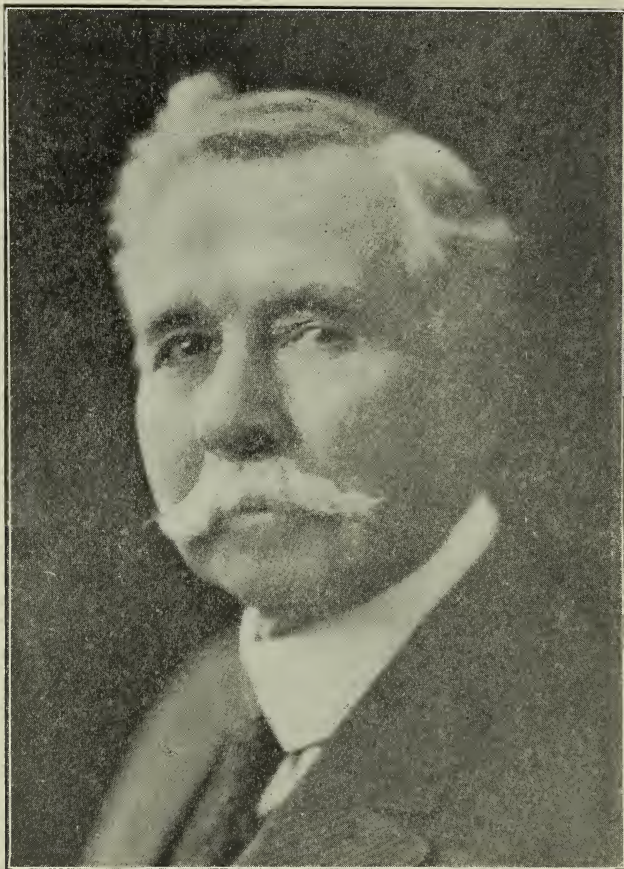
JAMES A. SMITH.

which are milked regularly, and its equipment is the finest that is to be found anywhere in the country.

It was through Mr. Smith's connection with the dairy business that he became interested in the question of irrigation. For the purpose of raising alfalfa to supply his needs, he adopted the method of pumping water, and for a time his fields constituted one of the show places of the valley. The pumping method, however, was very expensive, and for that reason Mr. Smith gave his undivided support and a great deal of his time to the Elephant Butte irrigation project. Along with Zach White, Felix Martinez, A. P. Coles and A. Courchesne, he was a member of the International Commission whose work finally made the construction of the dam possible.

For years he was an outstanding figure in the National Irrigation Congress, and for many terms was president and manager of the El Paso Water Users' Association.

In strength of character and in his ability and willingness to serve his community and his friends, J. A. Smith is the peer of any man in El Paso. Throughout all the years that he has lived in this city the list of his friendships has grown and the esteem and admiration in which he is held by his fellow men has constantly increased. He is a quiet, unobtrusive, sincere and conscientious man; one of those rare individuals whose service can be measured more by what he has done for others than by what he has done for himself.



ALFRED COURCHESNE.

ALFRED COURCHESNE.

ALFRÉD COURCHESNE, who was born in Canada of French parents in the year 1848, after having spent the early part of his life in Massachusetts, Illinois and Colorado, finally came to El Paso in 1887 when this place was nothing but a town with a promising future.

As much as any man who has ever lived in it, Mr. Courchesne has helped El Paso live up to her destiny.

Upon his arrival here he secured a contract with the El Paso Smelter to furnish it with limestone flux, and from that contract can be directly traced the great plant of the Southwestern Portland Cement Company.

Business with Mr. Courchesne was good from the start, and as his capital increased he interested himself in promoting those things for El Paso that the town needed most.

For fourteen years he owned and operated the El Paso Ice & Refrigerator Company; he was one of the builders of the International Light & Power Company plant which was finally sold to the Stone & Webster Company when that company established El Paso's Electric Railway system; he was the first president of the El Paso Valley Water Users' Association, and was tireless in his efforts to bring about the reclamation of the valley through the construction of the Elephant Butte Dam, and in 1908 he located and surveyed a railroad line from El Paso to Artesia, New Mexico, in an effort to induce capital to build a road from Kansas City to El Paso in a direct line through the Texas Panhandle and the Pecos Valley.

It was at about this same time that Mr. Courchesne evolved the idea of a cement plant for the Southwest and eventually succeeded in bringing here one of El Paso's largest industries, of which he is today vice-president.

That his foresight in regard to matters pertaining to civic welfare is better than that of most men is evidenced by the fact that at the first meeting held for the purpose of raising funds for the Y. M. C. A. building he stood out alone against all others present and asserted that their proposition to raise \$30,000 was absurd. Mr. Courchesne said that the town could erect a \$100,000 building, and proved it. In a like manner, at a later time, he opposed the idea of the Scottish Rite Masons for the erection of an inadequate building and the result is that the order now has a home that cost them \$300,000 and is a credit to El Paso.

Mr. Courchesne never had the privilege of a college education. But he has done better than that. He has educated himself until he is one of the best informed men in this part of the country. He speaks French, Spanish and English fluently, is a delightful speaker and is possessed of a personality that always carries with it the warmth of sincerity and friendship.

Shortly after his arrival in El Paso Mr. Courchesne married Miss Severiana Rodriguez, and is the father of eight children: Thomas A., Olivine, Charles Albert, Henrietta, Josephine, John, Madeline and William.

In business Mr. Courchesne still stands by his first love in El Paso and continues to operate the quarry which he opened up in 1887.

THE COLES FAMILY.

FORTUNATELY for El Paso—because the town was then in the formative stage and didn't have a strong constitution—the Tennessee invasion, as represented by the influx of the Coles family, was conducted on the installment plan and not in mass formation.

A. P. came first, in 1888, and embarked in the real estate business as a salesman in the office of Newman & Russell. Next came Frank. And not being as portly as he is at the present time, Frank sought an outlet for his energies as a driver of an ice wagon. A year or so after Frank's arrival Otis appeared and began his western career as a combined bell-hop and clerk in the Pierson Hotel.

With these separate beginnings, in which can be seen the idea of a concrete plan, the Coles family from Tennessee set out on its career of conquest. A. P. was learning the value of real estate; Otis was getting in touch with the traveling public, and Frank, through his intimate acquaintance with the dining habits of the community, was building up a knowledge of the eccentricities and peculiarities of all of our prominent citizens.

When the time was ripe for the enterprise, the three brothers joined forces, and the combination at once had its effect, not only upon the business but also upon the social order of the community.

For thirty years there has not been a commercial enterprise, a social function, a community movement, a city or county election, or a sporting event in El Paso in which the Coles brothers have not taken part.

During all of these years the writer has been intimately associated with all of the brothers, and as the acquaintance has lengthened, his esteem and admiration for them has constantly increased.

Men who can start with nothing, except an honest intention to become good citizens, and who can succeed in building themselves up, and at the same time help to build their community, are men of whom any town can be proud.

The Coles brothers, A. P., Otis and Frank, are just that kind of men. They have taken advantage of the opportunities El Paso has thrown in their way—many older El Pasoans failed to do as much—and have made the best of those opportunities. But, in the enjoyment of their own success, they have never been forgetful of the welfare of their city.

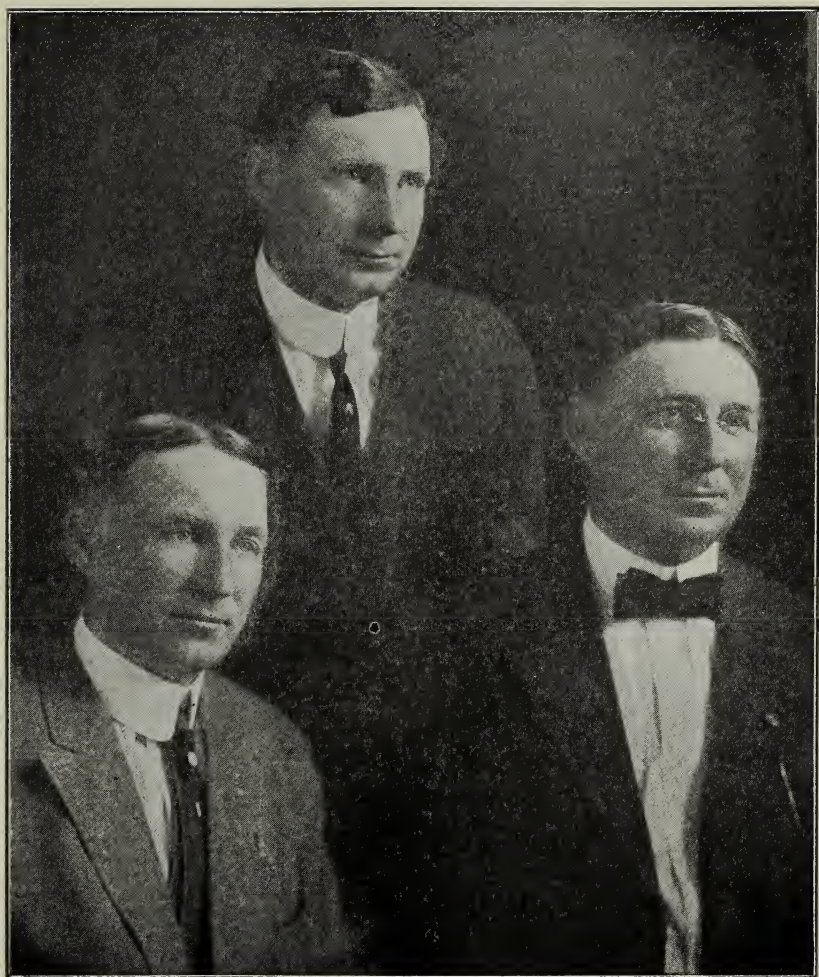
In all things they have been public spirited, patriotic and honest in their whole-souled endeavor to be always on the right side.

The story of the growth of their business is one that typifies energy and shows what El Paso has been able to do for men who have always been loyal to her interests.

A year after A. P. came to El Paso and went to work for Newman & Russell he was admitted to the firm, and four years later, in 1893, he bought out the entire business. At this time Otis entered the employ of A. P. as a book-keeper, and Frank shortly afterwards came into the office as a salesman and collector.

When A. P. took over the business he handled the accounts of the Campbell and El Paso Real Estate Companies, and when the Franklin Heights Company was organized that came to him also. The result of this was that during the years of 1897-98 the office made a profit on commissions alone of more than \$100,000.

This, however, could not have occurred if other interests had not been carefully looked after. Seeing that El Paso's future prosperity depended on its having a railroad connection with the northeast, A. P. Coles busied himself industriously in bringing about the building of the El Paso & Northeastern



THE COLES BROTHERS—A. P., OTIS AND FRANK.

Railroad. The story of the building of this road, with C. B. Eddy as its promoter, is told in the text of this history, but Mr. Coles' connection with it is not alluded to. As a matter of fact, Mr. Coles was largely responsible for bringing C. B. Eddy into El Paso, and it was through his intervention in the matter that the City Council granted Mr. Eddy the franchise which gave him a right-of-way into the town. The building of this road had the immediate effect of increasing the value of real estate immensely, and as Mr. Coles at that time was in control of two-thirds of the property in the town, his office reaped substantial profits.

It was also during this period of El Paso's growth that A. P. Coles established the first mortgage business in the city. He was the first man to bring outside money into the town for the purpose of improving real estate, and there are literally hundreds of buildings still standing for which, at this time, he furnished the finances.

During the building of the El Paso & Northeastern—now the El Paso & Southwestern Railway—the firm of A. P. Coles & Brothers was organized, and since then it is safe to say that at least one-half of all the property on which the City of El Paso stands today has passed through its hands.

The real estate business, however, is not the only business in which the Coles Brothers have interested themselves.

Some of the biggest things that have ever been projected and accomplished in El Paso have received their initial impulse from one or all of the brothers. The records of the Chamber of Commerce show that A. P. was the first member of that organization, in 1901, to promulgate the idea of an electric railway and a union station for El Paso; he was one of the organizers and first vice-president of the Lowdon National Bank, and when that institution was sold to the American National he became President of that bank and remained so until 1910, when he sold his interest.

A. P. was also a member of the International Commission that settled the dispute between the United States and Mexico, which settlement made the Elephant Butte dam a possibility; he was one of a few men who worked successfully to establish and build Fort Bliss on its present site; he was a member of the committee which promoted the building of the plant of the Southwestern Portland Cement Company, and he is at the present time successfully bringing to a close a campaign which will result in the establishment here of an enormous cotton mill.

In addition to these things, Mr. Coles has always interested himself extensively in church, club and social matters. For years he has been a staunch supporter of the Methodist church. In 1903 he was married to Miss Nellie Bell in the little old frame structure at the corner of Texas and Stanton streets. A year or two later he helped in the erection of a brick church on that same site, and more recently contributed heavily toward the erection of the large Trinity Methodist church on Mesa avenue.

A. P. laid off the first golf links that El Pasoans ever saw, and was also one of the charter members and organizers of the Toltec and the Country Clubs.

In their recognition of the value of the services of the Coles brothers to the community the business men of El Paso have been generous.

None of the family except Frank, who was once city treasurer, has ever been a candidate for public elective office, but members of it are constantly serving in positions of trust and confidence.

During the period of the World War, Otis was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce, and presided over the activities of that organization while it was engaged in putting over the Liberty Loan drives, and carrying out other war-time measures.

During this same period A. P. was a member of a secret committee of sixteen men in the United States whose duty it was to investigate conditions in the army and cantonments and report thereon direct to the Secretary of War. A. P. was chairman of that portion of this committee which supervised the states of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and consequently was continuously busy on inspection trips. It was through reports made by him at this time and because of his recommendations that there was a marked improvement in the hospital service in the four states named, and it is also possible that the establishment of Beaumont Hospital as a permanent institution here can be traced back to his recommendations. During his period of service A. P. also recommended that the streets at Fort Bliss be first oiled and later paved with concrete, both of which recommendations were carried into effect by the War Department. He was also chairman of the War Savings Stamp Committee and was a member of the Executive Committee for the sale of Liberty Bonds.

At the time of the Golden Jubilee—spoken of in the general text of this book as marking the “come back” of El Paso—Otis was chairman of the parade committee, and through his efforts gave the town the most complete and comprehensive idea of itself that it had ever had. He was also one of the organizers and chairman of the board of directors of the Texas Bank & Trust Company, an institution which has since been merged with the First National Bank.

At present A. P. is a member of the local board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank, president of the Toltec Club and vice-president of the Texas Chamber of Commerce, while he and both of his brothers occupy positions as directors in many of the leading financial and social institutions in the city.

JAMES L. MARR.

WITHOUT his knowledge or consent, James L. Marr was transplanted, in 1878, from the refined and cultured air of Philadelphia, where he had been born on December 20, 1877, to the rough and uncouth atmosphere of El Paso.

At that time, as can be seen, James was only one year old, but as the climate and the people seemed to please him from the start he made up his mind to remain here, and has done so ever since.

In his early boyhood James was possessed of certain characteristics which distinguished and set him apart from his fellows of that early period. The three principal differences which existed between James and his youthful companions in juvenile crime were these: James liked to keep himself clean, wear good clothes and assert the doctrines of the Republican party. To do any one of these three things and get by with it would have been a difficult task for any but a boy with unusual fistic ability, but James had that ability, and by winning at least one fight each week he managed to make a good appearance at all times.

The result was that by the time he was sixteen his right to wear stylish clothes and vote against the political conscience of the community was established, and has been asserted ever since.

Just prior to the time when he would have graduated at the head of his class from the El Paso high school, James was offered a position with the First National Bank, and having a keen eye out for the future he relinquished the honor of winning a diploma and went to work.

From that time to the present day the record shows that he has almost continuously advanced. His progress at first,

however, was not in the nature of a triumphal march along the financial highway. In the beginning there were one or two small set-backs which disturbed the continuity of the procession. For instance, James and the writer of this sketch once bought a patent, a glass insulating device, out of which they were going to make a million. They didn't, however—not even half a million. After this James tried successively to finance a shoe factory, a tailor shop and a furniture store. None of these having produced the desired results, James, who was still working in the bank, decided to invest himself, his capital and his surplus, all, in something that would really be worth while. In other words, he got married. His bride was Miss Louie Austin, the oldest daughter of W. H. Austin, and six months after the wedding James resigned his position with the bank and went into the real estate business with his father-in-law.

This partnership was one that was extremely profitable. During it the foundation for the business of the Mortgage Investment company was laid and James received the invaluable training which placed him at its head.

James was the father of landscape gardening in El Paso. He laid off Austin terrace, Richmond terrace and Monument park.

Like his father, who came to El Paso in the early stage coach days and who was the manager for the Overland Mail Company and the founder of the El Paso Transfer Company, James L. Marr has never been a candidate for or held any public office. His services, however, have always belonged to the community and he has given generously both of his time and of his hard-earned cash to the advancement and support of every public enterprise that has been launched in El Paso within the last twenty years.

HERBERT E. STEVENSON.

PROBABLY Herbert E. Stevenson has forgotten the following incident but the writer has not. One afternoon, when Herbert was home on a vacation I went to the Stevenson home. Something that I did must have displeased the young medical student because, without warning, he suddenly grabbed me by the hind leg and swung me back and forth out of the second-story window. Ever since then I have wondered whether my admiration for Herbert is based on his efficiency, my gratitude for his not having dropped me, or his muscular development. Mature consideration now causes me to conclude that it was all three, and El Paso and the United States government, in honoring him, have both indorsed my conclusions.

Herbert Stevenson, like myself, was an involuntary pioneer. He was brought here at a very tender age by his father, who was a civil and mining engineer, and his early education was received in the El Paso public schools. When he graduated from the high school he went to Rush Medical College and took up the study of medicine. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, although he had not entirely completed his course, he and a few other seniors who ranked highest in their class were graduated in order that they might volunteer their services to the government. Herbert Stevenson came out of this war with the rank of captain and returned to El Paso and began the practice of medicine. He soon found, and others did also, that his especial talent was surgery, and although he has never given up general practice he has devoted himself more to the use of the knife than anything else. In surgery he has attained a remarkable success. He has taken several advanced post-graduate courses under Drs. Murphy and Senn of Chicago, and under the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, and there is not a man in the Southwest today whose ability and skill is more widely recognized.



DR. HERBERT STEVENSON.

At the outbreak of the world war Dr. Stevenson at once volunteered his services, but not as a medical officer. His ability to lead men was too well known to himself and too well recognized by others for it to be advisable to restrict him. He was commissioned a major in the line and at the signing of the armistice was a colonel in command of a regiment in France. A story which Colonel Stevenson tells on himself is entirely characteristic of the man and his efficiency. An order was issued in France that any man who developed a temperature of one and one-half degrees or more of fever was to be sent at once to some hospital. The Colonel, not wishing to lose his men by transfer to a hospital, called his medical officer and said: "Captain, in view of this order which I have here, no man in this command can develop one and one-half degrees of fever. Do you understand me?" The captain did understand, and Colonel Stevenson then proceeded as follows: He secured a large supply of lemon drops and as large a supply as he could of cognac. Every time a man was reported with a fever—the degree never given, however—he was wrapped up in his blankets and his shelter tent, made as impervious to moisture and cold as possible, and was given a mess cup full of hot water, lemon drops and cognac. Colonel Stevenson made his men "sweat it out" in the field, with the result that his regiment remained intact and did not lose a single man from "flu" during the whole time it was in France.

It is actions like this that make a man. Petty influences and petty considerations have never disturbed Herbert Stevenson, and his place in the heart of the community of El Paso is one that is firmly fixed. He won it for himself and he will always continue to occupy it.

THE PAYNE FAMILY.

IN 1869 the Payne family, consisting of the father, mother, four sons and three daughters emigrated from Virginia to Colorado. During the four years of the civil war the family had lost everything that it possessed and the move to the West, which was made at the insistence of the oldest daughter, Kate, was undertaken in order to give the four sons, Jesse, Frank, David and Floyd, an opportunity to grow up in and with a new country.

Settling in the little town of Evans, Mrs. Payne—her husband being paralyzed as a result of injuries received during the war—undertook the task of providing for her large family. With the assistance of her two elder daughters she opened a hotel which business she successfully conducted for quite a number of years.

During this time the two daughters, Kate and Frances, were married; the former to Dr. Alward White, mentioned several times in the historical pages of this volume as a red-headed surgeon, and the latter to Mr. W. S. McCutcheon, a merchant of Boulder, Colorado.

As we have already seen in Part 1 of this history Dr. White and his wife came to El Paso in 1879 and their coming eventually had the result of bringing into the town all of the members of the Payne family with their wives, husbands and children.

By 1890 the entire clan had settled in the community and all of the male members thereof were busying themselves industriously in various forms of activity.

W. S. McCutcheon, W. F. Payne and Alward White—the latter a silent partner—organized the firm which, for a great many years, under the name of McCutcheon, Payne & Company, took a very active part always in the forwarding of all commercial enterprises in the city.

D. M. Payne, after serving an apprenticeship as a grocery clerk and driver of a delivery wagon, went into the produce business as a partner in a concern which had been originally organized by J. A. Smith. Within a few years D. M. Payne became the sole owner of this business and conducted it successfully up to a short time before his death.

Jesse Payne began his career in El Paso by securing a street sprinkling contract from the city, while Frank, who was the last one of the four brothers to come to the town, entered the employ of his brother David, which connection was continued until his untimely death, by accident, a few years later.

During El Paso's period of real strife, when the town was endeavoring to throw off its rough and wicked pioneer ways and customs, the members of the Payne family, both men and women, were all conspicuously prominent in every reform movement. The women worked actively in the Methodist and Episcopal churches while the men, without exception, allied themselves with every civic and political organization that had as its object the cleaning up of El Paso.

Of the four brothers, however, Floyd and David were the most active and aggressive. During many successive political campaigns they were strenuous workers and were both of them called upon at different times to represent the Democratic party in the city council.

Floyd Payne was a member of the council and an active worker against gambling in 1894 when the first crusade against that evil was made. The movement was not successful but it opened the way for the bigger things that came later in the way of reform. During the last year of Floyd Payne's term in office he served as mayor of the city, being elected to succeed R. F. Johnson, who resigned.

David Payne's political activity came at a later but no less

stormy period in El Paso's history. He was a member of the Hammett council which, in 1901, granted the franchise to the present street railway company and he is generally credited with having been the member who brought about a peaceful settlement of several very difficult situations.

W. S. McCutcheon, the brother-in-law of the Paynes, was also politically active but always on the wrong side. He was a staunch Republican who on several occasions allowed himself to be sacrificed by his party as its candidate. But in matters which were non-political and which had to do with the reformation of the town in which he lived, Mr. McCutcheon was indefatigable in his energy. General Anson Mills, in his book "My Story," speaks in terms of high praise of the work which W. S. McCutcheon did in making El Paso a better town to live in and his efforts along that line are still remembered by all who took part in the strife of 1894 and again in the strife of 1904.

In civic and social affairs Mr. McCutcheon and the Payne brothers were at all times as active as they were in politics. In addition to conducting the business enterprises already mentioned they were actively interested in the organization of the International Light & Power Company which took over the plant owned by Zach White and later transferred it to the Stone & Webster Corporation. They were unceasingly active in their efforts to bring about the building of the Elephant Butte dam, and they were among the very first El Pasoans to take an active interest in the agricultural development of the lower valley.

In social life in the city W. F. Payne has been especially prominent. In the early days he was one of the founders and was the first president of the Franklin Club, the forerunner of all of the clubs that have been organized by business men in the town since.

In later years he was more active than any other man in the community in handling the affairs of the El Paso Country Club and the Toltec Club. He has served both of these organizations as president for many successive terms, and has carried them both safely across when they were trembling on the edge of financial disaster.

Frank Payne was killed in an accident about fifteen years ago while David Payne and Mr. McCutcheon have both died in Mineral Wells, Texas, within the past few years.

Jesse Payne, the oldest one of the family, is an invalid confined to his bed at his home here in El Paso, but Floyd, the youngest of the family, is still actively and energetically carrying on his own business and at the same time looking out carefully for the interests of the city which he helped to build.

Upon selling out his interest in the McCutcheon-Payne Company, in 1903, Floyd Payne went into the real estate business. He advertised that he sold the earth, improved and unimproved, but in doing so he has managed to acquire enough of it in his own name to render him the possessor of quite a comfortable fortune.

Most of "Uncle Floyd's" time is spent in looking after his own affairs—he has large interests here in the city and also down in the lower valley—but no business is ever so pressing that he cannot hearken to the call of pleasure.

Around the Toltec and the Country Clubs it is a current saying that "Uncle Floyd" will never grow old and, as one of his numerous nephews, the writer is firmly convinced that he never will.

JOSE ANTONIO ESCAJEDA.

AWAY back in the year 1781, when Governor Otermin evacuated the territory of New Mexico and founded the first secular Spanish settlements in the vicinity of what is now El Paso, one of his most important administrative actions was the issuance of deeds granting tracts of land to some of his most loyal followers.

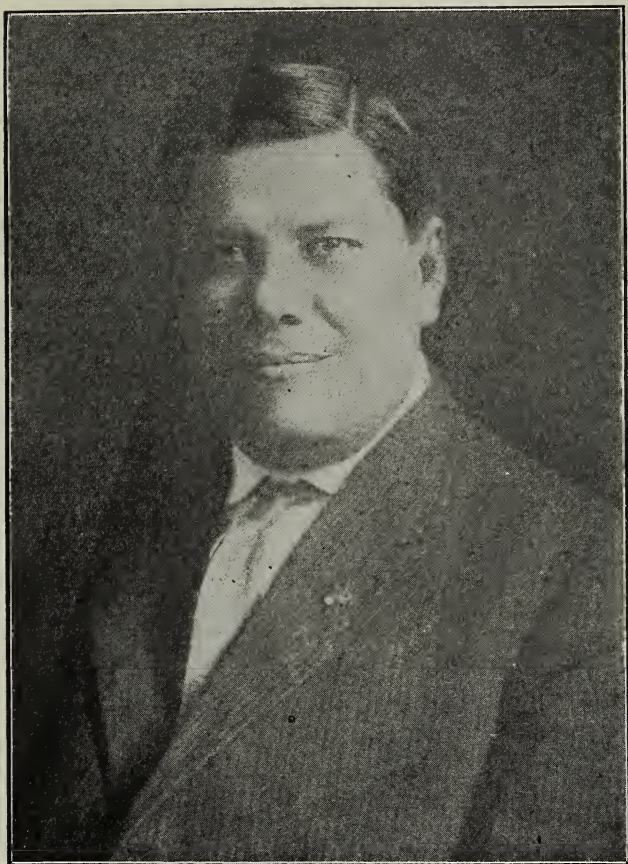
Although the record in regard to it is rather obscure, there can be little doubt but that one of the ancestors of José Antonio Escajeda, the present County Auditor, was a grantee in one of these deeds.

County and family records and also local traditions trace the Escajeda family back to the very beginning of the Spanish occupation of this part of the Rio Grande valley.

Long before Mexico became an independent republic we find that members of the Escajeda family were representing the King of Spain in what is now El Paso County. And there are old deeds in existence signed by José Antonio Escajeda's ancestors, transferring grants of land to various persons of Spanish blood, in which the sole consideration named is that the grantee shall keep himself armed and equipped, ready to take the field at a moment's notice at the call and in behalf of his sovereign, the Spanish King.

Thus in the early days was the Escajeda family loyal to the Castilian monarchs. Later, when Mexico became an independent republic, we find members of the same family holding office as presidents of the municipalities of Guadalupe and San Elizario. And then in later years, after Texas had obtained its independence and become a part of the United States, we find the men of the tribe fighting in the ranks of both the Union and Confederate armies during the Civil War.

In 1879 it was Don Francisco Escajeda who, as *Alcalde Mayor* of the town of Guadalupe, opposed the priest Borajo



JOSE ANTONIO ESCAJEDA.

in his bloody designs during the Salt War, and in the year following, 1880, it was again Francisco Escajeda who cooperated with Col. J. R. Baylor of the Texas Rangers in campaigns against Victorio which finally led to the extermination of that leader and his band of renegade warriors.

The present representative of the family, José Antonio Escajeda, was born in San Elizario March 6, 1866, and ever since he has been old enough to take part in public affairs he has carefully followed in the footsteps of his long line of ancestors. Mr. Escajeda has always been an industrious and useful citizen. He began life as a farmer; later he went into the grocery business in El Paso, and as the town grew, his worth received its recognition. In the last twenty years he has held quite a number of public offices, and is now serving his fourth term as County Auditor.

Mr. Escajeda was married in 1891 to Miss Luz Guerra of Ysleta, and is the father of five children, Lorenza, Adelina, J. Manuel, Lucita and Josefina.

HORACE BROADDUS.

IF THERE is a man in El Paso who has literally lifted himself by his own boot straps into a place of prominence in the community that man is H. W. Broaddus.

When the writer first knew Horace he was employed as assistant superintendent of the El Paso Ice & Refrigerator Company's plant which at that time was under the control of Mr. E. S. Newman. During those early days it was my personal privilege to spend many of my afternoons loafing around the ice factory and in my youthful imagination I pictured Horace as a great man. Principally, I suppose, because of the exceptional ability he displayed in bossing his crew of men and in making me keep out of his way.

When Horace gave up his position with the ice company he became manager, participating in the profits, of the Las Norias Cattle Company and under his supervision the first wells to ever produce water for stock purposes on the mesa were drilled.

In those days the cattle business was good and after a few years with the Las Norias Company Horace returned to El Paso with enough capital to go into business for himself.

He embarked in various enterprises, always with a good measure of success, and finally, at the time when traffic in corner lots was most profitable, went into the real estate business.

From the day, some fifteen years ago, when he first hung out his sign as a dealer in El Paso realty, up to the present time he has met with an uninterrupted success. Some of the largest transactions in city property that have been consummated in El Paso in recent years have been handled by him, and through his personal efforts he has brought a good many of our most substantial farmers into the Rio Grande valley.

With his western personality, and with his whole being literally exuding optimism, Horace has made himself an invaluable ally in every forward movement that El Paso has undertaken. In his ways and his manners, however, he has simply refused to become cosmopolitan. He is today the same open-minded, intelligent individual that he was twenty-five years ago.

Prosperity, if it has changed him at all, has only done so by giving him an increased ability to gratify his natural propensity for making friends and helping out his fellow citizens. Mr. Broaddus is a man whose business is always flourishing and prosperous; he is a member of every prominent civic and social organization in El Paso and in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the city his advice is eagerly sought and carefully heeded.

MAJOR RICHARD F. BURGES.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure that the writer undertakes the task of paying his respects to Richard F. Burges.

Many years ago, when I first met Mr. Burges, he told me that he had two ambitions. What they were is immaterial, but as they were both based entirely on a theory of unselfishness, it is but natural that I should have followed his career with a good deal of interest.

Unselfishness is a rare characteristic, and yet, in the case of Richard F. Burges, it has been well rewarded. Without seeking self-advancement, he has attained it; caring little for money, he has acquired a goodly share of worldly treasure, and not being a man whose vanity fattens upon public applause, he is constantly being accorded a large measure of it.

Those things which other men strive for have come to Richard Burges as the spontaneous recognition that El Paso has accorded to him because of his ability and his integrity as a citizen.

In the short space that I have at my disposal it would be useless for me to endeavor to catalogue the movements for the betterment of El Paso and the Southwest in which he has taken part. His record is written into the historical pages of this book in several places, and wherever he appears to be actively working for any end he is always doing so in accordance with a plan of patriotism which he once laid down. He said: "A man's duty is first to his family, then to his community, then to his county, then to his state, and then to his country." In other words, the Burges idea is that patriotism is a progressive duty, and it is just along that line that the man has lived and acted.

Naturally, his place in El Paso is one that is unalterably fixed. He is always a leader. In every movement that has

taken place in El Paso in twenty years which had for its object either the spiritual or the material betterment of the town he has been in the front rank.

He was one of the men directly responsible for the "cleaning up" of El Paso in 1904, and in the few following years he probably had more to do with keeping it clean than any other individual.

No man in El Paso did more, and very few as much, to secure the building of the Elephant Butte dam, and in the national matter of the creation of forest reserves, national parks, and the conservation of the timber resources of the country, his is one of the most prominent figures in the United States.

Although Mr. Burges has never sought political office, he is continually being given public recognition. He was a member of the celebrated arbitration commission which sat in El Paso for the purpose of settling the dispute between the United States and Mexico in regard to the ownership of what is known as the Chamizal zone. He was president of the National Irrigation Congress in 1915; he is president of the Texas Forestry Association; has served as a member of the House of Representatives in the Texas Legislature, and in every important piece of litigation that has ever arisen in connection with the Elephant Butte Irrigation project he has acted as the representative of the El Paso Water Users' Association both here and in Washington.

It matters not what the subject is that is under discussion, if it is one in which matters of public policy or public welfare are involved, the counsel of Richard Burges is sought and his advice is gravely listened to and generally followed.

He is still a young man. In the years that he has lived in El Paso he has always exercised a creative and an uplifting influence; he has been highly honored—but never beyond his deserts—by his fellow townsmen, and in the years to come it is safe to predict that he will be even more so.

In intellectual attainments Richard Burges is peculiarly versatile. He knows law, literature and history; he wields a virile and vigorous pen, and is an accomplished speaker. In short he is a man whom Nature has blessed, who has known how to take advantage of the blessings bestowed and who has lived to see his efforts recognized and rewarded by his fellow townsmen.

The record made by him as a soldier in the United States Army during the World War is dealt with in Chapter XIX of this book. Here it is only necessary to say that on the battlefields of France, beneath the flag of his country, he conducted himself in such a way as to bring honor to his country, his state, his county, his community, and his family. Thus, in all things, he has fulfilled his own definition of a good citizen.

In connection with Mr. Burges' local and state activities it should be added that he is the author of the present Charter of the City of El Paso; of the Texas Forestry Act and joint author of the Texas Irrigation Code.

JOHN L. DYER.

IN 1899 a young man who alleged that he had a knowledge of law, and that he desired to practice thereat, came to El Paso and hung out his shingle. When the shingle was paid for the young man was financially bankrupt but, energetically speaking, he was the wealthiest man in the community.

John L. Dyer has a nervous, jerky way of saying and doing things that makes people aware of his presence and it was not long after the shingle appeared until all of El Paso knew that he was among those with us in the city.

Before he had been a resident of El Paso six months, John Dyer was assistant district attorney, under John M. Dean, and in less than a year and a half he was city attorney under nobody at all.

After holding this latter office for two years, 1901-03, thereby demonstrating to the public that his original allegations were founded on fact, Mr. Dyer went into private practice and at once began to build up a large and loyal clientele.

From that day to this he has not only prospered himself, but has also always helped El Paso to prosper with him.

Like all good El Pasoans, he has been as true to his town as he has been to himself, and for that reason he justly deserves the prosperity that has been his for a good many years past.

In 1905 Mr. Dyer was elected on the school board, and, in state-wide recognition of his ability and standing as a lawyer, he has been successively chosen as a director, a vice-president and finally as president of the Texas Bar Association.

Locally he has been very prominent ever since his arrival in the town, and at present is a member of the Elks, the Toltec, Country and Social clubs of El Paso.

In everything that he has undertaken in El Paso, John L. Dyer has been successful, but twenty-five years of almost uninterrupted prosperity has changed him so little that it is hard to realize that a quarter of a century has elapsed since he first appeared in the community with no capital except a cheerful disposition and an unalterable faith in himself.

BEN F. JENKINS.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago Ben F. Jenkins left his home in Mansfield, Louisiana, and came to El Paso with the intention of growing up with the town and becoming a part and parcel of its progress.

Soon after his arrival he embarked in the real estate business. This, however, was only a temporary venture because he was soon offered a position as assistant cashier in a local bank which position he accepted and held until, on account of his health, he was forced to seek out-door employment.

At this time Mr. Jenkins went into the Customs Service where he remained for several years and it was during this period that he acquired a training which made him invaluable as a public official.

For three terms after retiring from the Customs Service he was City Tax Assessor and Collector and in 1909 he received the appointment of Chief of Police which office he held until his resignation in 1912.

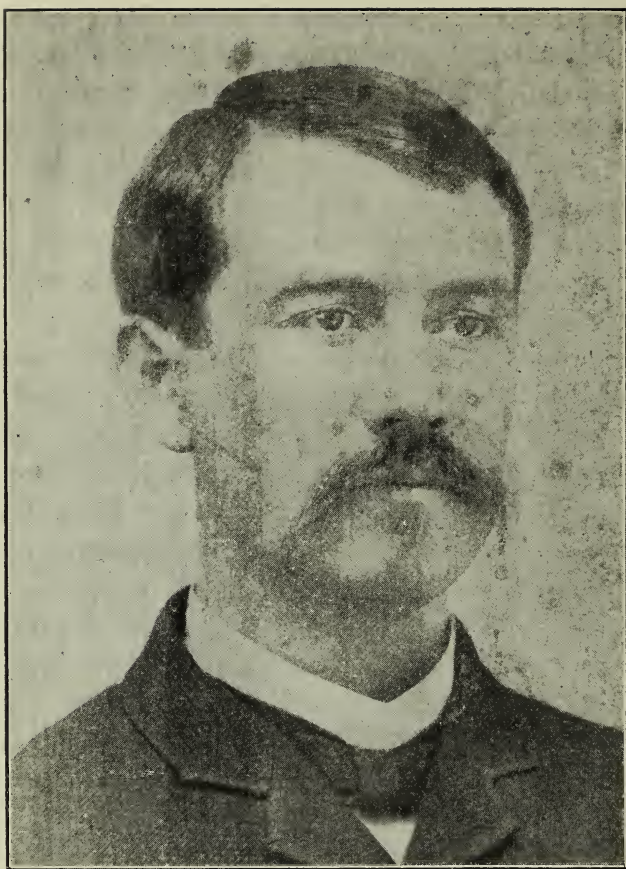
It was during this term of Mr. Jenkins' tenure of office that one of the most sensational murders in El Paso's history took place. Mannen Clements was killed in the Coney Island saloon and extremely powerful influences were brought to bear to prevent any arrests from being made or any one being tried for the crime. The life of Ben Jenkins was threatened if he made any attempt to bring any one to justice. Regardless of these threats, however, Mr. Jenkins investigated the affair, and brought about the arrest of the man he thought guilty. The trial resulted in an acquittal but it left Ben Jenkins with a spotless record as an official and marked him as a man who could not be intimidated or coerced.

Following his resignation in 1912 Mr. Jenkins held no other public office until he was re-appointed Chief of Police under

Mayor Charles Davis in 1921. In 1923, after the election of R. M. Dudley as Mayor, Mr. Jenkins resigned his office and retired to private life.

Ever since Mr. Jenkins' arrival in El Paso, thirty-seven years ago, the writer of this sketch has been intimately acquainted with him. In the old days when El Paso was a town in which men who interested themselves in politics were carrying their lives in the palm of their hands, Ben Jenkins was one of the most fearless men that there was in the community, and there was no length to which he would not go in rendering honest service to those who were his friends. As I write these lines I can recall many incidents which, even though I was a child at the time of their occurrence, made an indelible impression upon me and marked Ben Jenkins as a man whose loyalty and friendship could absolutely be depended upon to the very end. It is this quality in the man that has made the people of El Paso repose their confidence and trust in him time and time again and always has he measured up to the required standard and proved himself worthy.

In the heart of El Paso as a city and in the hearts of El Pasoans as citizens Ben Jenkins occupies a place that is his own. It is a place that is built upon thirty-seven years of honest and active service in behalf of his community and, as an appreciative community, El Paso will always honor and revere Ben F. Jenkins.



JOHN C. VOSS.

JOHN C. VOSS.

MUSIC was one of the entertainment features which the McGinty Club of Old El Paso furnished the frontier town of the eighties. A band, orchestra, quartet and glee club supplied excellent music for all public occasions and for their own unique entertainments on McGinty Hill.

John C. Voss was one of the pioneer musicians who assisted in laying the foundation for musical El Paso of today. Coming to El Paso in 1884 from Bloomington, Indiana, he joined the McGinty club band and orchestra, playing cornet in the band and violin in the orchestra. A natural musician, he took a prominent part in the musical affairs of the pioneer days and added much to the success of the McGinty Club musical organizations which attained a national reputation when they played for President Harrison and other celebrities who visited El Paso. Mrs. Voss, who was an organist, also contributed much to the musical development of the town both in her church work as organist of the First Presbyterian church, and in local concert work.

Mr. and Mrs. Voss came to El Paso soon after Judge F. E. Hunter, also a native of Bloomington. He established one of the first jewelry stores in El Paso in the old First National Bank building on San Antonio and El Paso streets and the Voss home was the centre of musical activities in the frontier town. They afterwards removed to Torreon, Mexico. Mrs. Voss was a sister of James D. Hughes, of El Paso and Mr. Voss was the only brother of Mrs. John W. Walker, mother of Norman Walker, of El Paso. Mr. Voss died in Dallas, Texas, where his son Max was an electrical engineer. Mrs. Voss died several years later.

STATE NATIONAL BANK.

ON FEBRUARY 12th, 1880, C. R. Morehead and O. T. Bassett arrived in El Paso and "put up" at Mrs. Roman's one-story adobe hotel.

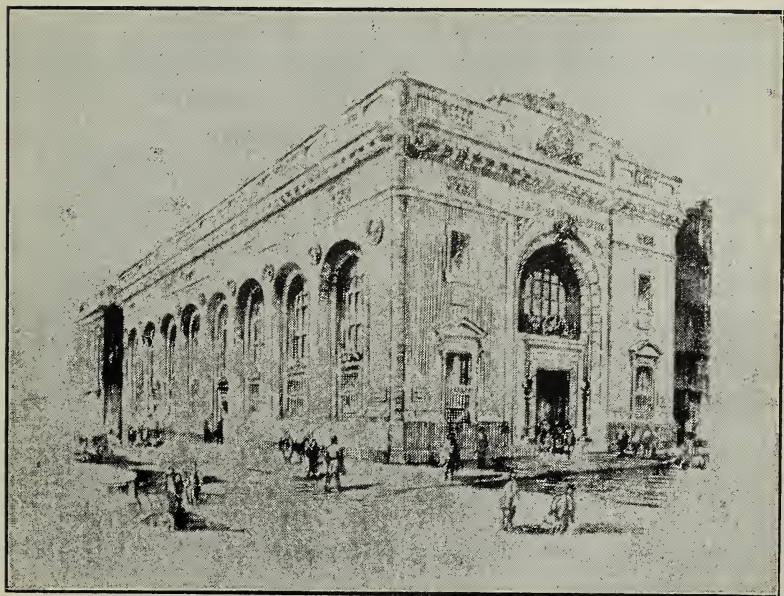
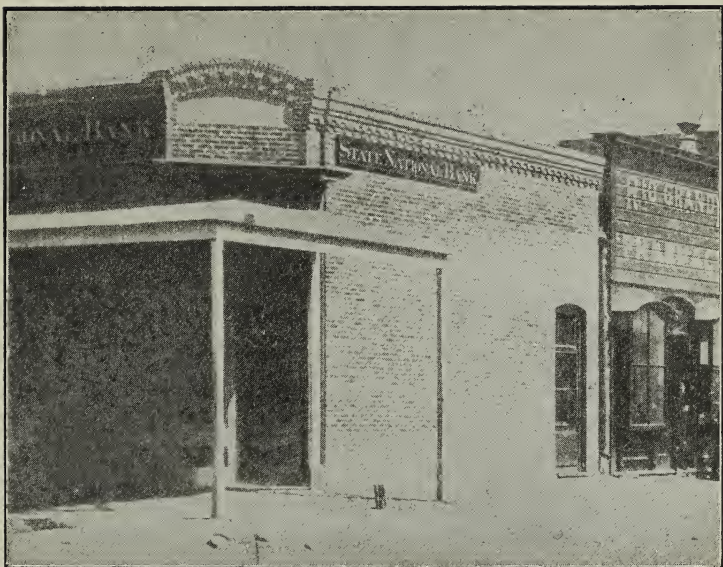
Upon looking the town over they found that it consisted of a settlement of about five hundred people, most of whom were Mexicans. The two men, however, saw abundant opportunities for business development in the location of the place, it being so situated that it was the natural pass from East to West and North to South.

Confident that after the arrival of the railroads El Paso would become a big city, Messrs. Morehead and Bassett purchased about four hundred acres of land from Judge Magoffin and then, after less than a week in the town, they continued their overland trip to the Pacific coast.

Thus did these two men, who were destined to play such a large part in the development of the Southwest, after only a brief survey, pass their judgment upon El Paso and decide to make it the scene of their future activities.

Just a year later Mr. Morehead and Mr. Bassett, after having been back to Missouri, returned to El Paso. They arrived in the town on February 2, 1881, and the next day, February 3, they organized El Paso's first bank. This institution, of which C. R. Morehead was president, Joseph Magoffin, vice-president, and W. H. Austin, cashier, had an original capital of \$55,000.00, and the three men named, together with O. T. Bassett and H. L. Newman, constituted the first board of directors. And in this respect it is safe to assert that no financial institution in the west ever began its career with a more capable or more earnest set of men at its head than did this one.

From the very day that the State National Bank opened for



STATE NATIONAL BANK, 1881 AND 1923.

business, in a newly erected one-story brick building at the corner of El Paso and San Antonio streets, it justified the faith of the men who had organized it.

The bank at once assumed its place as the leading financial institution in the town, and if a business enterprise can ever be said to bear a personal resemblance to any individuals then the State National, from first to last, resembles C. R. Morehead and O. T. Bassett.

In the manner in which it has conducted itself it has always reflected the personality of the two men who organized it. From the day that it began to transact business clear up to the present time it has been solely and strictly a *bank*.

In all of the forty-two years of its life it has never allowed itself to be led into any embarrassing or entangling financial alliances. It has never liquidated, absorbed or consolidated with any other financial institution whatsoever; and, probably because of its strict adherence to this policy—which savors strongly of the idea that good business consists in putting all your eggs in one basket and *watching that basket*—the State National has prospered more consistently and to a greater degree than any other bank ever organized in El Paso.

But the mere fact that as a bank it has attended strictly to its banking business is not the only reason back of the success of the State National. From the very beginning the bank's founders realized that the prosperity of their institution depended upon the prosperity of its customers, and of the community, and upon that idea they based their business policy.

In line with this policy, which combines with it a civic duty, the men who have been successively in control of the affairs of the State National Bank have always interested themselves in everything pertaining to the welfare of the bank's clients and their city.

That its loyalty in this respect is appreciated is amply

evidenced by the support which the people of El Paso have always given the State National. Upon its books it still carries the names of customers who came to it when it opened those books more than forty years ago, and this feeling of mutuality existing between it and its friends is one of the bank's richest assets.

In every movement for municipal advancement that has ever been forwarded in El Paso the State National has done its part. Throughout their lives Messrs. Morehead and Bassett worked unceasingly to make the town of their adoption a better town in which to live. As time went on, and as the bank grew, other men such as J. C. Lackland, J. H. Russell, George D. Flory, C. N. Bassett and R. W. McAfee were added to the personnel, and in the passing years each one of them has done or is still doing his part; always without ostentation and always without display.

At the present time the active management of the State National Bank is in the hands of C. N. Bassett as president, George D. Flory as vice-president and R. W. McAfee as cashier.

Under the direction of these men the State National Bank is today exercising its influence and expending its efforts along the same lines that were laid out for it in 1881.

It is the strongest and soundest financial institution in El Paso today.

Without help from any outside source whatever, and unaffiliated with any other bank or financial institution of any kind, it has weathered every panic and period of business depression of the last forty years. It has come through all of them sound and unshaken. It has never suffered any considerable losses at any time, and, during the two score years of its existence it has never failed to send its dividend checks regularly to its stockholders. Moreover, in addition to this

the bank has declared two stock dividends of one hundred per cent each, and by so doing has brought about a result that is without a parallel in El Paso's history. One thousand dollars invested in State National Bank stock in 1881 has a market value today of more than ten times that amount.

Realizing the responsibilities that attach to men who are at the head of large institutions, C. N. Bassett and George D. Flory are working constructively for the continued betterment of El Paso and the Rio Grande valley.

The results of the work that these men are doing in their endeavor to secure new enterprises for El Paso and bring about the development of electric power from the Elephant Butte dam will be enjoyed by people of this part of the Southwest fifty, maybe a hundred, years from today.

Under these circumstances, and as it is this kind of work which has always characterized the State National Bank, no citizen of El Paso should fail to be appreciative, and neither should any begrudge the institution or the men behind it the financial pre-eminence that they have achieved.

"Earnest endeavor without a great deal of noise" is a motto that could well be inscribed above the door of the new State National Bank building which, in its dignified and quiet simplicity, typifies the unchanging and solid policy of the institution which it shelters.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

IN 1881, when Jefferson Raynolds knocked on the door of the Comptroller's office in Washington and asked Jay Knox to give him a charter for the First National Bank of El Paso, he probably had no idea at all as to what was going to happen.

And what did happen? Here it is in cold figures:

On June 30, 1881, the First National issued a statement which showed that the bank had a capital of \$50,000.00; its loans amounted to \$1,030.00; its deposits to \$15,573.40 and its surplus and undivided profits to the colossal sum of \$38.77.

Just exactly forty years later, on June 30, 1921, the then successor to Mr. Knox in Washington was advised of the astonishing fact that the loans of the First National Bank of El Paso had increased to just 1065 times what they were in 1881; its deposits had increased 711 fold; its capital stock 2,000%, while its surplus and undivided profits had jumped from less than fifty dollars to more than a quarter of a million.

Shortly after its organization the control of the First National Bank was acquired by Joshua Raynolds, brother of the founder Jefferson Raynolds, and he continued as its president and guiding spirit until 1916, when he retired from active service to accept the presidency of the Board of Directors. At Mr. Raynold's retirement James G. McNary was elected to the presidency which position he still holds.

In 1881 the First National transacted its business in a one-room adobe building on San Francisco street and the entire personnel consisted of J. W. Zollars and one assistant. Today the bank owns, as its home, the finest office building between Denver and the City of Mexico; San Antonio and Los Angeles, and, in order to carry on properly the work of all of its departments, maintains a personnel considerably in excess of one hundred.



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

The above statements, even if they represented nothing more than the growth of a bank, would be highly impressive, but in the case of the First National they mean a good deal more than that.

The First National Bank is peculiarly a Southwestern institution.

Its life in the past, its existence in the present and its destiny in the future is inseparably linked with this portion of the United States. What the First National has done for itself it has done for the Southwest, and what the Southwest has done for itself it has done for the First National. The relationship existing between the bank and the territory which it serves is one that is entirely reciprocal. Each one owes the other an unbounded debt of gratitude.

In the beginning the bank, out of its meagre resources, cared for the needs of the pioneers who were undertaking the vast work of developing the great wealth of this section. As the efforts of these pioneers were rewarded, the First National received its reward also. It made friends for itself, built up a loyal and valuable clientele, and as its ability to serve increased, its willingness to serve increased also.

The First National could and did, because of the long-headed control that was behind it, keep the money of the Southwest operating along the lines on which it was proper that it should operate. By so doing it worked as a powerful constructive force which, especially here in El Paso, has caused men to become better citizens by furnishing them the means whereby they can better themselves and the conditions surrounding them.

Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less truly and conscientiously, the First National, for more than forty years, has followed out the above policy. The fruits of it are visible everywhere throughout the Southwest today, and today the

management in charge of the bank is working as faithfully as ever to promote the welfare of El Paso and its surrounding territory.

At the present time the affairs of the bank are conducted by James G. McNary, president; F. M. Murchison, E. W. Kayser, Max Moye and J. E. Benton, vice-presidents; J. E. Benton, cashier; and H. C. Dunbar, E. D. Raynolds, B. L. Meyers, C. A. Wise and F. E. Gillett, assistant cashiers. The board of directors, of which F. M. Murchison is chairman, consists of J. E. Benton, C. M. Newman, S. I. Berg, J. S. Raynolds, E. C. Heid, G. B. Ryan, C. L. Hill, H. Seggerman, E. W. Kayser, T. M. Schumacher, P. H. Luckett, W. W. Turney, James G. McNary and Z. T. White.

With the men mentioned above in control of its operations, the First National offers the people of the Southwest a banking service which is as perfect and efficient as it can be and which is being used and deeply appreciated.

Unless it had enjoyed and merited the confidence and support of the people whom it has served for more than two score years, the First National could never have attained its present standing. In order to tell the whole story, it is sufficient to say that it is the largest financial institution in the Southwest today. It could never have become so if it had not always consistently adhered to its policy of co-operative and honest dealing.

THE GAS COMPANY.

IN 1882, when El Paso began to assume some of the habits of civilization, one of the first things that it seems to have felt the need of was gas. Up to that time the town, where it was illuminated at all, was illuminated with kerosene, but in the year mentioned, a change took place.

W. J. Fewel, Zach White, Ed Roberts and one or two other pioneers who were the possessors of some imported ideas and also some cash went before the city council and asked for a franchise for the El Paso Gas & Coke Company.

It was granted them; Major Fewel put up most of the money to start the organization and a plant was erected on Block 121, Campbell's Addition, at the corner of Third and Chihuahua streets.

Within the year after the granting of the franchise, Mrs. Fewel lighted the first gas flame ever to burn in this city, and not very long thereafter street lights of about four candle power each were installed at all the principal corners, making everybody feel proud and happy over the metropolitan aspect that the town presented after dark.

Then something else happened. Somebody with ideas yet further advanced appeared and put in an electric light plant and competition developed. The new plant didn't generate a current for anything except arc lights and so didn't interfere with the business of the gas company except where street lights and store rooms were concerned. This, however, was enough, and Zach White, who had acquired the practical control of the gas company, bought out his competitor and made a combination of the two plants, thus bringing under one management and ownership the entire lighting facilities of the city.

Operating under the name of the El Paso Gas & Electric Company the new concern supplied the wants of the town

until 1904. At that time the plant, which had been previously moved to the corner of First and Chihuahua streets, was remodeled and shortly thereafter was sold to the Dawes interests. Under this new management it continued business until 1913 when the present owners acquired possession and the real business of manufacturing and selling gas was begun.

Up to 1913 gas had been a luxury but from that time on it has become more and more of a necessity. Improvements in the manufacturing process and an enlarged capacity have brought the price down to where gas in El Paso is now an economical and satisfactory fuel for cooking and heating purposes, and that its use is appreciated is amply evidenced by the astonishing growth that the plant has made since the year mentioned.

In 1913 the total manufacturing capacity of the gas works was only 500,000 cubic feet per day; at the present time it is close to 2,000,000. The gas mains in the city have been increased from 78 to 133 miles and in place of 5,500 meters there are now nearly 12,000.

In order to keep up with the demand for its product the El Paso Gas Company, as it now calls itself, has had to make extensive and costly additions to its plant, and to care for the outlying districts, such as Manhattan Heights and Grandview, has had to install a million cubic foot holder in East El Paso with a relay pumping station having a capacity of 50,000 cubic feet per hour.

With these additions, and after a struggle of ten years, the gas company has at last caught up with and is even a little ahead of El Paso, so that future demands for service can be taken care of promptly and efficiently.

THE EL PASO ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

IT SEEMS that there are no improvements that haven't their drawbacks. Today, upon every street car in El Paso there hangs a sign which says: "Yes, we have no accidents today," or one which reads: "It's better to be careful than crippled."

Forty years ago, in 1882, when street cars first began to operate in the "city," no such epigrammatic warnings were necessary. In those days, unless the superintendent of motive power happened to make a mistake and buy a locoed mule, there was so little danger of accidents that the company was able to operate for twenty years without having to go to the expense of hiring a claim agent.

The old system was delightfully simple, convenient, accommodating and deliberate. When a passenger boarded a car he immediately came into personal contact with nearly all of the officials of the company except the president and the board of directors.

The cars, which were somewhat larger than a present day wardrobe trunk, derived their motive power from a Mexican mule, while the mule in turn derived his from a man of the same nationality, who occupied a composite position as motor-man, conductor, stable-boy, car repairer, switch-tender, superintendent of maintenance, power-director and day nurse.

The first seven of his official duties were modestly performed by the functionary mentioned in behalf of a company which paid him a small salary and allowed him to steal the balance, while the last mentioned service, that of day nurse, was one which was undertaken for the convenience of the mothers along the line who could think of no better or safer way of getting rid of their children for a time than that of incarcerating them inside of a street car which, in the course of half a day at least, would succeed in making a round trip.

The franchise for this municipal God-send to the city of El Paso was granted in the year 1882 during the first reign of Joseph Magoffin as mayor of the town. Elsewhere in this volume the story is told of how, when and why a charter was granted to the El Paso Street Railway Company. In fact, the recital contains an account of the granting of two charters to two companies, and hence no repetition is necessary here.

Sufficient unto the purpose hereof is the fact that for twenty years mule cars paddled up and down the streets of El Paso and across into Mexico without ever having an accident or paying a dividend; both of which catastrophies were carefully guarded against by the watchful activity of the combination employee whose duties have been already outlined.

But at the end of twenty years, the processes of civilization having worked upon El Paso to an astonishing degree, an emancipation movement was started, and, following a well established precedent, an appeal for help was made to the city of Boston.

With the alacrity which it always displays in movements which tend to uplift and transport people, the aforesaid city of Boston at once referred the question to its best known enlightening organization, the Stone & Webster Company, and told it to come here forthwith and help El Paso in the struggle it was making to free the mule from the inhuman shackles which Zach White, Joseph Magoffin, Anson Mills and others were forcing it to wear.

They came to El Paso, glanced at the situation and after holding up their Bostonian hands for a moment in horror at the thought of the opportunities that had for so long been neglected, they shucked off their coat of culture, turned back their cuffs of New England linen, wired east for a carload of beans and went to work.

Thus did Boston come to El Paso.

In their work of emancipating Mandy and her neuter gender brothers and sisters, the Stone & Webster Company literally made the dirt fly in El Paso for the space of a year.

For twelve months the business part of our city looked like a shell-torn area in No Man's Land and then, on January 11th, 1902, came the great day of triumph.

On that memorable day Mandy, as the oldest representative of the class in whose behalf the struggle had been made, accompanied by Zach White and Joseph Magoffin as representatives of the class which had enslaved her, was carried through the streets in a specially prepared electric car, and exhibited to the gaze of the public.

It was a great day for everybody, but especially for Mandy and Stone & Webster.

It meant free pasture for both of them. Ever since January 11, 1902, both the mule and the men from Massachusetts have enjoyed unrestricted grazing privileges here in El Paso.

When the Stone & Webster Company took over the street car and electric light systems of El Paso they found that about all that they had actually acquired was a couple of charters which gave them the right to conduct two business enterprises which had theretofore been distinctly unprofitable.

The spirit of Boston, however, is indomitable. The mules representing about all the salvage that there was in the situation, were sold, and the Stone & Webster Company went industriously to work to equip El Paso with a new and up-to-date light and power plant and street car system.

In return for this, El Pasoans have been highly appreciative, as is evidenced by the fact that the demand for "juice" in the city has increased six times faster than the population.

The following comparative figures in regard to this are interesting, demonstrating as they do the ease with which people can be educated to the use of a convenience and also indicating the quality of service which has been afforded.

	1902	1923
Generating Capacity	500 K. W.	18,000 K. W.
Miles of distribution lines.....	98	992
Number of street lamps.....	195	882
Number of meters.....	450	15,697
Miles of track.....	8	52.10
Number of cars	14	98
Number of routes.....	2	19
Total car miles per year.....	310,522	2,939,803
Number of passengers.....	2,154,035	19,649,530
Number of employees.....	67	500
Annual payroll.....	\$65,675.15	\$696,120.06

Of course the above figures show clearly that El Paso has been good to the men from Boston, but they also show, with equal clearness, that the men from Boston have been good to El Paso. In fact, there is no other one influence in El Paso which has had as much to do with making the place one in which a man of moderate means can live in comfort than the El Paso Electric Railway Company. When this corporation knocked the shackles off of Mandy, it knocked them off of El Paso also, and allowed the town to grow and expand in a way that would have been impossible without its assistance. The operations of the street car company made possible the development of the outlying additions to the city, made moderate priced homes and low rents a possibility, and relieved the congested section of a large part of the burden that it had to carry.

The El Paso Electric Railway Company has always stood behind El Paso in everything that the city has tried to do. As a corporation, it is one of our best citizens and heaviest taxpayers, and among its employees are to be found hundreds of men who are home owners and heads of families.

El Paso should be grateful to Stone & Webster, and, as a town which recognizes its obligations, it is.

THE EL PASO FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY.

IN 1892, when the writer of this book was only thirteen years old, one of the delights of his life was to go over to an old adobe building on Mills street and watch W. N. Small boss a gang of men who were casting the iron monuments which still mark the international boundary line between the United States and Mexico.

Recalling today what I saw then, I am confident that if I were now to visit the plant of the United States Steel Company at Gary, Indiana, the sight of its vastness would not make as much of an impression on me as the sight of the plant of the El Paso Foundry & Machine Company made when I was thirteen.

Since the year that I have spoken of, 1892, when I watched the casting of the monuments—up to that time its biggest job—the El Paso Foundry & Machine Company has grown until today it is the largest plant of its kind in the Southwest.

It is big, not only in actual size but also in regard to the size of the jobs that it undertakes.

In 1892 the casting of a boundary monument weighing less than a thousand pounds was considered an achievement, while today the manufacturing of a needle valve weighing in excess of fifty tons is mentioned as a casual accomplishment, and the fact that in one year complete equipment for seventeen smelters is turned out is recorded only in connection with other business.

The El Paso Foundry & Machine Company is essentially, as far as El Paso is concerned, a home industry. It was started in 1891 by an El Pasoan, W. N. Small, and on his first pay roll were the names of only two employees, a mechanic and a Mexican helper.

Today the business is still controlled and operated by W. N.

Small and his son Warren, and its time books show that an average of four hundred men is employed in the plant which now covers twenty-five acres of ground in place of two city lots.

In thirty-three years the business has grown in value, in size, in capacity and in productivity much more than thirty-three times what it was originally.

And in connection with this more than remarkable record it must be borne in mind that the pay-roll is one that stays here in El Paso and that the operations of the El Paso Foundry & Machine Company have always been directed along lines which have had a direct bearing on the development of the Southwest and the consequent growth of this city.

PURITY BAKING COMPANY.

TWENTY years ago a hard headed Dutchman, by the name of Charles F. Gerlach, opened up a small one-man bakery in a store room on South El Paso street. Gerlach's capital was limited, but his energy and foresight were not, and neither was the business ability of his wife. The cost of labor being high and competition being keen, the Gerlach family soon saw that something had to be done to reduce them both. They accomplished this reduction all at one time by putting in a small mixing and kneading machine and equipping their oven with steam. Better bread at a lower cost of production was the immediate result, and the old-time dough punchers, who had laughed at Gerlach at first, soon saw, as their business dropped away from them, that they were face to face with a revolution in their own business methods.

In 1906, Gerlach, whose business had grown to such proportions that he had been able to erect a large building on South Kansas street, sold out to Messrs. Beers & Sears. The new firm at once remodeled the shop and turned it into an up-to-date baking plant. In the following year Sears retired from the business and the Purity Baking Company, with C. A. Beers as president and U. S. Stewart, W. F. Payne, George Roberts, and B. M. G. Williams as directors was organized. The panic of the same year almost drove the new concern to the wall.

The investment in the enterprise was heavy and business was poor, but conservative and careful management averted disaster and the company came into the year 1908 with an assured future before it.

Early in 1908, C. A. Beers sold his interest in the business to the other stockholders and the management was transferred to George Roberts and B. M. G. Williams who jointly con-

trolled the company from that time until 1923. In this year Williams, having acquired Roberts' stock, became practically the sole owner.

At the present time, the Purity Baking Company, still adhering to the Gerlach idea of a better bread at a lower cost of production, is keeping steadily abreast of the times in its methods of manufacturing. Twenty years ago El Pasoans spoke of the place from which they bought bread as a bake shop; today it is a factory, and it would be a revelation to the average housewife to visit the plant on South Kansas street and see how the "staff of life" is turned out in quantities. There is no kitchen in El Paso that is cleaner than the factory of the Purity Baking Company. Carloads of flour are mixed, kneaded, baked and delivered to the customer in the form of brown, full crusted loaves of bread, each loaf wrapped in a waxed paper, with as little confusion as the average housewife, who makes her own, causes when she starts in to mix up her weekly batch.

In addition to doing great things for itself, the Purity Baking Company has done great things for El Paso. It has created and maintained a standard for the manufacture of bread which its competitors have had to come up to. In the last fifteen years, this company, although it has witnessed the rise and fall of many bakeries, has not admitted any competition whatever in the wholesale field, and its daily output has increased until it has become necessary to make three extensive additions to the factory. The Purity Baking Company today is furnishing more people in the Southwest with their daily supply of bread than any other bakery in west Texas, Arizona or New Mexico. Go where you will, within 150 miles of El Paso, and you will eat bread made that same day by the Purity Baking Company.

SOUTHWESTERN PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY.

IN 1846, when Colonel Doniphan climbed to the top of a high hill and looked across into Mexico and down into the Rio Grande Valley he had no idea at all that the rocks upon which he was standing would eventually become worth millions of dollars and become the basis for the construction of cities, highways, mills and irrigation projects.

Such, however, was the case. The hill from which Doniphan first gazed down upon the site of El Paso is the same hill that is now being torn and gouged by the Southwestern Portland Cement Company, and probably some of the very rocks that the intrepid commander stood upon are now holding back the waters of the Rio Grande at Elephant Butte and are helping to make the El Paso Valley what it is today.

The first man to evolve the idea of a cement plant at El Paso was Albert Courchesne. Mr. Courchesne had been quarrying for the Smelting Works since 1887, and in 1906 he presented his plan for the erection of a cement plant to a number of El Paso's foremost business men. At that time the idea was rejected, but a year later it was revived and carried through successfully.

The co-operation of Mr. C. Leonard, of California, was secured and with comparatively little difficulty the present company was financed.

This was in 1907, and three years later the plant began operations with a capacity of 40,000 barrels a month.

From that day up to the present time the size of the plant and its production has increased steadily until today the capacity is 90,000 barrels per month and the capital invested is more than double what it was in 1910. Also, in addition to increasing the size of its plant at El Paso, the company has increased its capitalization and has erected two other

plants, one at Victorville, California, and one at Fort Worth, Texas.

A consideration of the Southwestern Portland Cement Company as a factor in the upbuilding of El Paso and the Southwest is extremely interesting. It shows clearly what a home industry, properly handled, can do for itself and for its own territory.

Immediately upon the completion of the plant at El Paso the price of cement, for local consumption dropped \$1.50 per barrel, and ever since then, because the company has adopted the plan of giving the Southwest the benefit of a low production cost, its product is sold at from twenty to thirty cents less than any other cement of an equal grade that comes into this market.

It requires very little effort of the imagination to see that this policy of the company has resulted in an enormous saving in the cost of building in El Paso and this territory. At a low estimate the company has saved the builders of the city of El Paso a million dollars in the ten years that it has been operating and at the same ratio has saved the Southwest many times that amount.

At the time that the Southwestern Portland Cement Company began operations there was only one concrete building—the little Caples building—in this city, whereas today there are hundreds, and every one of them has been built from cement made in El Paso. All of the cement roads in the state of New Mexico; all in Arizona, except those in Maricopa county under contract number one, and all in El Paso county have been built with El Paso cement. In addition to this, the Southwestern Portland Cement Company's product has been used in the erection of practically every mill built in the Southwest since 1910 and all of the cement, except four thousand barrels, that is in the Elephant Butte Dam came from here.

In its operations the company estimates, aside from the fact that its payroll is spent here, that it brings between one and two millions of new money into the town annually, in addition to keeping here the enormous sums that would otherwise be spent for cement that would have to be imported.

The present personnel of the company is: C. Leonard, president; C. C. Merrill, A. Courchesne, C. A. Fellows, vice-presidents; James G. McNary, treasurer, and O. J. Binford, secretary.

THE RIO GRANDE OIL COMPANY.

THE Pioneers didn't all come to El Paso in prairie schooners and stage coaches, and neither did they all have to wage a war against the Apaches and the gun-men of the early days. Those things were typical only of the beginnings of the West. Since then, following in the march of civilization and keeping this city in line with the procession, men have come in here whose business it is to carry on a commercial conquest, and the story of their struggles is no less interesting and instructive than the tale of the others.

In 1915 a pioneer of the latter type appeared in El Paso, gave the town the once over, decided that it would do for his purposes and sent to Chicago for his brother to come and join him in a new enterprise. That is, the enterprise was one that was new to El Paso, but it was not new to L. E. Lockhart. For fifteen years he had been disastrously pursuing the oil game in Oklahoma—where the stuff comes from—and, having learned the seamy side of the business first, felt that he was amply qualified to start over again in a new field.

All the capital that the Lockhart Brothers had when they started the Rio Grande Oil Company was \$5,000.00 in cash, a fine credit in Oklahoma based on friendship and personal responsibility, and an inexhaustible amount of optimism and energy. This combination of actual and spiritual assets had to win, and it did. But it was not all plain sailing. Lady Luck didn't "shower down" with such a degree of willingness as to make the Lockhart brothers seek shelter from a golden deluge. Not by any means. What they had to do for the first few years was to pry the fickle goddess loose from the pennies with a crowbar that worked from before daylight until long after dark. And all the time El Paso, if it gave the matter any thought at all, was asking itself: "What's the big idea

anyhow; what do those boys mean by trying to build an oil refinery here in this town, seven hundred miles away from production and a pipe line."

El Paso asked the question and the Lockhart's furnished the answer. It is as comprehensive an answer as the one that the pioneers who came in 1859 gave to the world when the railroads finally built into El Paso in 1881. It is the answer that foresight and pluck and honesty can always make at the end of every job that it tackles. That answer is *success*.

Geographical location and local doubt didn't mean anything to the Lockharts. They knew the oil business, knew that the territory was good and, equipping themselves with a couple of rented tanks, a typewriter and a soap box, they went to work.

The story of what they have accomplished in eight short years cannot be told in detail here. It is one of those commercial romances that reads like a fairy tale but which actually exists in the form of concrete accomplishments.

The company which was started eight years ago with a capital stock of \$20,000.00, only \$5,000.00 paid in, today has a capital of a million and a half, is operating three refineries—one in California, one in Arizona and one in El Paso—and is sending its gasoline, kerosene, distillates and fuel oils all over the west in its own fleet of tank cars.

From absolutely nothing at all in 1915 the Rio Grande Oil Company has grown to be, in 1923, one of El Paso's largest and most flourishing enterprises and is probably doing more than any other industry in it to advertise the city to the rest of the Southwest.

The Lockhart boys—there are five of them in the family, all Texans—are all actively engaged in conducting its affairs. Everybody works in his shirt sleeves; nobody draws a salary who doesn't earn one that is bigger than he is getting, and if

the words "Independent Oil Company" mean anything at all they can be applied, in all that they cover, to the eight-year-old giant which was born in El Paso and which has already reached out until its influence and strength is felt throughout the entire west. But with the modesty which always accompanies real success, the Lockhart brothers do not claim all of the credit for the growth of their company. Without El Paso and the help of El Pasoans they say that they could not have done what they have, and they are deeply appreciative for all that the town and its citizens have done in their behalf.

THE CONSUMER'S ICE COMPANY.

IN 1896 a group of pioneer El Pasoans consisting of Richard Caples, W. W. Fink, J. P. O'Connor, J. H. Smith and Dennis Hogan organized a company and built a small ice factory at the corner of Florence and First streets.

Later in the same year Horace W. Broadus became interested in the plant and under this ownership the Consumer's Ice Company served its customers for about two years. At the end of that time however J. P. Deiter bought an interest in the business and became president of the company with J. H. Smith as vice president and Fred G. Lemley as secretary.

In one short year following the advent of Mr. Deiter the business had grown to such proportions that it attracted the attention of outside capital and in 1899 the Lemp Brewing Company acquired control of the plant, retaining it until 1917 when Joseph A. Wright bought the Brewing Company's stock and became president of the concern.

Mr. Wright, who had originally come to El Paso in connection with the Globe Milling Company, had, for some time prior to this purchase of the Brewing Company's interest, been handling almost the entire output of the ice company to the retail trade under the name of the Rio Grande Fuel & Ice Company.

After obtaining control Mr. Wright at once began to enlarge and modernize the ice plant. Not only did he increase the capacity of the old factory at First and Florence streets but he also erected a new one at Texas and Dallas streets and put in El Paso's first ice service station.

Until 1922 both the old and the new factories continued to be operated but in that year, extensive additions having been made to the new plant in the meantime, the old factory

was abandoned and all of the business transferred to the Texas street plant.

This new factory in addition to being as modern as an ice factory can be has in connection with it storage rooms of six thousand tons capacity and thus any danger of an ice famine occurring in El Paso is entirely obviated.

An ice famine is something in the nature of a hardship that the people of El Paso, generally speaking, have never experienced and probably there are not a hundred persons in the city who know that the town has ever been confronted with one. It has though, and it was only because of the diligence and energy of the Consumer's company that a good deal of suffering and loss was averted.

In 1916-17 when the population of El Paso suddenly more than doubled by an influx of nearly a hundred thousand soldiers into this district the ice question presented a serious problem but El Paso's citizens were never aware of it. The demand which was then made upon the ice companies was naturally enormous and imperative. It was met however by the Consumer's Ice Company which shipped in thousands of tons of ice—it was the only local company which took such steps — thereby preventing local customers from feeling the shortage.

The Consumer's Ice Company, like all other manufacturing enterprises which were started in the early days by local men, has prospered wonderfully. Through its various changes of management it has merited and received the patronage of El Pasoans and in return has always afforded them good service and honest treatment.

ERRATA.

Page 22, line 22. "Inturbide" should be Iturbide.

Page 69, line 26. The reference here made to "John" Edgar is an error. It should read "James."

Page 76, last paragraph. The Texas Constitutional Convention was held in 1869 and not 1866, as a typographical error has made it appear. Also, it was when he was returning from a subsequent trip, made in 1871, that W. W. Mills brought James P. Hague and S. B. Newcomb back to El Paso.

¶ THIS BOOK was written by
Owen White, a native El Pasoan.

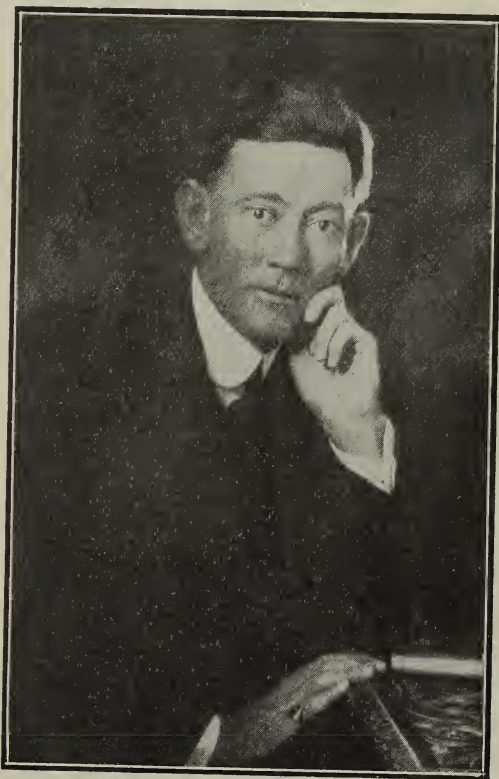
¶ Printed and bound in El Paso
by The McMath Company, Inc.

¶ Cuts made in El Paso by the
International Engraving Co.



Out of The Desert

The Historical Romance of El Paso



OWEN WHITE, *Author*
EL PASO, TEXAS

OUT OF THE DESERT

The Historical Romance of El Paso

—has been published in response to a civic, patriotic demand. The need of this book has long been felt not only in El Paso but throughout the entire Southwest, and its publication at this time has been made possible only through the co-operation with the author and publisher of a number of public spirited men.

This co-operation has been effective to such an extent that the publisher is able to offer the public a volume for \$2.50 which, under ordinary conditions, would retail for \$4.50.

It contains 442 pages, printed with sharp, clear type, on an extra quality of antique book paper; and is bound in dark maroon vellum, stamped with gold. It is a handsome volume, suitable for gift purposes, and should make a most acceptable Christmas present.

Because the present edition of this historical romance "Out of the Desert" is limited and is being sold rapidly, this opportunity to own the only authentic history of El Paso, with all its stirring action, romance and colorful scenes may not be again available.

Whether you wish a copy for your own library, to be read and treasured by you and your family in the years to come, or whether you wish to send an additional copy to some friend or relative in El Paso or the north and east, fill out the enclosed order and blank check, mail it back to us and we will reserve for you as many copies as you desire.

The McMath Co., Inc., *Publishers*
El Paso, Texas

"Some would look and pass casually and calmly on their way; others would look and hasten home to buckle on an extra six-shooter—while others would look and rush to the livery stable, saddle a horse and beat it post haste for parts unknown."

In the sixties, right at the door of what is now the Blumenthal Building, there grew a large tree—a tree with a mission to perform. No citizen ever passed it without stopping to take a look. Attached to this tree was a bulletin board upon which men would post notices telling the world just how little regard they had for each other's truth and veracity. It was the bearer of many challenges and the direct cause of many "killings."

In a story of the early days of El Paso you naturally expect thrilling adventure. And you get it in abundance in Owen White's book "*Out of the Desert*." Here is life, vivid and colorful—romance, tragedy, farce—but above all you see the gradual unfolding and development of the *soul* of El Paso from nothing but sand hills and sagebrush to its present status.

One does not have to be an El Pasoan to enjoy this book—it's as readable as a fascinating novel, and for that reason would make most appropriate Christmas presents to send to your friends either at home or abroad.

Read what others have said of it on the following pages:—

—“*Owen White's Work can be compared to Emerson Hough's 'North of 36'*”

Mr. White's work can be compared with Emerson Hough's "North of 36." Hough worked in a love story, very strenuous indeed, but told the tale of the human wolves besetting the pioneers of the early period. It dealt with but one phase of history and the love tale was an interesting feature. As an historical record, however, Mr. White's effort is along better lines. Any one interested can follow, with a degree of satisfaction, the development of El Paso. The general historical matter is *very well written* and holds the interest of one reading it. With scant knowledge of the Southwest I found it very interesting.—*Martin P. Ward, Editor Army and Navy Register, Washington; D. C.*

I feel that I am getting *too much* for my money. I wish to congratulate the spirit of enterprise which has brought out this book as a local product.—*U. S. Goen.*

I think Mr. White's biographical sketches alone are *worth the price of the book*. It is in them especially that romance is clearly depicted.—*S. H. Newman.*

I read it until three o'clock in the morning and you know what that means. The story compels interest by telling itself. *Everybody in El Paso should send this book away to their eastern friends*. It is the best advertisement they can give their city.—*August Wolf, Manager Gateway Club.*

I wish Mr. White had written this book ten years ago. It is a work well done, is interesting and fills a gap in Southwestern History that has been vacant until now.—*Maud D. Sullivan, Librarian.*

"Out of the Desert" is more than history. *It is not dry reading*. White has taken historical facts of El Paso and of them woven chapters which are easy to read and well worth reading.—*El Paso Post.*

Historical Romance it is! Mr. White had in mind to give a picture of El Paso through the years, but also to embellish it with the colors of romance. Hence with a wealth of incident, and a fund of humor to draw upon he has given his readers at once a delightful story and a historical background of the city in which they live. Mr. White does not flatter everybody and everything, nor gloss over, as less conscientious historians do, on occasion, those incidents which do not make pleasant reading. *He cracks a pate now and then*, does not hesitate to relate incidents and interpret motives fearlessly and lets it be known that El Paso was for a long time an unregenerate sort of place morally with its saloons, dance halls, dives, gambling houses and a don't-care spirit.—*El Paso Herald.*

If I tell you that I read until two o'clock this morning and again today (which is an unusual spree for me) you will know that I am both interested and entertained. As I read through the pages I was impressed with both the constructive excellence of material and the carefully worked out method of presenting the data in such an interesting manner. *It holds the attention of even the casual reader* and must thrill those whose dear ones and friends were so closely allied with the Historical Romance of El Paso.—*Fannie Schutz Spitz, Albuquerque, N. M., Daughter of Samuel Schutz.*

I have read quite a great deal of it and am enjoying it very much. Please send a copy of the book to my daughter.—*Gen. Anson Mills.*

I have just read "Out of the Desert." It is an interestingly told story, a handsome volume, tastefully and substantially bound. You can well afford to take pride in its production, and *all El Pasoans can share that pride* in that it is an El Paso product—from author to wrapper.—*W. J. Buie, Hughes-Buie Co., Printers.*

How many books shall we reserve for you for Christmas Presents?

Splendid History from Pen of Owen White

With the skill of the shuttle in the loom, the facile pen of White has woven a thousand threads, of the warp and the woof of romance in the southwest, into the fine fabric of his work.

That the city of El Paso is today able to produce such a volume from the pen of a native, and from the press and bindery of one of its publishers, is an able demonstration of the capacity of that lusty young giant that has arisen, where the lizard basked, within the span of a man's life.—Albuquerque Journal.

"The Desert is God Without Man"

Every man and woman in El Paso ought to have Owen White's book "Out of the Desert," and every child growing up here ought to be given it to read. A day with this book will help the grown-ups to appreciate our wonderful city and the children to love it and emulate the spirit that built it. From Don Cabeza de Vaca to Colonel Doniphan, from Ben Dowell to Charlie Davis this book breathes the El Paso spirit. I would not take ten dollars for my copy if I could not replace it. "Out of the Desert"—it is Balzac who speaks—"Aye! the desert? Why the desert is God without man." Mr. White's book is a tribute to man's work and accomplishments in the American desert. I hope it will have the wide circulation it deserves.—R. E. Sherman, of Leavell & Sherman, Real Estate.

A Remarkable Book

Permit me to say a few words in commendation of the remarkable book recently published by your firm, entitled "Out of the Desert." I use the word "remarkable" in a double sense: First, the volume from a mere physical point of view represents the highest art of the printer and binder, and presents such an appearance that it will ornament the shelves of any library. Second, the literary value is exceptional and cannot be else than deeply appreciated by the ablest critics. El Paso has good reason to be grateful and proud of this historical volume and its gifted author.—Don A. Carpenter.

A Confession

Dreams sometimes come true—one has at least. For years I have dreamed of publishing a history of El Paso, but never in my fondest dreams had I ever imagined such a work as "Out of the Desert." Owen White has written a book that every El Pasoan should be proud of. It is more than a mere recital of events and dates—it is the soul and spirit of the Southwest—and holds the interest of the reader like a fascinating novel. My part of the work—the mechanical—has been done as well as I know how. Others have said that it has been done well—and I am satisfied. All the way through it has been a labor of love for El Paso on the part of Mr. White and myself, without any thought of commercializing the undertaking. The biographical section, which some have said is as interesting as the main part of the book, will show that we held to a high standard.

I must confess that I have never done any work that I have enjoyed as much, and if there is no other reward we are both conscious of a work well done.—W. S. McMath.

The book contains 442 pages, printed with sharp, clear type, on an extra quality of antique book paper; and is bound in dark maroon vellum, stamped with gold. It is a handsome volume, suitable for gift purposes, and should make a most acceptable Christmas present.

Price \$2.50—postage 25c extra

THE McMATH COMPANY
El Paso, Texas

